

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

January, 1931

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

10 Cents a Copy



ANNUAL TRAVEL NUMBER



I made a special shopping trip to see the newest Fashions in Faces



THE other day I decided to drop everything and go see what the smart shops could tell me about the very newest complexion fashions.

Well, I *wish* you could all have gone with me—from one colorful shop to another. I saw smart women buying frocks. I talked to the salesgirls at the fragrant and sparkling toilet goods counters. I investigated all the new powders and rouges and lipsticks.

And *what* do you think I found is the most fashionable kind of face you can have? Why, nothing more nor less than the very *nearest* possible approach to what your own complexion would be naturally if you could spend all your time out-of-doors! Every shade of rouge and lipstick and powder is blended today with just one idea in mind—to help you look *natural*.

Of course, the very smartest thing is to have your own complexion as fresh and clear and outdoor-looking as possible, so that you need very little make-up. And I'm going to give you a set of rules that I *know* will help you, because they've already helped so many girls.

The 5 Rules for Beauty

1. **Cleanliness**—This truly is the first and most important step in any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are the *only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. And, to dermatologists, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water. But, of course, they are *most* particular about the soap you should use. (I'll tell you in a minute why this fragrant, gentle Calay has the unanimous approval of an eminent group of these great authorities.)
2. **Proper Diet**—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.
3. **Sleep**—an average of eight hours.
4. **Exercise**—walking, sweeping, tennis, golf, a daily dozen—anything active.
5. **A Happy Frame of Mind**—throwing off all your little nagging worries and



keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

Now the first rule—cleanliness—is just so important that I must stop here for a moment and emphasize it. For when I consulted 73 of the leading dermatologists practicing today, I found that these physicians prescribed a thorough soap-and-water cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the very first and most important item in complexion care.

And since these eminent physicians, after testing Calay's effect on all the different types of skin, gave it their unanimous approval as the kind of soap they would recommend for even the most delicate complexions, do you need any more authoritative assurance that here is the perfect soap for you?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YHH-11, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.



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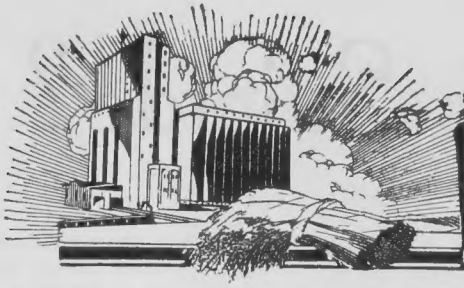
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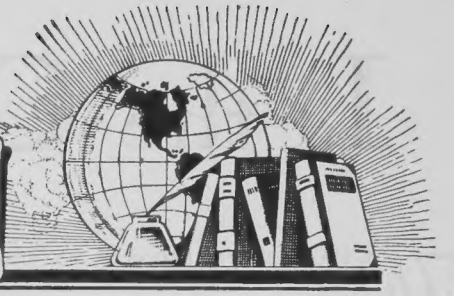
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The Clark Soup Baby



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 1

The Long Way Out

BY DEGREES we are becoming accustomed to the conditions in which we have been placed by the trade depression. Instead of blaming this one and that one at home we are beginning to realize that we belong to a world order, and that our ups and downs are the result not altogether of our own wise actions and our costly errors, but of the conditions that obtain elsewhere. Those who a few short months ago were so optimistic that they saw a return to good times in an overnight sleep, are now prepared to wait with the rest of us until the world has made a few revolutions in its orbit. There is no going ahead alone. If we raise more wheat than the world can buy we must store it, or destroy it, or use it for feed; if we build more railways than will carry our freight and passengers the rails will rust through disuse. If they are national roads the nation must pay the price. If our factories turn out more than they can sell they must dismiss their workers and close their doors. It will require the utmost wisdom to determine just what the nation should do to maintain its place in the world of trade, and just as great wisdom to determine what producers in farm and factory should do to preserve national equilibrium.

Here are some suggestions that have been made. A suggestion is not a solution. In nearly every case there are counter suggestions. Produce less grain. Raise more stock. Produce more grain; keep the railways busy. Produce less in the factories. Give shorter hours to men. Put up a higher tariff. Lower the tariff to any country that will trade with us. Stop immigration. Fill up the prairies. Spend. Save. Make war on Russia. Copy Russia. Get back to the simple life. Break up the machines and revert to hand labor. Close the Universities. Cultivate trade within the Empire. Complete the Lake route and get another means of transportation even though there is nothing to transport. And whatever you do, find fault with the man who has another policy or who is engaged in other work. Finally if you are of Canadian stock revile the foreign-born, but always remember that epithets do not count in logic and that they will not help towards a solution.

Is there then no solution? To this two answers may be given. There is a solution but it is not immediate. There is a solution by an indirect mode of attack.

As the stagnation of trade is a result of world conditions, the remedy is to be sought by bringing about better world-conditions—more friendly attitudes and closer trade relations. If nations are bound to act as school boys with chips on their shoulders, there will, of course, continue to be misunderstanding aloofness and possibly warfare. If the law of life, which makes each think of others as of self is observed, then it will not be long till there is concord and enduring peace. If along with goodwill there is a determined decision to break down everywhere the barriers to trade, the tariffs of exclusion, then each country will proceed to give to the world what nature intended it to give, and will exchange its productions freely for something it needs but cannot produce or manufacture. Free trade and protection are not policies about which nations should wrangle. They are policies that must be faced and settled by the world at large. The debating ground is not Ottawa but Geneva.

That the world will adopt the free exchange idea immediately is not probable. Things will get worse before they get better. In the meantime there is one thing for Canadians to do. If financially they are bound to suffer (even though not so keenly as some other countries) they can at least continue to build strong the fortress of their souls. They can be great in manhood if not in riches. The one is everlastingly important; the other has only temporary significance. Really it is a matter of secondary concern what we have; it is a matter of life and death what we are.

Then we can find a satisfaction in following the simple life. When a city dweller goes to the wilds for a month in summer, he finds a keen delight in escaping from the bonds of civilization. To live simply is to live indeed. As Canadians it will be well for us to consider the next two years as a holiday period during which we shall try to be content with simple fare. It would be a god-send for many city-bred youths to be compelled to forego their luxuries. They require to make their own the thought of Mackay in his simple little poem, *Cleon* and I:

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I,
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I,
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I,
But the poorer of the twain
Is Cleon and not I.

Cleon true possesseth acres,
But the landscape I,
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor I,
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I.
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature,
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing
From the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I.
State for State, with all attendants,
Who would change? Not I.

The Meaning of 1930

IT HAPPENS often in life that what seems to be misfortune turns out to be a blessing. When we look back upon the year 1930, we are perhaps at first inclined to write over it all the word calamitous; could we look ahead and grasp the full significance of every event and condition we might be ready to use the word providential.

The Wheat-Situation—Surely at first-sight things seem to be desperate, but if in the end they lead to better farming and wiser modes of handling grain, and to a better relation between East and West, and between Canada and the rest of the world, our apparent misfortune will perhaps be altogether to our advantage.

Unemployment—It is serious indeed, but if it forces upon us the adoption of a policy which will make it necessary for every able-bodied and able-minded person to work, and if it insures every one who is at work a fair return for effort, if in short it compels us to do away with economic injustice, then we shall have gained rather than lost.

The Empire Conference—Naturally we think of it as a failure, but if the hitch that occurred in the proceedings leads to further conference at which all parties will be able to exercise greater wisdom and show more good-will, then perhaps the meeting may be termed a success. Time alone can tell.

The India Problem—It is indeed a difficult one to solve, but if the negotiations end in reconciliation of the three great parties—the Hindoos, the Moslems and Native Princes—under a form of self-government that is favorable to continuation within the Empire and to friendly attitude to British trade then undoubtedly there will be ground for congratulation. We need not lose hope when we see what has already been done to promote better understanding.

Australia—Hard times, indeed, but all because a country thought it possible to be self-contained. It is learning the same lesson as

The United States—Here the policy of exclusion is reaching its climax in the exclusion of the republic's nearest neighbors—the Canadians. This policy surely cannot last; already the two Houses are alive to the seriousness of the case, and it is only a matter of time till reasonable world-relations are sought. Even the richest country in the world cannot be a law unto itself.

Italy, France, Germany—They are watching one another, and their strong nationalism is not very assuring to world peace. Yet matters are no worse than they were a year ago, if the three can only keep interested in watching one another till the rest of the world finds its true equilibrium. But there's the rub. There can be no equilibrium when nationalism asserts itself too strongly. There are signs, however, that the growing unrest in the three countries and the influence of the League of Nations will act as a curb.

Russia—No one knows what is going on. It is impossible to reconcile the despotism of the central authority with the theory of equalization of opportunity. A country cannot be an autocracy and a democracy at the same time, if force is the bond that holds the elements together. In this case we must wait to see what Time carries in his hands.

China—The sleepy giant is awaking and is torn this way and that by internal dissensions and by Communist bands. There are indications that the worst is past, and that a new republic will arise that will in time have its contribution to make to the world's peace and welfare. We must not take too seriously the civil struggles, they are but signs that the sleep of centuries has ended and that the morning has come. May the long day that follows be bright with sunshine.

It is unnecessary to refer to the troubles in South America and Africa. Probably we hear far more of trouble than of harmony and progress. Newspapers from habit give prominence to the spectacular and the disturbing.

All this has to do with political relationships. There is a world that recognizes no national boundary lines—the world of art, of science, of ethics and religion. It is impossible here to review the progress in these fields during 1930. There has been wonderful advance in science in every field. One might be pardoned for referring especially to astronomy and physics—the study of the universe and of the atoms. In the field of religion the tendency has been to centralize on experiences all mankind have in common rather than to exalt differences peculiar to individuals and special groups, and all of this is a distinct advance because it makes for unity.

Perhaps in the days to come we can look back on 1930 and say "It was indeed a year of grace."

Equal Terms

ALL are now ready to say it. No one section of Canada has a right to preferential treatment and no one class should have special favors. If Eastern industries are to be protected, then the one great Western industry must be recognized. Mr. Beatty never uttered truer words than in his speech at London. He spoke as one who is equally dependent upon East and West.

Is the Church Committing Suicide?

WHEN, after a period of ten years, the Lambeth Conference re-assembled this summer in London, there were in attendance over three hundred bishops from all parts of the world, more than half a hundred of these being from the United States of America. The sessions of the Conference covered a period of five weeks.

It was a great and august assembly and the topics discussed such as church unity and birth control, excited an immense and immediate interest. In particular, interest has centred around their resolutions concerning war and peace. We read in the press how, at this Conference, it was unanimously decided that, "henceforth, war had entered into the category of original sins."

We presume by "original sins," the editors meant "cardinal sins," there being according to ecclesiastical doctrine, some seven of these. There is but one "original" sin, it being that which we inherit at birth through the fall of Adam and Eve.

The news, however, that war was to be a sin of any kind seemed sufficiently satisfactory to all who held to the Christian faith. In particular, to those of us who were members of the Church of England, there came an especial gratification that our branch of the church had made so definite a pronouncement upon this subject of super-importance. There was a soul-stirring thrill in the thought that the Church, taking up the challenge of the war-makers, had declared "Behold, I am against thee, O God!"

For the future, the Church would be sincerely and definitely aligned against war, that ugly and diabolic enchantment for which the great searching heart of the world aims to find a cure. For the future, with the co-operation of the other churches of Christendom, war would be divested of religious sanction, and the battle-line of the Church would be on the frontiers of spirituality and humanism—Yes, it looked as if we should have better laws than those of "sword-justice"; that no more wars should be "holy wars"; that we should lean upon the force of religion rather than upon the religion of force.

Still, in these considerations, we are bound to say there were numerous problems that presented themselves to our mind.

How were their Lordships to educate their own clergy into the acceptance of this viewpoint? How would the clergy be protected against the slogans, half-truths and ready-made opinions of the propagandists who manipulate the public mind?

There would, of course, be multitudes of priests and deacons who rejoiced in the findings of the Lambeth Conference, but what directions of a practical nature would be given them in order to secure their active and concerted co-operation in the face of war's commanding claims?

Would war-flags remain in the church now that war was a sin?

Would petitions to the Deity for the success of our particular armies be included in the service of prayer?

Would church members continue to celebrate the victories of war as these occur, or would they more

By Judge Emily F. Murphy

"(Janey Canuck)"

fittingly return to their houses in sorrow for the thousands of children and widows who had been desolated thereby?

Would we delete from our hymnals such compositions as, "Onward Christian Soldiers marching as to war," and "The Son of God goes forth to war, a blood-red crown to gain"?

How would Christians act in the event of conscription? Would the Church protect the conscientious objector against the State? Would the protection of the Church be of practical value? In a word, would the Cross be more powerful than the Sword?

These, and other points of more or less importance, must have occurred to the minds of all thoughtful people—must have stirred them to believe that a fuse had started to fizz around the war-machine and that, at last, the propagandists and war-makers were in for what a Cockney soldier has described as a "tidy bit of a walloping."

Then came to hand a copy of the five resolutions concerning war and peace which had been adopted by the Lambeth Conference, the whole being set forth in five hundred and thirty words.

Nowhere in any of these does it say, as interpreted by the press, that war is a sin. It was General Sherman, it seems, who said that war was hell.

We are told in the resolution of the prelates that war is "incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ" and that the Conference "believes that peace will never be achieved until inter-national relations are controlled by religious and ethical standards."

The Conference also believes that the existence of armaments on the present scale endangers the maintenance of peace, and it makes appeal for further reduction by international agreement.

The Conference re-affirms its resolutions (73-80) of the 1920 assemblage and says there is a call for "the best scientific treatment on international lines and also for a practical application of the principles of united service and self-sacrifice on the part of all Christian people."

Just what is meant by Christian people exercising "self-sacrifice" in refraining from war, or in preventing war, is not easily intelligible to the average reader.

Without a doubt, it is interesting to read that the bishops of the Anglican Church believe war to be "incompatible" with religion; that they approve of the League of Nations, and that the world, (with the assistance of science) will have to be controlled by religious ethics before an international peace ensues.

But, really, this is no news at all. For years and years, it has been known that the bishops held views like this. After the manner of the Indians of Western Canada in their pow-wows, their Lordships only debate upon what is already agreed.

As a comfort to the soul, these resolutions come as a caressing tune from far-off fields but, speaking squarely, as a deterrent to war they are almost wholly without merit.

THERE is one resolution from the Conference which, as yet, we have not quoted. It is number twenty-seven. While this carries no hint of dangerous dominance, nor any eruptive paroxysm, yet it has undoubtedly more value and potency than the others. It reads as follows:—"Where nations have solemnly bound themselves by Treaty, Covenant or Pact for the pacific settlement of international disputes, the Conference holds that the Christian Church in every nation should refuse to countenance any war in regard to which the government of its own country has not declared its willingness to submit the matter in dispute to arbitration or conciliation."

It can never be gainsaid that someone did not work hard over this resolution—someone who was a diplomat of no mean order—for it reads excellently throughout and seems to mean quite a lot. When, however, one comes to interpret the words of the resolution as applying to an actual situation of warfare, they mean just nothing at all. Their proposed lamb-like insurrection with their delicate tenderness of feeling would be almost as painful to a group of warriors as getting hit by a pom-pom of roses.

In this resolution, the Church is told it "should refuse to countenance war." It "should" mark you but, judging from history, the possibilities of its so doing are extremely remote. Yes, this word "should" has a kind of negative sound—one that is not even suggestive of a naughty wrist to be slapped.

We are interested also to know what is included in the word "countenance." How is the Church to countenance war, or to discountenance it?

Would war be righteous if the Church countenanced it, and sinful if discountenanced?

The conscience of the whole world having been so deeply shocked by the appalling spectacle of war, the world is entitled to a precise answer on these points from those whom we are pleased to honor as our "lords, temporal and spiritual."

It may also be noted that the nation is not required to actually submit to arbitration but only to declare "its willingness" so to do. Presuming, however, that it has the willingness, and does submit, to whom does it submit?

Without a specific statement, it may set up a board to arbitrate like the board considering the "I'm Alone" rum-running incident. It is likely the Conference meant the League of Nations to be the arbitrators but the resolution does not say so, the provisions throughout being vague and shadowy.

Yes, Resolution No. 27 is unquestionably the "soft answer" but it is hardly calculated to turn away anything approaching wrath. As a resolution it is both sterile and insulated. After all, in this connection, it might have been well if the Conference had taken a practical lesson from the "three H's of gunnery"—Hit first, hit hard, and keep on hitting. Or it might even have been better had the Conference been satisfied with their pronouncements of the year 1920, and let the matter rest here. Their utterances of today contain no protest that is in the least frightening or which would tend to overawe any incisive tempered aggressor. All of these resolutions are what a Cree friend of ours calls "a heap careful."

THE League of Nations and the Kellogg Peace Pact having blazed out so splendid a trail, here was the greatest opportunity that had ever come to the Church to obtain a spiritual eminence as well as a mundane power. One need not be a pacifist to see this for oneself. Even militarists would have defined it as a spiritual strategy.

We are not, however, to be left in an entire state of mystification concerning the sleepy optimism or sit-pretty attitude of the prelates, the reason for these innocuous resolutions having been partly divulged by an eminent divine who attended the Conference, this being none other than His Lordship, the Right Rev. E. W. Burroughs, Bishop of Ripon.

[Continued on page 50]

THE WAY OF PEACE

By Fred Scott Shepard

And on earth peace.—Luke 2:14.

*They sang of peace that blessed morn,
When Christ was born,
And burdened hearts of weary men
Took courage then;
And through fulfilment tarries long,
Faint not! Be strong!*

*The world, harrassed by constant strife
And dangers rise,
And weary of the paths of peace,
Where conflicts cease,
Finds not its quest in ways of man,
Nor ever can.*

*For only in God's plan and way,
From day to day,
Can hearts find peace or nations know
The paths to go—
His rule, in gracious righteousness,
Alone can bless.*



Ten years of Ottawa had whetted her appetite for theatres, cabarets, and night clubs.

Darling, You Can Trust Me!

By Gertrude Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

"DARLING, who will tuck you up tomorrow night?"

"No one." His voice was gallant, but sleepy.

Under the bedclothes she slid an arm around his slim waist. Loiteringly her hand crept up to his broad shoulders. His body hadn't aged a minute in their ten years of marriage. And his face had merely grown more interesting.

"You're dreadfully attractive, dear. Suppose some younger, prettier woman makes a set at you?"

"There aren't any."

She sighed. "Of course, I trust you, dear."

"Good-night, dear."

Silence.

"And, darling, *you can trust me!*"

"Of course I can. Good-night, dear."

His breathing became heavy and regular. Of course he could. He was *very* sure of her!

Vera Angus snuggled fatly against her husband, and tried to sleep.

AT GRAND CENTRAL Vera rushed up to Isobel Tyndall. It was only when Isobel's eyes passed her unseeing that Vera realized that, while Isobel had not changed, Vera, *had*.

And in the taxi, she said despairingly:

"Isobel, you haven't changed the tiniest scrap. You're still stunning!"

Good heavens, Vera! I'm not fifty!"

Vera was thirty-five, and knew that she looked it. Isobel, thirty-seven, resented being expected to look it.

"No woman need look her age," continued Isobel, "unless she's lazy or lacking in humor."

"I suppose it is lazy—to accept life?"

"Rottenly lazy."

And she had thought "struggling" undignified. Had she been lazy, and perhaps over-careful not to "lack humor?" One needn't dress like forty-five to avoid aping sixteen.

"I had given up hope of your ever coming to New York, Vera."

"But, you dear thing, I couldn't leave Conrad. This time he had a business trip to Montreal, on which even his evenings would be engaged."

"Devotion such as yours smacks of fear. Tell me, what's Conrad like these days?"

"Exactly the same. Apparently he has both energy and humor."

Isobel laughed kindly.

"Don't be a silly. New York will whisk you into shape. I'm going to diet you, and nag you, until you are the old dangerous Vera."

"I'm not very fat." Vera opened her coat.

"Of course you aren't. But you show what you *think* you are. Your corsets remind one of 1928, your skirts are an inch and a half too short and miles too loose over your hips, and your stockings are ten shades too apologetic, and——"

"I ripped out these pleats over the hips. They showed every movement."

"So, instead, you show every fear?"

No, Isobel had not changed. Ten years ago she had bristled with candor.

ISOBEL'S one child was at boarding-school, so they had several hours to themselves before Clive Tyndall would return from his clinics and office hours.

First Vera must see Isobel's new apartment.

"Isobel! It's—it's—*paralyzing!*" Vera gasped. "There's no getting away from it, we're stuffy, up in Ottawa."

"It is amusing," conceded Isobel crisply. "But then I'm frankly a modern."

They were in the living-room. The carpet went right to the walls, a *mélange* of triangles, lozenges and spearheads; a fracas of yellows, from tawny to cream, zig-zagged with purple-black lightning. From the



"Yes, dear, but we're used to being together. I miss you, and I bet you miss me." That was it. That was all of it. USED to being together.

ceiling hung two chandeliers, rods of black iron ending in a confusion of small oblong slabs of dulled jonquil glass. Black drapery, purple-shot, framed the uncurtained windows, the panes of which were scrawled with jagged lines of opacity, as if some very modern Jack Frost had drawn a playful finger across them.

From the walls strange pictures startled Vera. Nude women, ochreous and grotesque; landscapes of demented horror; a man and woman dancing obliquely in a Euclidian nightmare.

Dazed, Vera followed into the dining-room. Here, for a moment, she saw only the walls. Great horizontal bands of color; black, pale cherry, jade, silver; as if a striped and giant ribbon were unfurled about her.

On a carpet of cherry a long table of teak; a sideboard of fluted silver gilt, topped with black glass; a dull silver vase holding stiff, leafless white lilies.

Fun, isn't it?" laughed Isobel.

Ascending a stairway of sudden classic restraint, they entered Isobel's bedroom. Here Vera's eyes definitely bulged.

"It is rather, isn't it? Well, I wanted a bedroom that not even a husband could enter without feeling that he was treading on holy ground."

"Poor Conrad! It makes ours seem like a suet pudding."

"That's easily mended. I'll take you to the man who did it for me. You can get things shipped. Is yours one of those places that people sleep in, with the marriage certificate woven into the bed-linen?"

Vera was depressed. And sorry for Conrad.

She glimpsed a bathroom of black marble with a sunken tub of delicate sea-green.

"And this is Clive's room."

"You don't room together?"

"Rather not! I have always held out that I couldn't sleep a wink with anyone else in the room. I wasn't having him wake up to a wife with shiny nose and bird's-nest hair. Nor was I risking him falling asleep before I did. I believe that most husbands, if you give them the chance, are the first with the good-night-dear snub."

THAT night Vera sopped her pillow with tears. A crisis in her nice upholstered life! It had caught her unawares. Just like reading an interesting book by twilight; you don't notice the fading light, until suddenly darkness is on you.

She had thought that her only grief was that they had no children. This was worse. She would surely lose her husband. For Isobel had said that when a wife got into a rut, the husband usually got out of it.

Oh, what a blind fool she had been. "Good-night, dear." Why, she had been rash enough to joke about that. Had thought it was just that she was not a good sleeper, and that it was Conrad's dear, tactful way of hinting that *he* would like to sleep. But on their honeymoon he had never been sleepy. Not at night.

Clive didn't act like a husband at all. More as if he were still courting Isobel. And Isobel had been married nine years.

Clive had seemed quite jealous, in a suppressed, peevish way, about that Gerald Kerr, who had made a fourth for bridge. Apparently Isobel had several devoted men-friends. Which, of course, had kept Clive keener.

She had no "men-friends." Yet when Conrad had met her, she had been a flirt. And Conrad had not minded it; had said that that was all past, and that she couldn't have been so attractive if she had sat waiting for him, twiddling her fingers.

Oh, why had she not kept for Conrad the pride of success over rivals? She had stagnated. Like champagne, gone flat.

She had hinted her fears to Isobel, and Isobel had crystallized them.

"Doesn't it boil down to this: Not—does my husband still love me? But—if he met me today for the first time, both of us free, would he burst his buttons trying to win me?"

At last Vera fell asleep, comforted by a resolve to stir up her nice, but habit-sodden husband.

Vera settled into the stimulating existence of being again with Isobel Tyndall. And, as in their gay old times together, Vera soaked up like a sponge Isobel's stronger personality.

Yet, not exactly settled, for Conrad Angus' plump devoted wife felt as if her veins were charged with ginger-ale, all the bubbles going full steam.

Ten years of Ottawa had whetted her appetite for New York. Theatres, cabarets, night-clubs, a riot of shopping. And Isobel whipped on the runaway horse.

Vera now hated her Ottawa clothes, expensive but uninteresting. She put thought into dressing as a smart woman of neither more nor less than thirty-five.

"I like your hair, Isobel. I didn't know it waved naturally."

"Permanent. Row 'em enough, and they'll give you this mere shadow of a wave. You still stick to the carved wood effect. Why?"

"Habit, I suppose."

"More husbands are lost by habit than adultery."

The next day Vera had her marcel washed out and the ghost of a loose wave permanented in. From the hairdresser on to the *corsetière*. Vera emerged with the figure of a plumpish, faintly licentious flapper.

She became reckless about shoes and about stockings so sheer that they seemed a mere powdering of the leg. This after observations of Isobel's—

"Clive says that ninety-nine per cent of men don't ruffle a pin-feather over a woman's classic nose, or lily hands, or rounded arms. He says that ninety-nine per cent of men are stirred solely by two things—of course, he's only referring to the physical stir, about which good women don't care a hoot. What was I saying? Oh, yes, two things. Bust and legs."

Vera stiffened.

"Vera, dear, how marriage has priggified you. Still," Isobel's voice grew musing, it is sweet, how much good women spend on stockings."

And Vera bought a vivid lipstick. After Isobel had said—

"Washed-out mouths advertise that their only diversions are eating and talking."

Alluring dresses and hats, nightgowns aimed at St. Anthony. For Isobel had shrieked at Vera's elbow-sleeved creations of the Ottawa dressmaker.

"But these are my winter nightgowns. My elbows got chapped. Heavy crepe de chine and *pointe de Venise*. I don't see what's so funny about them, Isobel."

"Freeze your elbows and not your husband."

"Conrad adores me." With a flutter of spirit, and with inward misery.

"Then thank God, and not your nightgowns."

Sometimes Vera made little forlorn stands.

"Women aren't so smart in Ottawa. It's all a scheme of the shops here. I know I'd got dilapidated. I know I have no admiring men-friends. But Conrad and I *live* together. That should include growing old together. It's only an accident of metabolism, that he has stayed thin and I—haven't."

"Accident! I have dieted for six years. And I've never let Clive graduate from a lover to a husband."

AFTER a week in New York Vera's mirror reflected, not a billiard cue, it is true, but a reasonably attractive image. Furniture, drapes, lamps, carpets and pictures had been ordered for her Ottawa bedroom. Dear Conrad. He would be so much happier for the jolt she was soon to administer to him. "More consciously happy," Isobel put it. She had told Isobel all. Of course, not the humiliating parts, like the recurrent "Good-night, dears."

Each night Vera fell asleep, blissfully rehearsing scenes with Conrad—arch and ardent scenes.

"Vera, my little girl-wife that I won ten years ago!"

"Conrad, my lover!"

"Vera, I can't stand this separate room business! Oh, you beautiful, cruel thing!"

"No dear," firmly, "no. I never can sleep a wink with anyone else in my room."

New York was marvelous, but she wished her visit were over. So eager was she to make Conrad wonder how he ever could have said drowsily: "Of course I trust you. Good-night, dear."

Suddenly her soul turned pale. Suppose Conrad *still* trusted her! Jealousy, Isobel said, was healthy for a man.

"Isobel, I want a lover. Innocent, but——"

"I'm not stopping you."

"But—who?"

"Oh, am I to find him?"

The Vera, who had once been a flirt, rallied, stung.

"I thought of Gerald Kerr, but didn't want to hurt you."

"You can't, dear, that way. I tired of Jerry six months ago. He might do for you quite nicely."

"But he saw me with a marcel like railway tracks, and funny corsets, and dowager stockings."

"Oh, I'll tell him you're unhappily married. He loves women to be unhappily married."

"Is he dreadfully fast?"

"That's always up to the woman. Come, put on your things. I've favors to buy for my valentine party tomorrow."

Every candy-shop on fifth Avenue glowed with blood-red ribbons and chiffons and streamers. The town seemed glutted with heart-shaped scarlet boxes. On many of these cupids were painted, red tulle coyly banding the middle of the boxes and of them. Some such love-tokens were open, exposing thousands of calories edged with fluted tinsel. A mean thing, thought the now-dieting Vera, to send one's love.

Hosiery shops, too, blazoned with scarlet rivalry. Filmy stockings, slipped into paper crackers, or fastened, circled by showy garters, on hearts of blushing pasteboard. In one enterprising window Vera saw a huge red heart, pierced by a gilt arrow. Across it ran "TELL HER WITH STOCKINGS." And on its left auricle a box of nude-toned hosiery. More helpful than the candies.

Telegraph companies, also, prodded the incoherent swain with suggested messages.

Why, the Ottawa shops had no idea what a gold mine sex was.

Isobel telephoned Gerald Kerr, and asked him to take Vera to lunch.

"Her life, poor dear, is so sad. Husband doesn't understand her. Oh, no, not in the least! I'll tell her that I had to call you up about something, and that the lunch was your suggestion. At the Ritz in half an hour. Vera will be there. 'Bye, Jerry, nice boy.'"

A little later, to Vera:

"Well, good luck. It comes easily, if you merely think of yourself as free again."

Over the *hors d'oeuvres* Vera smiled sadly at the massaged-pink face of Gerald Kerr. His hair was thinning, his waist thickening. She felt virtuous, as she murmured:

"I—I can't talk about these things, Mr. Kerr."

"Jerry. Please!"

"Oh, but do you think I *should*?"

"Of course you should! And I am going to call you *Georgiana*, after the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. You reminded me at once of that beautiful picture Gainsborough did of her. You know, the one with the big hat and feathers and flowing curls. Do you remember that she exchanged her kisses for promises of votes for some chap she was backing? Ah, a beautiful woman does not need the suffrage."

Well, thought Vera, she wasn't sure about all this "beautiful" stuff, but still he might have found a less appropriate nickname. The Duchess had been no sylph. And she too had to give her favors to other men for the good of the one man.

If only Jerry were more attractive. Oh, just so that she could give Conrad the benefit of a really first-class "jolt."

Jerry was giving her a great many compliments. She smiled shyly.

"You are nice to me—Jerry."

[Continued on page 58]



"Gosh, you're bright, Georgie. Bright as they make 'em." Even on their honeymoon Conrad had not hinted that she was brilliant.

I Learn to Fly

By Lady Drummond-Hay

"H I!! WAKE UP back there! Are you dreaming?" Sharply the voice of Captain V. H. Baker, my pilot-instructor in the front cockpit rang in my ears through the telephones.

I was dreaming. But denied it with a chastened "No, Cap'n" through the speaking-tube, followed by no explanation of temporary abstraction and a low left wing.

The Captain, I had soon discovered, needed few words to convey his thoughts, or to receive mine. He knew what I was "dreaming" about, right enough. Probably doing a little dreaming on his own account, I decided, as through the telephones, the sound of gay whistling ahead, broke the silence of cloudland at 6,000 feet above the earth.

The beauty of the scene entranced me. A Faerie world of blue sky, uninterrupted sunshine, billowy, iridescent cloud-ocean, glittering white mountains, opalescent valleys, pearly ridges, sinister chasms, into one of which I must plunge the tiny "Moth" earthwards towards Reality. But not just yet.

"Cold?" he enquired, adding encouragingly: "You don't catch cold up here anyhow."

I was not cold. My blood raced with exhilaration and ecstasy. This Wonder-world was mine by right of discovery. With no other human beings in sight, this kaleidoscopic glory of seconds, belonged to us—exclusively—forever.

Thousands before have staked their claims to a magic lot in the sky. Tens of thousands after me will enrich their souls and imaginations from a boundless Fairyland. This ever-changing world of trackless trek and pilgrimage has more kingdoms to offer than there will ever be winged mortals to claim them.

Flying through the clouds, above them, sinking below them again to the Earth-world, was no novel sensation to me. In the course of flying more than 50,000 miles with the "Graf Zeppelin," I have had generous time and opportunity to become a "citizen of the air." During the Zeppelin Round-the-World Flight in the summer of 1929, on the Pacific lap alone, we flew thirty-nine hours out of the sixty-odd from Tokio to San Francisco, in fog and clouds. That was one thing. But this was something quite different.

In the Zeppelin, Dr. Hugo Eckener, veteran "Storm King," did all the reconnaissance, coaxing, parleying, challenging and defying of the Storm and Wind Gods, while the giant airship quivered its silver sides in disdain of the futile pranks of turbulent little breezes.

The spirited little "Moth," like a cub amongst cubs, finds its playmates with the teasing breezes and inquisitive gusts, standing up to the challenge of sore-headed weather-gods with dash, audacity and tenacity.

Half an hour before, wings folded like a sleeping dragon-fly, the Moth was resting inanimate on the ground. Wings outspread, settling ourselves in the cockpits—"You take her," the Captain calls down the speaking-tube. I open the throttle, the little 'plane trembling with life, leaps forward in the impatience of desire. We are in the air.

I have not yet lost the thrill of animating an aeroplane to life and action; the fantastic notion that in the throttle I hold its pulse, regulating the vibrations of the motor to my own triumphant heart-beats; or wonder at the docility of the dynamic little craft, obedient to the pressure of two fingers.

Away we go! One thousand—two thousand feet. Higher and higher. The world recedes. The aero-

drome looks ridiculously small. How shall I get back? Reminds me of nightmares—trying to get into impossibly small doors.

The Moth has a trying band of familiars in the air. Neither the Zeppelin, nor the "DO-X" would acknowledge such sprites. Mocking gusts make sport of us. Up, up we rise, then down—*bump!* Fair challenge to invade their dominions. In my eagerness, I pull the

the darting shadow of the "Moth" upon the fleecy cloud-world. Time up there exists not. Instantaneous impressions of beauty, harmony, unearthly glory are eternal the moment they are born. The luminous world, gleaming unbroken phosphorescent white, is suddenly rent by a yawning gulf. Seems funny that I did not *feel* it happen! To the earth below, it signals a patch of azure sky. To me, a Pluto's cave.

The Captain waves downwards. I close the throttle, glide down and down. My 'plane, bejewelled with sparkling dew-drops, trophies from the clouds, sinks softly towards the aerodrome looming big—big enough even for my unpracticed hand to set it in—well, indifferently or badly, as my day's luck will have it.

I am learning to fly.

TO FLY!—Something that I had dreamed of since I first heard of flying-machines as a child. Later came travel by commercial aeroplane, robbed of its piquancy because I was restricted to the passenger quarters. Then opportunity for the long flights in the "Graf Zeppelin"—more than 50,000 miles—with wonderful privileges of the control-cabin, and association with veterans of the air. The exciting trial flights of the giant airship, followed by the first trans-Atlantic flight in 1928, the storm that almost wrecked us over mid-Atlantic, the tremendous reception in America. Came the Orient flight in March of two years ago, and the first circumnavigation of the globe by airship in twenty-one days the next summer. The South American flight last spring.

From these long day-in-and-day-out, night-in-and-night-out flights, grew increasing familiarity with the air, with winds and storms, an appreciation of meteorology as mapping an invisible world, and peopling an aerial Olympus.

Admitted to the companionship of the "bridge" on all these long air-voyages, always I listened attentively to the talk of the officers on the airship, and to the sage remarks of Dr. Hugo Eckener, "Storm King" amongst the weather gods we challenged.

More than ever, I wanted to fly myself, not only on the magic carpet of an airship, but on the wings of an aeroplane. I longed unreasonably for an airship of my own, but a "Graf Zeppelin" costs \$1,000,000, an "R-100" more than twice that, and there are no second-hand airships as yet, not to mention the fact that they require a crew of at least twenty-four! Therefore, if fly I would, it must be a 'plane.

So in May of last year, when I left the "Graf Zeppelin" at Lakehurst after the extraordinarily interesting flight from Europe to Rio de Janeiro, then up to New York, over mirror-like ocean, through terrific tropical squalls, and a severe storm off Cape Hatteras, I began to carry out my wish.

First I had to get a student pilot's permit from the Department of Commerce, Washington, before I could even go up for a trial lesson. This was granted after a very rigid medical examination by Dr. E. L. Ray, Government-appointed doctor, New York. The "medical" was more like our British R.A.F. requirements, than one for a private pilot's license. But in America, the governmental regulations are very rigorous, and no government-approved aviation school may accept a flying pupil until he or she holds a student permit. In England and Germany, the medical certificate is not compulsory prior to flying instruction, and can be carried out by one's personal physician.

I took my first flying lesson at one of the thirty-eight splendid aviation schools of the Curtis-Wright Flying Service, Valley Stream, Long Island, near New York City. Lieutenant Daniel Moulton took me up



Lady Drummond-Hay and Captain V. H. Baker, M.C., A.F.C.

nose up aggressively. Sixty—fifty—forty-five miles an hour. The air-speed indicator needle flashes past the red stalling warning at fifty. Rather sheepishly, I drop the nose to regain flying-speed, grateful that the Captain has been pleased to ignore my lapse in eloquent silence.

Clouds at 4,000 feet. Cool, damp atmosphere surrounds us. I see nothing before, behind, right or left, but cloud. Glueing my eyes on the instruments, I fly as carefully as I know how, to keep the 'plane straight on her course. Not easy in the face of temptation to turn round and catch red-handed those little wind-devils bumping my plane up and down, tugging it from side to side, playing catch-as-catch-can in the clouds, just before I emerge out into the suspended Paradise above the Earth, below the Heavens.

I could stay up there indefinitely, playing tag with

in a robust "Fledgling" biplane. Parachutes are obligatory both for instructor and student. Lieut. Moulton seemed to think that the hazardous pioneer Zeppelin flights had taught me all about parachutes, and was surprised to learn that we had never carried that life-saving apparatus on the airship.

In unaccustomed mechanic's overalls, burdened with a parachute and all its strappings, I felt strange and uncomfortable. But not half so uncomfortable as a little later, when in flight, the world seemed to curve up on all sides around me like a green cup. My confusion was complete. The Zeppelin had never played me such a trick. The earth had always looked flat from the air. Now here it was curling up mockingly at me, with a horizon on all sides ready to hit me under the chin every time that Mr. Moulton banked the 'plane. Soon he told me through the telephones to take the "stick"—to waggle it backwards, forwards and sideways. Utterly thrilled, I grabbed it eagerly. That wasn't right.

"Treat the stick as if it were fragile, delicate, DYNAMITE!" he called back in a crescendo of explanation, appeal and command, as I continued to hang on to it tenaciously, convinced that therein lay my preservation. But "dynamite" was not a reassuring simile, so I let it go. Somewhat to my surprise and entirely to my gratification, nothing alarming happened. The 'plane stayed up. Continued its course rather drunkenly. "Keep the nose up" came from the front cockpit.

Gingerly, with "dynamite" impressed on my subconsciousness, just as poor Queen Mary declared she would have "Calais" written on her heart, I moved the stick with two fingers. "Fine," came through in rich American tones of approval.

Taking my cue from the success of that experiment, I found I could do all that was necessary with the lightest touch. so introduction to rudder controls quickly followed. The apprehensive joy of that first time I banked and turned! I didn't feel quite right. Perhaps I should say, I felt myself all wrong as the horizon rose and swelled before me. Then the 'plane straightened out—miraculously — Moulton, no doubt. I sailed along as fatuously content as Daedalus before he crashed. I might bank and turn again, the earth-swell having subsided somewhat, to my eyes. Respectfully I coaxed the stick over, and gave a hearty kick to the rudder. Soaring Daedalus no more. I knew I was a potential Juggernaut, as the 'plane swooped down towards the helpless people below. To me, the "Fledgling" seemed to fill the sky, overshadow the earth, menace thousands. There swept over me a wave of sympathy for those underneath whom I imagined I could kill like flies—in legions. But miracle — the 'plane straightened out—Moulton, no doubt. Glided down, landed like a home-coming bird.



Heston Club House

"Well, how do you feel?" was my instructor's first question, as he helped me to disembarass myself of the parachute trappings. I felt all right, but what about those below, whom I must have frightened so badly — care-free folk in automobiles, mothers and babies, innocent little children at play? I turned solemn eyes upon the smiling young man.

"Fine, thank you," I gulped, "but terribly sorry for those people underneath. It must have been awful for them."

Followed the realization that they probably never even saw the 'plane, and a lasting lesson in personal perspective.

All the same, it took some little time to restore the earth from concavity to convexity, to erase an involuntary rush of pity for unconscious and undisturbed humanity, as I flew erratically with determined hopefulness above them, and to convince myself that my wings would one day sprout into something more uplifting than penguin's flippers.

Journalistic work necessitated my returning to London almost

immediately, and within forty-eight hours of my return, I had found a new aviation school, and a new flying instructor.

WHEN a group of more than twenty private fliers from Heston Air Park visited Friedrichshafen on Easter Sunday last year, through Gordon Selfridge Junior of that party, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Nigel Norman and Mr. Alan Munz, owners of Heston Air Club, and heard much about Captain V. H. Baker, Chief instructor there, and one of the most famous pilot-instructors in Britain. Having selected Heston Air Park as the ideal flying school for myself, I made the acquaintance of Captain V. H. Baker, who then and there impressed me as a "bird-man" rather than merely an "air-man." For me it was a lucky choice.

I did not know it at the time, but amongst Captain Baker's many distinguished pupils have been the Prince of Wales, Prince George, while he was also the first instructor of our national flying heroine, Amy Johnson.

Well-kept field, spacious hangars, work-shops, delightful club house, with well-catered restaurant, comfortable lounge, bar, dressing-rooms, and cosy pilots' room distinguish Heston, investing it with all the attraction of a jolly country club. It has also a Custom's House for the convenience of visiting 'planes from all over the Continent. International pilots and aeroplanes lend the aerodrome a gay cosmopolitan aspect.

The British air clubs and flying-schools cater much more to the prospective private owner of 'planes, and to the sports flier, than either the American or German flying-schools. This tends to spread a club atmosphere, rather than a school atmosphere of hard and fast rules.

Discipline in first-rate American aviation schools, especially those of the Curtiss Wright Company, impressed me as being somewhat semi-military, very efficient, with, however, a strong infusion of psychological study in the case of each individual pupil. In fact, great stress is laid upon that, and upon psychology in the teaching of flying.

In the very thorough flying-schools in Germany, of which, however, I have had only occasional glimpses, discipline and application play greater rôles than psychology. There is comparatively little private flying in Germany, as few of those interested in aviation can afford their own 'plane. To become a professional pilot in that country calls for a two-years course in the "Verkehr Fliegerschule"—Traffic Flying School.

British Government regulations do not require parachutes to be worn during instruction, so all I had to do was to replace my hat with a helmet and telephone attachment, climb into the rear cockpit of a school "Moth" bi-plane, and enjoy my first lesson from the Captain. I mean, too, that I did enjoy it. The earth remained obligingly flat, and I had dispensed many of my preliminary antics upon the long-suffering and conscientious Moulton in New York.

From the very first, even while still worried about the fate of those beneath the 'plane in my novice hand, I have never felt anything but perfectly safe and secure in the air. The evolution of my wings from flippers to License plumage, was a natural, harmonious and painless process. Not once — not for one second in hours of instruction, was I called upon to suffer the slightest shock, jar, or tension of nerves. Captain Baker gave me a very thorough and solid foundation of flying, preserving unstrained and unshaken the sensitive and delicate thread of confidence and fearlessness — natural attitude of my ignorance, and passion for the air, which could so easily have been impaired, or even destroyed by a less understanding and expert instructor. Some of (Cont. on page 39)



Instructors at Heston Air Park. Left to right: Capt. V. H. Baker (Chief Instructor), E. H. Newman and Geoffrey Mahony



One of the spacious hangars at Heston Air Park

Illustrated by
John Little



"**H**E CERTAINLY lacks education; but he certainly is a man—six feet, broad shouldered and awfully strong—just the kind the service needs." Sargeant Hardy finished his report, stood at attention beside the Inspector's table, waiting.

Inspector Macdonald, in charge of Lesser Slave Lake Post, nodded; and, because twenty-five years before he had entered the Royal North-West Mounted Police Force as an illiterate "rookie," and had risen to the position he occupied today, he answered without hesitation: "All right, bring him, and I'll swear him in."

Sergeant Hardy clicked his heels, saluted and, turning, crossed the room to open a door at the farther side. "All right, Anderson," he said.

There came a shuffling sound as of some mighty, slow-moving body getting into motion; then the spoken of one entered. Six feet and broad he was, with a mass of yellow hair that now lay rumpled low on his forehead, dragged there by the doffing of a soft, peaked cap.

His eyes were wide-set, the optics of a great, quiet beast, meditative and slow. Perhaps his eyes and his feet were the chief things noticeable. Even for so big a man the latter were out of proportion. When he moved they stuck out far in advance of him, resembling more the rounded, short-bodied snow-shoe of the Wood Cree Indian, than the feet of a man. He walked slowly forward and, reaching a spot in front of the plain board table behind which the Inspector sat, stood awkwardly, one shoulder slumped down, weight all upon one foot.

He answered the Inspector's questions slowly, pausing often to reflect as if seeking for the correct English word. When the Inspector had administered the oath, the new recruit said, with the first mark of animation: "Tank you." His eyes lighted for the briefest of spaces, as if the greatest of honors had been conferred upon him, instead of a dollar ten a day, the prevailing rate of pay in the early days.

Thus it was that Olaf Anderson became a member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and a week later was assigned to the Fish Lake Patrol.

Fish Lake Patrol was one of the very small ones of "Division N," a mere two hundred miles of bush and swamp, dotted here and there with short stretches of prairie. Barring the occasional cabins of white and halfbreed trappers, and some dozen scattered shacks of small-farming squatters settled on unsurveyed land in the hope of some day being made rich by the advent of a railway, the country

was a lonely, almost crimeless land. As such it offered little in the way of experience to Anderson, rawest of rookies.

Summer drifted into Fall, and Fall to Winter without anything more exciting happening than the arresting of a half-breed trapper made crazy by an overdose of bootleggers' whiskey—vilest concoction in all the world.

With the coming of winter, Anderson donned his short bearskin coat, his fur cap, German socks and moccasins, and, when the snow grew deep, his snow shoes; for, in these northern regions, the Mounted police are so in name only.

IT WAS just four days before Christmas when Anderson left Mink Lake, a hundred and ten miles out from Lesser Slave Headquarters. With a good trail and fair weather he moved rapidly, intent on making the Post by Christmas Eve.

Late in the afternoon of the second day he saw ahead through a break in the poplars a log cabin come into view. After spending the previous night in the open, the possibilities of a soft bunk and perhaps a meal of moose meat cheered Anderson. He quickened his steps.

But as he came close to the cabin something odd about it brought him to a halt. No smoke came from the chimney, yet the latch string hung down, and the door was slightly ajar. Wonderingly the officer moved forward. Reaching the door he kicked off his snow shoes, and pushed the portal wide open.

Sprawled upon the floor beside the table at one side of the one room was a man in shirtsleeves. Even in the fading light Anderson noted the dark splotches upon the floor beside the body which had

Looking upon this thawing wilderness, Anderson cursed his luck in slow methodic English, most fitting blasphemy; the more eloquent from its very deliberateness.

once been congealed blood. Unhurriedly, without excitement, the only sign that he was interested being the widening of his big, ox-like eyes, Anderson tossed his blanket-roll to one side, crossed the room and knelt over the body. The man lay face down, evidently having fallen after being struck from behind. A long, deep cut ran from close behind the right ear almost to a point where the neck and shoulder met.

After one glance, his stolid nature aroused a little by this first real demand upon his police initiative, Anderson started methodical examination of the cabin. In a box by the stove he found a short-bladed hatchet of a kind much carried by men when making the round of trap lines. The blade of this was stained by now brown markings. Evidently it had been thrown hastily away by the culprit after consummation of the cowardly deed. But the hatchet was all the policeman's search brought to light.

A little weary, and the better to think upon the matter, Anderson walked over and seated himself upon the edge of the bunk. The room contained but one, suggesting to him that the trapper had been alone. Then as his eyes roved about, the slow mechanism of his Swedish brain had a brilliant thought. He walked over to a large up-ended soap-box upon the top of which rested a washbasin, a comb and brush. Above it was a small mirror. Slowly he drew the comb through the bristles of the brush, bringing out a half a dozen long black hairs. He turned his glance once more to the man's fair head, and laughed. He had his clue. The white trapper, like so many of his kind, had taken up with a native woman. Satisfied that his guess was correct, Anderson renewed his search for confirmation; but the woman, if such was the case, had been alert. Not another thing did he find to strengthen his theory. Then, as he passed about the room, the coat of the dead man, hanging on the farther wall caught his eye. Turning the pockets out revealed only an old envelope addressed to John Carlson, Lesser Slave Lake. It was very old, bearing postmark of August tenth, and the letter it had once contained had either been lost or destroyed. Yet the very fact that it had been received at Lesser Slave Lake gave Anderson something to work upon. If Carlson received mail at the Settlement even so long ago as August, there was a chance he would be known there. If known, the tracing up of his recent mate should be a fairly easy matter; for, though neighbors in the district lived many miles apart, they often knew something

ON TIME

By Francis Dickie

of one another, and, in particular, any liason between white man and Indian woman seldom passed unnoted.

Heavy dusk now darkened the room, and Anderson reluctantly prepared to move on. It was not the thought of spending the night with a corpse as companion that caused this decision but the realization that the lighting of the stove would thaw out and perhaps make odorous this now inanimate host, evidently dead for several days.

Too, Anderson was eager to reach headquarters now that he had his first important case, so he lifted the frozen clay into the bunk, made fast the door, donned snowshoes and set off once more in the direction of the Post, munching a strip of dried moose meat as he went.

Fired by this sudden-come importance, Anderson decided to make a forced march of it. The Post was now little more than sixty miles away. By walking all night he could make it about noon the next day.

Presently peered through the tree tops ahead of him the early rising moon of northern winter latitudes. It was almost full, and in another hour he moved along under light silvery cold, but almost as bright as day.

Odors warm and appetising were drifting out of the half open doorway of the Barracks dining room when Anderson walked in, stumbling and slow with weariness from sixty miles of steady tramping.

Kicking off his snowshoes he went within the Office. The Inspector was just leaving for dinner. Briefly, his stolid recitation the more so from fatigue, Anderson told his story.

"Well, go and get some sleep," Macdonald said, not unkindly, his eyes the while looking faint approval at the rookie's despatch. Then, as Anderson was about to turn away, he added:

"When you are rested; report to me."

Anderson saluted, departed for food and bed.

A day later, temporarily relieved of regular patrol,

Anderson, instead of Christmas feasting, started out on special investigation.

Not overly bright, he spent many weeks running to earth information which another man would have gathered in half the time. But he plugged steadily, wagging his great blonde head with silent satisfaction at each accomplished step.

IT WAS upon the eighteenth day of March that he came in sight of a tiny log shack, snuggling under the lee of a huge frowning bank of the Peace River, twenty miles above the Crossing Settlement. Seventy-three days of toilsome man-huting lay behind him; but now, from those many weeks of continuous endeavor, he felt sure his task would end with the entering of that cabin ahead. As he drew nearer, Anderson deserted the open river ice for the shelter of the underbrush back of the shoreline. Moving cautiously he reached the blind wall of the rear of the shack. Then he drew his heavy-service Colt from its holster. With it in hand he crept around toward the corner of the house facing the river, where was the one door and window. Arriving at the corner he peered around, noting with satisfaction that the window was upon the side of the door farthest away, giving him opportunity to reach the door without being seen by those within.

A quick step took him to the portal. He pulled the latch string, pushed open the door, his gun covering the interior as he entered. Seated upon the floor in the centre of the room an aged squaw was at work fleshing a fox pelt, while just closing the door of the freshly replenished stove was Josephine Desherault.

For the briefest space Anderson's mild blue eyes, that so seldom evinced expression, lit with the faintest gleam of satisfaction. His surmise was correct—Josephine, the halfbreed girl, had at last returned to the home of her mother.

With the first quick glance at the gun and the

man in uniform behind it, Josephine had whirled about; stood tensed like a lithe hunted animal, her frightened eyes roving, seeking an avenue for escape.

But all in a second, advised by some inner prompting, her fearful expression fled; came calm poise. "Wat you want?" she said truculently, in a soft, heavy voice so peculiar to the French halfbreed, and she took a step toward him.

Faced with only two unarmed women, Anderson lowered his gun. "I want you," he answered, "and don't make a fuss." He added the last almost imploringly, for the lion-heart of him without fear of man or beast, suddenly had started thumping. A vast embarrassment swept over him; his great orbs fell before this marvellously pretty girl's gazing angrily upon him. A slow flush crept up, reddening his wonderful Swedish complexion more in a moment than months of northern sun and wind had done. In a fever of nervous, unreasoning apprehension. He became suddenly speechless, awkwardly shifting his weight from one foot to the other, while a strange quivering came upon him, weakening his knees. Women were unknown creatures, seen heretofore only at a distance. And now, faced with the thought of taking one with him, his giant-like strength fled; his tongue refused articulate utterance.

But memory came to the rescue. In mind's eye he saw again that sprawled figure, frozen and still, stretched upon the floor of the lonely cabin; that long gaping wound on the neck, and the blood-blurred blade of the trapper's hatchet. With the vision, the girl before him was no longer a woman, but only a sexless object which he, as representative of law and order, must take in charge.

Raising now cold and unflinching blue eyes to hers, he stepped to the woman's side, as he did so bringing from out his pocket a pair of cuffs. Before she could protest or move, he had snapped the steel bracelets upon her wrists, [Continued on page 51]



"Wat you want?" she said truculently, in a soft heavy voice, so peculiar to the French halfbreed.



Della's Last Race

A Story of a Horse's Thoughts

By J. L. Benson and Donald De Lucia

Illustrated by H. E. Sellen

off the map. I only hope he paws himself through the ice and goes where I told him to when I last raced with him in Kentucky.

Here comes his owner with a little electric pad to put under his back. Looks as though it might turn poor Peter into a rocking horse for awhile, and I can then get away to a good start. No hope for him now, trotter or no trotter!

Here comes my little flapper friend again, with a saucy little curl tucked away under her hat. I only wish that I could make her understand to bet on me. It would be her one sure bet; but gee, what's the use of trying to tell a woman anything, they sure do know it all, and I always knew, Adam never enlightened Eve.

Now look here, friend Peter, you are nudging me too close, and I am telling you for the last time, or Peter will be looking for his ma. So you decided to open that big mug of yours, to ask me what horses are standing in this line which you have to beat; well there is Bar None, and Dell Direct, alongside of you, that's me, and just keep those two names in mind, and you will have plenty to worry over for the next half-hour.

Don't try to hog all the room, as they charge for atmosphere in Winnipeg, and don't raise so much snow either. Steady now; this work has got to be done, and let's get started nicely. You are getting me all covered with frost, chaffing at

my bit, and everything. Why jangle my nerves just because you are like the inside of an alarm clock. Why don't they take that fly-sheet off you?

Did you think there would be flies down here? Don't worry—I happen to know where they go in the winter-time, and you won't be the one to fly; more likely you'll be flagged! Stop shivering! Are you afraid of getting pneumonia? You are already wheezing like an old barrel-organ.

Say, you Shetland pony on my right, what are you trying to do, the Charleston? You act as though you were loaded with heroin; keep your tail out of my eyes and give me a chance to get in line; I can't see the judges, and Heaven knows, I need to, with all the monkey-work you are likely to be at.

Well, Sammie, over there, you never yet took a medal for standing in a straight line; believe me, if you had gone to war, you would have been shot for being out

YOU'RE a horseman? Well, you ought to know something about horses, or, if you like horses you will be interested in a horse story.

I am a hobbled pacer; no, not a crippled horse; but straps attached to my legs for proper pacing. Good-looking? I sure know it; everybody stops at my stall, and some people would say: "Look at the conformation of that horse—he ought to step that course in two flat." Then my owner comes along, and tells my trainer to take my hobbles up another four inches, and then my would-be swipe says I am ready to go this trip, when suddenly a flapper saunters along and offers me candy, saying how nice and cute I am, and what pretty "goo-goo" eyes I have. I guess she was thinking of the different eyes at Polo Park at Winnipeg.

My stable-mate is looking me over now, grinning his fool head off, just when I want to go out and run a good race and up-stage myself a little. They tie my legs so tight I can hardly walk. He claims he gets a kick out of the long look on my face before the race. He sure would get a kick from me if I were free of these straps!

If my swipe would only unhitch my belly-band between heats and give me a chance to breathe. I would tell some of these horses where to get off at, especially this trotter tied next to me on my left. He is trying to paw himself through the ice, and "show off" his new quarter-boots.

He is trying to tell me he is a high-class trotter, backing up and trying to knock a poor little horse like me all over the track. But to my mind, at the rate he is stamping along, he will have me backed



I reared and my fore feet landed on his chest. That's all I ever saw of him.

I am away for a good start, I'll say I am; and don't I know that my owner at the last moment has decided to drive me. I can feel his hands taut in the loops of the reins and hear that hoarse, tense voice of his calling, "hop-a-lang—hop-a-lang!"



of focus. If you want to live long enough to get some tickets plastered on your thick neck, you had better keep a civil look in your eyes, or I will never slow up this summer to let you go by on the mud track, so that your boss can win and bag the game. You might pay the pari mutuels at that, so watch your step, or you may be calling at the employment bureau for a job, even before the winter is over; but I hear things are pretty bad in Winnipeg, even for a horse. But remember, if I ever do decide to let you go by me, I am not going to crawl today; it's too cold in this town. They say you came down in front once and got four hung onto you. But you will have to show me the local color of those tickets before I can believe your speed. Even though you do get me seeing red with your antics, did the judges' watch need cleaning and oiling?

Move along, you dizzy hussy over there; jungle up a bit, you fillies. Camouflage the judges; do your dirty stuff! get next; stop this rotten scoring. I'm getting tired—ah, we come up again; that's the stuff to give them—keep them guessing! One, two, three—let's go! Play the game, boys, but don't dare crab my place! Hey, you; stop being so up-stage, and don't cramp my style. Hurrah! We're off! and I am next to the shore!

It only needs a little psychology to put a fellow next to the easy side of life. Just trample down the other fellow and the world is yours for the gold. Look who's here—Lillian Watts next to me; well, that's a joke.

I'm away for a good start; I'll say I am, and don't I know that my owner, at the last moment, has decided to drive me. Can't I feel him on the sulky behind, as his hands are taut in the loops of the reins he holds down across my back, his head bent forward, yelling in that hoarse, tense voice of his, so like a clarion ringing out across the frosty air: "hop-a-lang—hop-a-lang—" which rises above the din and the calls from out the drivers, boosters, niggers, rubbers, and the excitement from the swaying crowds, and shouting of bets. On and on, I could only hear the dull pounding of my own hoofs, and as I neared the mark, he eased me, with his clear ringing voice: "Steady girl—steady girl." I looked up into the sky, and could see the wild geese flying north, and knew my master would soon be away with a dog and gun. It made me feel so lonely, and I grew confused, and often wonder—was it the clang of the wild geese, or was it the Indians' yell, that gave to the tone of the Northland that tone of the far-off bell? For above, beyond these yells, and the call of the geese trailing away across the sky in the distance, I could hear the old cathedral chimes in St. Boniface, calling all non-

racers to the Lenten prayers, and with these wild and sweet tones in the frosty air, I heard again, and yet again, the ringing out of my master's voice of encouragement: "hop-a-lang—hop-a-lang—there, hop-a-lang, the goal is nearly won!"

Neck-and-neck we raced, Peter, my stable-mate and I. And then, with one last effort, as the crowds cheered and yelled, I forged ahead little by little, until we crossed the barrier, and I was a nose ahead. But when we slowed down, my life-blood seemed to ooze from my nostrils, and my master came beside me and patted me tenderly as he saw the red blood drop slowly, like rubies on the white, white snow. He placed his arms around my neck and wept, and then he had my swipec lead me to the barn.

I heard him tell my owner that I was oil in the can for next Saturday; I guess he thinks I am a garbage can. If he jerks my mouth again, I'll hand him something he won't forget. I wish he'd do something to stop my nose from bleeding so. I am afraid I might bleed to death, the way it is coming. Why doesn't my master come; I know he'd attend to me carefully. The other horses are all snorting and stamping around their stalls wildly; I guess they smell the blood; ah, here's my master now with a veterinary. He said I'll be all right—well, that relieves me a lot. It made me feel good when he patted me fondly and said I'd be all right.

MY SWIPE thinks I will be quiet after putting a goat in my stall. I had to fool the swipec and pretend I was quiet, but all the time I was thinking of the quickest way to get rid of the nerve-soother for a horse. Can you imagine a goat for company for me? I went back to the stall door and looked out to see where my high-class swipec was, and if he would be in sight. He was sitting on a bale of hay with a bottle of home-brew between his lips, dreaming of nothing flat, but beer.

Well, I just took one good look at that goat, and told him he was put in there to get my goat, and he sure did. I turned around gently, and he just thought that a larger goat had bunted him out of the stall. I was all a-tremble, for he sure did kick up a racket when he landed on the other side. I had to pretend I was afraid of the goat and that scared me out of the stall with one lunge and took the door off, and I hope I am forgiven for what happened after. That bum swipec of mine just caught a pitchfork and came

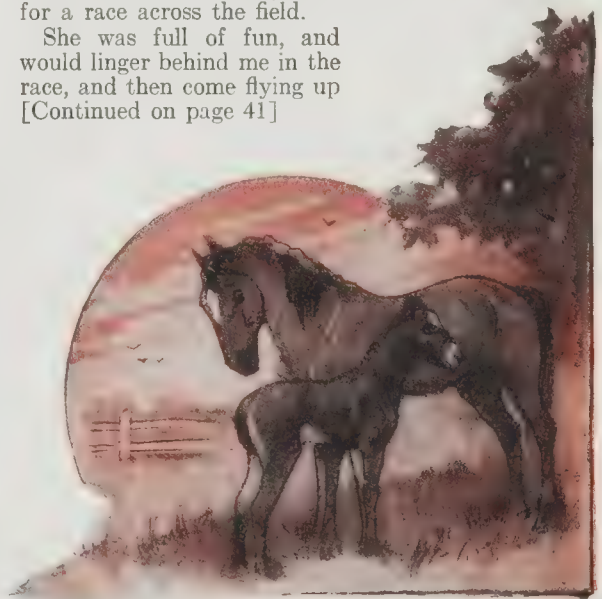
after me. I was afraid; I knew he wasn't sober; I reared and my fore feet landed on his chest. That's all I ever saw of him; they labeled me as a man-killer. I feel sorry for the goat. If you ever have to sleep with one, don't think too hard of me; they don't even shave.

I was locked up in a dark stall, and not even allowed to see the other horses racing; they would hand-feed me on a long pole, and I would often hear the men say: "Don't go near that horse—he's a man-killer!"

WHEN spring came, they sent me off to pasture, where the fields were green, and I was content to roam around free, and with my iron shoes off, and no thought of work ahead.

A month or so later, my happiness was complete, for I had a little baby colt now, to care for. Oh, was I proud of that baby? All through the long summer days, and wonderful twilight evenings we played and, as her legs grew stronger, she would throw her little head back and challenge me for a race across the field.

She was full of fun, and would linger behind me in the race, and then come flying up
[Continued on page 41]



Oh! was I proud of that baby?



A rifle exploded in the willows of the near shore and a bullet splintered the spruce pole in Omar's hands.

Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

Second Instalment

THAT afternoon, on the shore at Sunset House, Omar sat pulling gloomily at his pipe beside the loaded and waiting Peterboro. Back and forth from trade-house to lake shore Smoke fretted over the absence of the master who seldom left the post without taking the leader of his dog-team for company. At last, the uneasy husky trotted up to the moody half-breed and, squatting on his haunches, lifted his nose in guttural protest. But, ignoring the dog, Boisvert's squinting eyes scanned the wide reaches of the still lake for a sign of Jim's canoe.

"He go for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his black head, as he cut a pipeful from a plug of Company nigger-head. Then he turned with a scowl at the sound of Sarah's shrill voice.

"W'ere ees Meester Jeem?"

As he glanced around at her Omar's swart features slowly expanded in a smile. Sarah's coal-black head was resplendent in a crimson scarf.

"Why you laugh?" she demanded angrily, her black eyes snapping as Omar's mouth widened into a leer.

He liked to bait the fiery Sarah. "You look lak' de sky w'en de sun set. Marthe, she see you?"

The thick-set Sarah wrathfully stamped her moccasined foot on a pebble, and as quickly lifted it with a grunted, "Io!" of pain. "W'ere ees he? You not go to Lak' Expanse?" she snapped, ignoring the allusion to her scarf.

"Ah-hah, we go!" replied the amused Omar,

refusing to share his suspicions with the inquisitive Ojibwa, who had evidently been won over by Aurore's gift. "She geeve you dat? You lak dat crazee girl of LeBlond?"

Tossing her gaudy head, the self-conscious Sarah turned away as she proudly threw over her shoulder: "Eet tak' manee mink skin to buy dis seek shawl." And she rolled away on her bowed legs to Omar's cabin that Marthe and the children might view with admiration and envy her head-dress of crimson silk.

With a shrug of his heavy shoulders at the fickleness of women, Omar resumed his vigil by the lake. In mid-afternoon Jim's birch-bark slid in to the shore.

"Well, I'm late," said Stuart, stepping out and turning the boat over on the beach.

The slit-like eyes in Omar's stolid face examined Jim from forehead, wet with sweat, to moccasins. Then, through the pipe in his teeth, the half-breed blew a cloud of smoke as he drily announced:

"You get een de lak'."

"Can't fool those hawk eyes of yours, can I?" Jim laughed. "Yes, I rolled over on a round rock. I

was asleep, I guess . . . Hello, Smoke old boy!" The Ungava bounded up to the master he had missed, and leaped upon him with rough caresses.

Omar rose, spat, and went to the birch-bark. Shortly he turned with a grimace to his guilty chief. "You no good for a liar. Dis cano' nevair scrape no rock."

"You're right, Omar—might have known I couldn't fool you. I'll tell you about it when we make camp tonight."

Leaving Esau in charge of the post, planning his coming campaign in the Pipestone country, Stuart and Omar, with Smoke running the near shore, paddled late into the June twilight. Should he ever see her again Jim wondered. It would be August when he returned from Lake Expanse, and then they must start north with Esau. When they returned from the summer camps of the Pipestone Ojibwas, she would be gone. And now, when Paradis told his story, LeBlond would have her watched—followed. There would be no message at the split rock—not even a good-bye.

As the stem of the canoe nosed a wedge-shaped ripple over the still lake tinted with the rose of the afterglow, past the silhouettes of spruce ridges purple against the flushed sky, the poignant memory of the bewildering girl the storm had brought to Sunset House accompanied the bowman.

At last, while there was yet light to make camp, they landed. And before the supper was cooked, Smoke appeared, wet from his swim across the mouth of a wide bay.

"Well, old sport, you left the shore to follow game, eh?" Jim rubbed the black ears of the great head as the panting Smoke swished his tail in pleasure at reaching his master. "We stopped and whistled for you, you old son-of-a-gun, on the other shore of the bay, but couldn't hear you. You went hunting and got a mile swim for your pains. Now, don't shake here, into the biscuits! Omar'll beat you, if you do."

Squatted at the fire, watching a pan of frying pike Omar chuckled at the remark.

"W'en Omar beat dat Smoke, he bettair beat Jeem, too, eh?"

"You think I'm as crazy about this old black-and-white pup as that, do you? Well, you may be right."

After supper, with the dog's great head between his knees, Jim described his meeting with Paradis while the seamed face of Omar reflected his disapproval in a set scowl. Much as he shrank from bringing Aurore LeBlond into the narrative, the staunch loyalty of his friend deserved in return Jim's complete confidence. Omar had already guessed why he had taken that morning paddle. There was nothing to do but frankly admit what had brought him to the split rock and his meeting with Paradis.

"You lak' dat woman ver' moch?" the half-breed asked gravely when Stuart had finished. "Eet mak' troub' for you."

"Yes, I like her." Jim was aware of the swift flush under his bronzed skin as he spoke. "But don't worry about that; I'll never have a chance to see her again."

"I t'ot you lak' dat girl of Christie, at Lak' Expanse," replied Omar, his black brows contracted in a puzzled glance.

"Well, I like her, too, Omar. She's a fine woman, Mary Christie."

"But eef you lak' dat Franch girl, why you not let heem drown—dis Paradis?"

Jim shook his head. "I couldn't do that. He couldn't swim. I had upset the boat."

"He weel mak' moch troub' for us. Bettair let heem drown; no one know." The Indian in Omar had spoken.

"No, not even Paradis," protested Jim. "But he'll never forget that stomachful of water he got. We're in for it now. LeBlond'll blow up, too, when he hears."

"You cross de lak' again, Omar go wid you," said the older man, with a snap of his square jaw.

"You old wolf! You wouldn't let Paradis off, if you got those paws of yours on him. Their beating us for the trade's got under your skin."

With a guttural growl Omar nodded. "We feex dem yet, you and Esau and Omar. We get fur from de Pipestone coundree dis long snow, or—phit! Sunset House, she bust!" And knocking out his pipe, the loyal French-Ojibwa prepared to roll himself in his blanket.

TWO days later Jim and Omar were packing over the portage between the Lake of the Sand Beaches and the Woman River, which flowed into Lake Expanse. Ahead, Smoke thrashed through the "bush" in search of rabbits. Half-way across the carry Omar rested the bow of the canoe in a birch and Jim slipped the tump-line lashed to his back-load from his forehead. Then they sat down and filled their pipes.

"Christie's going to tear his hair over our small spring trade," said Jim. "I suppose he'll blame it all on me."

"Ah-hah, he forget w'at you did at God's Lake."

"They're prodding him pretty hard from Winnipeg. He's a bit worried—thinks they might retire him."

The furious yelping of the husky up the trail caused the two men to lift their heads in curiosity.

"What's he got, there?" queried Jim. "He's not running—can't have stumbled into a sulky bull moose."

Omar shook his head. "He got somet'ing een a tree."

"Well, let's start along," said Jim. "He's near the trail. We'll find out."

Taking up their loads the two men continued over the carry. Shortly they came up with Smoke yelping excitedly a few yards off the trail.

Slipping the tump-line from his head, Jim dropped his load and turned off the path to see what the husky had treed, when an angry voice rose above the bedlam of the husky's yelps.

"Call off that dog!"

In the thick branches of a spruce perched a stranger treed by Smoke.

"Here, Smoke! Stop that noise!" Secretly amused at the discomfiture of the man in the tree, Jim reached his dog. "He's all right, now; he won't bother you," he said, wondering who this white man might be who was evidently walking the carry ahead of his crew when met by Smoke.

"What d'yuh mean—having a wolf like that loose in the bush? If I'd had my gun, I'd have bored him."

Holding Smoke by the collar, Jim curiously watched the speaker descend from his tree.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't kill a valuable dog because he yelped at you. If you'd spoken to him, he wouldn't have hurt you." Jim scrutinized the stranger who suspiciously eyed Smoke now calmly surveying his former quarry. Evidently, from his good clothes and general appearance, he had come from "outside." Who could he be?

"Speak to him? I spoke to him in four languages, but he wouldn't listen," laughed the other.



Taking his bronzed face between her hands, glowing eyes lifted to his, the girl said: "Look, you doubter! Are you satis—" His hungry lips crushed back her words.

"Well, Smoke's satisfied that you're all right, now," said Jim, impressed by the good nature of this man in new whipcords, with the stamp of the city on face and manner. "You left your outfit at the end of the portage?"

"Yes. You're Hudson's Bay people, I suppose." The stranger smiled. "I'm McLauren, of the North-West Trading Company."

"Oh, yes, Mr. McLauren. I've heard of you." Jim had indeed heard of the man who had furnished the financial backing for LeBlond's string of fur posts; but he was surprised to find him so young—hardly forty, from his looks. "My name is Stuart. I'm in charge at Sunset House."

For a space McLauren seemed to measure the calibre of the tall fur trader with the level grey eyes which coolly looked into his. Then he said: "So you're the chap who's bucking us at Sunset House?"

The sound of voices down the portage trail aroused Smoke, but a sharp command from Jim silenced him. "Yes, Mr. McLauren," said Stuart, his face hardening, "I'm bucking you. In the last three years you've had the laugh on me, but I want to tell you that you'll have to work for the fur in the future."

McLauren, with a smile, extended his hand. "Good day, Stuart," he said, ignoring Jim's remark, "from what I hear of you, you're too good a man to be sacrificed at Sunset House. The odds are too heavy against you."

"This winter the odds are going to shift," said Jim, as McLauren's men came up with the canoe and dunnage, and the partner of LeBlond left him.

"You mak' moch talk wid dat feller," grumbled Omar, walking to the canoe. "He tak' de fur from you an' you shake hand. Bettair let Smoke eat heem up, eh?"

"You're certainly a good hater, Omar," laughed Jim. "But the man was friendly, and I was glad to have a look at LeBlond's partner."

"Ah-hah!" grunted the half-breed, lifting the Peterboro to his shoulders. "He steal de fur an' he steal de girl."

Across the remaining mile of portage to the Woman River Omar's gloomy prophecy dominated Jim's thoughts. Already he had put the hope of again seeing Aurore LeBlond, that summer, behind him, but the thought of McLauren monopolizing her for days—weeks, possibly—aroused in him a deep resentment over the duty which had sent him south to Lake Expanse. He found himself wondering if this McLauren were a single man—then laughed at a jealousy based on a few hours with a girl whom, in all likelihood, he would never see again.

On down the wild water of the Woman River travelled the canoe on the trail to Lake Expanse. Reaching the great lake, they paddled all day through the islands at its head, past the camps of summering Ojibwas living on their fish nets and on occasional caribou or moose; enjoying for a few brief weeks, after trading their fur at the post, a life of ease until September sent them back to their winter trap-lines in far valleys and their six month's battle with the long snows.

On the afternoon of the second day the canoe approached the white buildings of the headquarters of the district. From here, north, east, and west, by lake and river each summer went the supply boats of the company to the outlying fur posts deep in the heart of Kiwedin, and thither in June came the fur canoes. Here, for years having lorded it over a country larger than that of many a monarch, Andrew Christie, loyal henchman of the Hudson's Bay Company, had watched with jealous eyes and rage in his heart the coming of LeBlond.

The Peterboro approached the post asleep in the soft July sun. Here and there on the grass of the clearing sprawled the dogs of the sled-teams. On the beach below the row of cabins of the Indian servants, children splashed in the water. From the chimney of the factor's house enclosed with its vegetable garden by a dog stockade, a feather of smoke lifted. For two hundred years the trading post had guarded the frontiers of Kiwedin. Here, for two centuries white men and women, isolated from their kind, had watched the spring return to the forests and the snow sweep down from the "birthplace of the north wind."

At the big log trade-house Christie and his clerk, McComb, turned from the slab table where they

were bent over a book of accounts, heads together, when Jim entered.

"Good day, Mr. Christie—McComb!" greeted Jim.

The dour face of Andrew Christie framed in an iron-grey beard, turned on the voyageur with the effigy of a smile on the stiff lips.

"So ye're here—at last? I've been expecting yeh."

Jim's teeth clamped hard at the coolness of his reception from the inspector of the district, but he forced a smile as he met the spectacled gaze of his chief.

"I came by canoe—not airplane," he countered.

"Well, Mary's waiting to see yeh at the house and supper'll soon be ready, so we'll not talk business now," answered the older man, turning to his figures.

AT THE factor's quarters, inside the dog stockade across the clearing, a woman watched Jim's approach. He waved his hat and she lifted a hand in reply. As he reached her the fair skin of the girl's face was touched with color, her blue eyes, beneath the thatch of gold knotted at the back, alight with pleasure.

"Well, Jim, how are you?" said Mary Christie as he took her hand. "It seems years since you were here in January."

"Seems longer than that to me, Mary," he returned. Then, with a mock-serious glance at the knotted braids at the nape of her neck, continued: "Haven't bobbed them yet, I see!"

"Would you like it better that way?" she asked.

"Bless you, no! Stick to it, Mary. 'Twould be

pulled her out of the lake? What's she like?"

The feminine curiosity evidenced in the question drew a laugh from the trader. "That's just like a woman! You're more interested in the looks of LeBlond's daughter than in our picking her out of the lake. Well, she had bobbed hair and wore knickers. What d'you think of that?"

"I don't think much of it," said Mary, drily, "but you're not telling me what she's like—dark, I suppose, and used her eyes on the susceptible Jim Stuart, as they all do."

"Now when have you seen me with a white woman?" he demanded.

"I've seen the half-breed girls making eyes at you, here, at the spring trade. You know, Jim, the women all like you," she teased. But beneath her railery Stuart sensed jealousy of the unknown daughter of LeBlond.

"Are you interested to hear the rest of the story?" he demanded, watching her curiously, for he had noticed that veiled look in the eyes of Mary Christie before.

"What is she like, Jim? What happened? Did you take her to Sunset House?"

"She's dark, of course—like her father. A good-looker—striking in fact," he stumbled on.

"Even with her hair bobbed—and knickers?"

"Yes, even with her short hair and the knickers. In fact the knickers were becoming," he laughed.

Mary's regular features stiffened. "They must have been—very—when you pulled her out of the lake."

Then Jim briefly narrated the events of the evening following the coming of Aurore LeBlond to Sunset House. When he had finished, the girl had listened while her eyes furtively ranged from crisp brown hair, and bold, weather-burned features, to the well-set shoulders and capable hands, said quietly: "And to think that you'll never see this—what d'they call 'em, flappers?—this flapper again, the daughter of your bitter rival. Poor Jim!"

The sound of voices checked Jim's reply as Christie and McComb entered the house.

That evening the inspector sat late with Stuart at the trade-house. The spring trade at Sunset House had been little better than that of the year before. It was a great disappointment to Andrew Christie and he made no effort to conceal his chagrin.

"They'll be after me again at Winnipeg when they see yer returns," he said, squinting at Jim through his steel-rimmed glasses. "It's three years now since we set you up at Mita-wangagama and yeh're making little headway against the Frenchman."

Jim smiled into the whiskered face of his chief, stifling the irritation which the old man's reiterated reproach aroused in him. For two years, on each trip to Lake Expanse, he had been subjected to a long evening of Andrew Christie's lamentations over the failure of the new post to wrest more of the trade from the firmly established North-West Company. But this evening, before the long smoke talk in the trade-house came to an end the inspector's tone perceptibly hardened.

"Ye've been a great disappointment to me, Stuart. Knowing yer father, and yer own record at God's Lake, I picked yeh as the man to beat Louis LeBlond at his own game."

Jim's blood heated at the unfairness of the thrust. "Yes," he said, "and how have you backed me up? You've held me to Lake Expanse prices and allowed LeBlond to outbid me for the fur."

"But the Hudson's Bay goods are better—they're worth more."

"That's true; they are; but LeBlond's got a mysterious hold on all the northern hunters who've kept away from us. Omar and I think we've stumbled into a clue. We're going to follow it up this summer."

"Well, it's high time the post was getting its share of that trade. It's beyond me why ye've not done better. Yer father, if alive, would be sore disappointed."

Jim choked down his anger as the old man went on: "Now they'll not be thinking of a change this year, but—"

"But what?" broke in the exasperated factor of Sunset House. "If that's meant to be a threat, Mr. Christie, make it specific! I've worked hard to make a go of it but you know and I know that we've got the cleverest fur man in the bush as a

[Continued on page 18]

Resume of Previous Instalment

RESCUING a half-drowned human figure clinging to a cap-sized boat in a storm-swept lake, Jim Stuart, factor of Sunset House, discovers he has not only saved the life of a beautiful girl but has rescued the daughter of his unscrupulous enemy in the fur trade with the Indians. Subsequent conversation discloses the fact that Jim's greatest personal enemy, her father's right-hand man, has been thrusting his attention upon her as well. This girl in riding breeches is a shock to the two half-breed women at Sunset House, who know nothing of Winnipeg's progress in female attire. And so the natural suspicions of Omar's wife, Marthe, added to Omar's sensing of brewing trouble with the enemy caused him a good deal of worry and he strongly urged his chief to set out immediately in an attempt to return Aurore LeBlond to the home of her father on the other side of the lake. It was impossible for a canoe to live in the open lake at the time while travel along the shore was equally hazardous on account of flooded swamps. And so despite the warning of Marthe, Omar, and Sarah, the factor's Scotch-Ojibwa housekeeper, Jim decided to provide accommodation for his guest until morning. Shortly after nightfall a well-manned boat arrived at Sunset House carrying LeBlond and Paradis, his right-hand man, in search of the missing girl.

The meeting was strained, the feud between Jim and Paradis was renewed, but Aurore was gradually taking the place in Jim's mind and heart heretofore solely occupied by the daughter of Andrew Christie, chief factor of the Hudson Bay trading posts of which Sunset House was the most recently established, facing the unscrupulous competition of the North-West Trading Company so strong that the ultimate failure of Sunset House was admitted by everyone in the North excepting Jim Stuart and Andrew Christie.

By a last-minute arrangement, preceding the departure of Jim's guests the next morning, Jim was to visit a certain rock on an island in the lake to find a note from Aurore so that they might plan a meeting-place. Following Aurore, the suspicious Paradis removes the note, substitutes another and hides in the bush with rifle ready and threatens to shoot Jim on the spot. After some minutes of trifling with him he decides to take Jim to LeBlond and report his discovery. Finding that Paradis is actually drunk Jim upsets the canoe in deep water, nearly drowns Paradis and finally leaves him alone on the island beach without a boat and goes in search of Aurore's note. Failing to find it, he realizes that Paradis likely has it and rushes back to the spot where his half-drowned enemy was left but arrives too late, for the strip of beach was empty.

a crime to cut hair like yours. How well you're looking this spring!"

As they entered the house the girl threw a side-long glance at the bold profile of the man beside her. "I'm glad you think so, Jim. Judging from the old papers and magazines we get here, the women down in the cities have completely lost their senses."

Jim smiled as he thought of Aurore LeBlond. Sooner or later the news of the girl's mishap and the visit of her father to Sunset House would reach Lake Expanse. He would have to report it to Christie. But he would tell Mary now before her father and McComb appeared.

"Did you know that my rival LeBlond has his daughter with him this summer?" he boldly began. "The Indians saw them when they passed through. Have you seen her?" demanded the girl with interest.

"Well," said Jim with a smile, "I should say that I have. We found her in a big blow clinging to a canoe drifting in the lake."

Mary Christie leaned toward the speaker, her face eager with curiosity. "You saved her life—

EVEN in the centuries-old houses of England, modernizing has made most headway in the bathroom. Fortunately, the putting in of a new bathroom or the bringing of an old one up to date, is something that can be successfully done as an afterthought. An old house is given a new dating if its plumbing is truly modern—and that is usually a sound investment, quite apart from the immediate comfort and enjoyment that new fittings or additional bathroom accommodation for the family may entail.

Adding a new bathroom or improving an old one, need not necessarily be a very expensive job, for whilst equipment of this kind has reached a point of luxury that is still amazing us, there are fortunately fittings (and most adequate and attractive ones) to suit any budget of expenditure.

The same thing is true of the *space* required for installing new fixtures, for making a whole new

Brightness in the Bathroom

Fixtures and Fixings Bring New Comfort and Attractiveness

By

Katherine M. Caldwell

more than wiping, its aspect never changes. You can get all the accessories you were accustomed to see in nickel finish, in the

chrome now. Of course you can also choose such things as the soap-dish, brush-holder, glass-holder, paper-holder and various racks, in the colored finishes—the ones used in the room I am describing are all the same soft blue, and so are the little lighting brackets.

It is the violet tone that was chosen for the trimly tailored little draw-curtains at the window, and for the drape for the dressing-table. Do let me put in a warm word for even the tiniest dressing table in the bathroom! It is such a convenience—and incidentally it is so much better to have powders and lotions used there, than in the bedroom. The material used for the curtains and the table's petticoat, is just a plain silk broadcloth—a most practical choice as it launders so well and comes in such a wide range of good colors.

There is another bright trick in the table pictured.

Its top is covered with glass, beneath which is a piece of marbled sanitas in a very delicate green marking; the effect is of one of those rather expensive light marble compositions and is very attractive. And of course there is nothing to be harmed about the whole thing and it is wiped off without effort. The skirt is made to part in the centre and can swing out, to leave space for a drawer to be opened if you would like to have one. The little wooden stool that is used with the table is painted to match.

The checked bath mat is violet and white and the towels show the soft colors, but they also repeat in their border decorations the bright red that appears in the wall paper. And on the little table are bottles and boxes of toilet things in the same vivid tone.

The shower curtains can be white or colored—it is a matter of choice, as they come now in many attractive forms and are quite inexpensive. This shower is a built-in type, but for the bathroom that is being renovated there is a most excellent

[Continued on page 58]



View of bathroom with dressing table

bathroom perhaps. The larger manufacturers have made most careful study of these size-and-shape problems and they can give us a series of measurements that will more than likely surprise you, such modest space will be shown as necessary for some of the installations. Many a clothes-closet, alcove and spare corner has been transformed in these past few years into the prettiest little bathrooms imaginable. I will be glad to work with any of our readers on a plan to make use of some available space that it would seem might be used for the purpose; it is always worth trying, when the results can mean so much!

IT IS not only in the major fittings that the modern bathroom has so vastly improved upon its predecessors of even a few years back; down to the last detail, the accessories and small fittings have risen to the inspiration of new ideas of beauty, comfort and durability. Color is of course contributing a great deal of charm—and even the fifteen-cent stores are a-bloom with neat little accessories that alone would help the tone of many an uninspired room.

Floor, walls, fixtures, furnishings, trim, curtains, accessories and even vanities, each and all have come to mean something in the finished scheme and need no longer be selected without thought to effectiveness. Make each new feature count as it is put in—and the farther you go in dressing up the bathroom, the farther you will want to go!

In two recent versions of the modern bungalow that a Toronto company builds to demonstrate the possibilities of furnishing with thrift and charm, I have been greatly interested in the bathroom schemes. Each has been extremely effective—small but complete, little pictures but modest in cost. I have obtained photographs of both rooms for you, as they demonstrate so well many of the points I want to make and will no doubt have suggestions for almost anyone.

Two views of the first room are shown. In it, the wall is divided—in the other it rises unbroken from

floor to ceiling. It is covered with a varnished paper that can be wiped off with a well-wrung cloth, above the railing; and with sanitas, which is a light-weight oilcloth wall-covering, below. The paper shows a delightful little Dutch scene against an ivory background. The figure is dressed in violet and a rather light Dutch blue, with a bit of bright red as an accent—and these tones are taken as the coloring for the entire room.

The sanitas below the paper, for instance, is painted in the blue tone of the skirt—a most durable treatment, as you will realize, and one that is very easily kept in condition. A black and ivory tiling-pattern linoleum has the same recommendation for the floor—and although there are tiles and compositions that are very fine for the purpose, the



Another view of above bathroom.

really practical, modest-priced flooring for the average bathroom today, is undoubtedly linoleum; it comes in such smart designs and colors, too, that the decorative scheme can count on it for decided help.

THE plumbing fixtures are white, and whilst not large, are very adequate. At slightly higher cost, colored fixtures could have been used, with just the same porcelain finish. In the case of an old bathroom that is to be given new fixtures, remember that much of the expense of a new room is avoided because all your piping is in—it is just a case of new equipment and an estimate from your plumber as to his charges for installing it.

The nicest taps are now finished in chromium plate. It is not unlike nickel, though a bit more silvery in appearance; the great joy in its use is the fact that it never requires



The bathroom with ship paper from top to bottom.

competitor, and if you and headquarters think some one else would do better, say so now. Send another man and see what he'll show!"

"Tut! tut! Not so fast! I sent yeh up there and I ain't ordered yeh out—yet."

The grey eyes of the younger man glittered. The muscles of his jaw bulged as he fought for his self-control. Nothing meant anything to Andrew Christie but profits. The fight they had made at Sunset House, he and Omar and Esau, was as nothing to the inspector so long as success had not immediately followed.

"What you mean," said Jim, staring through half-shut eyes into the impassive face of Andrew Christie circled by its stubby beard, "is that you're giving me one more chance—a year perhaps."

"Aye, that would be fair."

Jim smiled sourly. "Knowing the odds against us, you, nevertheless, think we ought to be on our feet by another year?"

Christie nodded.

"Well," said Jim, rising, and expelling a deep breath, "unfair as it is, I'll take you. If I don't double the trade next year I'll quit."

The following morning as he walked on the shore of the lake with Mary Christie he told her of the year of grace given him by her father.

"He sent me up there on a forlorn hope with a pat on the back," Jim said to the girl whose troubled eyes reflected her concern for the future of the man beside her. "He brought me from God's Lake where the Indians knew me and we always showed a fine profit for the company and expected me to beat Louis LeBlond at his own game in three years. Then, I was the bonny lad to do it. Now, I'm given one year to turn the trick or quit."

"Oh, Jim," she protested, "he doesn't mean that. They're worrying him at Winnipeg and he's taking it out on everybody. He was the same way with McCoy, from Jackfish, last week."

"Well," Jim turned, to surprise the veiled look in her eyes—a look now close to pain, "it's hard to work three years as we have worked and in the end get kicked for our pains."

"I appreciate what you've done up there, Jim."

Had they not been in plain sight of the Indian shacks, he would have caught the trembling girl in his arms and kissed her in sheer gratitude. There had been times in the last three years, when, in his loneliness, he had been dangerously near falling in love with the blond-haired daughter of his chief, but had never quite succumbed to the attraction of her undoubted good looks abetted by her frank friendliness.

She gazed at him now through eyes unabashed, empty of all subterfuge, as she said slowly: "Doesn't it mean anything to you to know that I believe in you?"

He saw the girl's heart in her steadfast gaze and a strong impulse to take what she so freely offered swept him, when a flash of dark eyes framed by wind-tossed hair crossed his vision. Slowly he nodded. "It does mean a lot to have your confidence—your friendship, Mary."

With a sigh she turned from him and they continued their walk.

That afternoon as the canoe left the post bound back to Sunset House and Jim waved his hat at the lone figure standing in the clearing he carried with him the memory of the tense face of Mary Christie. He saw her again, her heart in her eyes, offering her love. Her appeal had been powerful—the frank revelation by this proud girl who had held much of his thoughts until a canoe drifted across wind-harried Mitawangagama. But even if the

black-lashed eyes of Aurore LeBlond had never flashed their challenge, it could not have been otherwise. Andrew Christie had, the night before, cracked the whip of his authority over Jim's head—given him a year of grace. In all honor he could not then have sought sanctuary behind the skirts of his chief's daughter. But the picture of the girl in the distant clearing signalling Godspeed to the rapidly disappearing canoe, left the bowman sick at heart.

TWO days later, with Smoke running the shore, Jim and Omar were poling the Peterboro up a wild reach of the swift Woman River. Through the long hours since sunrise, as they fought the drive of the current with pole and paddle, and, at times, with tracking line, Jim's thoughts alternated between the coming year which would decide his future with the company, and the two women, far apart as the poles in nature and temperament, who had come into his life. As for Aurore LeBlond, she would soon be but a memory. In a month she was going "out"—back to Winnipeg.

There was no chance of even seeing her again, as he was to start with Omar and Esau at once for the Pipestone country. And she would have come to the split rock but for that prying Paradis, before he went south. Why hadn't he drowned the snake when he had had the chance?

The canoe was entering a stretch of "strong water" demanding the utmost efforts of the crew to force her upstream when, suddenly, a rifle exploded in the willows of the near shore and a bullet splintered the spruce pole in Omar's hand. Off balance, the bowman lunged into the river, but twisted as he fell and caught and hung to the gunwale of the boat while Jim threw his weight against the roll of the swinging craft.

"Lie down! Let her dreef!" called the half-breed as a rifle again cracked in the willows and a splinter from the gunwale flicked Jim's desperate face with blood.

Flattening out in the canoe, he groped for his gun lying amidships as the drag of the man in the water headed the bow down river. Again a rifle exploded and a bullet passed through the wooden wall of the craft close to Jim's head.

What could it mean? Who would ambush them here on the Woman River?

As the boat drifted out of easy range of the willows, Jim reached and cocked his gun, rose boldly to his knees and rapidly emptied the magazine at the tell-tale wisp of smoke against the green of the scrub. Then over the bow rose a dripping face warped with rage as the thick arms of Omar lifted his body from the water. With a lunge the half-breed was in the rolling canoe and his rifle firing at the fast receding shore.

Shortly a bend masked the willows from the sight of the dancing craft and the men swung the canoe in to the beach.

"Well, what's this mean?" demanded Jim.

Paradees, for sure!" snapped the bowman as they landed. "Come on, we hunt for dem!" And Omar plunged ahead into the brush.

They had travelled less than a hundred yards when a familiar yelp, from somewhere upstream, sounded above the fret of the river.

"Smoke! He'll find their trail!" muttered Jim. Then fear for the safety of the dog he loved led him to push rapidly on up the river shore while Omar cut back inland behind the scene of the ambush.

Again Smoke's yelp announced that the dog had found something of interest and was investigating it, but Jim's ears strained for the dreaded sound

of a rifle which would mark the meeting of the dog with the quarry he hunted. He held on up the river shore until he reached the scene of the ambush. There he found three empty shells and, in soft ground, moccasin tracks cutting back from the river, which he followed for a space, then lost.

Suddenly, deep in the forest, a rifle was fired and Jim's heart sank, as he heard the husky's yelp.

"He's shot Smoke!"

Furious with the thought of his gallant dog gasping out his life from a bullet wound, Jim plunged ahead in the direction of the rifle shot. Shortly he saw a dark patch through the spruce and threw his rifle to his shoulder. As he lined his sights, the dark face of Omar appeared, head tilted as if listening.

Jim reached his friend's side. "Did you fire that shot? Where's Smoke?" he demanded. "I thought he was hurt."

"I shoot at dat feller! Smoke's after him now—in dose cedar. It ees so tick you see noding." Omar nodded in the direction of a cedar swamp.

"You saw him?"

"Ah-hah!"

Separating, the two men started circling the dense cedar growth. Jim had not travelled a hundred yards when he heard Smoke's roar, followed by a shot, then the sounds of a struggle. Plunging through the thick undergrowth, mad with anxiety for the safety of his dog, he saw a running figure turn and swing with clubbed rifle at the black-and-white bulk of the pursuing Smoke. With a muffled roar the hurt dog again lunged at the Indian; again the clubbed rifle crashed as the husky leaped. Knocked back to his haunches, with a shake of the head the great dog closed with the Indian who was desperately trying to load as he ran. The tusks of Smoke snapped as his one hundred and forty pounds bore his quarry to the earth.

Throwing himself on the enraged dog, Jim balked the lunge which would have torn the throat of the helpless man on the ground, then dragged the battle-mad Smoke from his prey.

"Throw that knife away or I'll let him have you!" Jim commanded, holding the straining husky as the Ojibwa, rolling away from the snapping fangs, reached for the sheath on his sash. "Now lie where you are! If that shot hit him, I'll put him on you, anyway." But there was no sign of blood on Smoke's trembling body.

Then Omar, drawn by the shot, reached them.

"Ah-hah! So Paradees sen' you?" The swart face of the half-breed stiffened, deepening the seams which furrowed it, as he glared down at the frightened Indian bleeding slightly at the shoulder from the snap of Smoke's fangs. "Wal, I t'ink we camp here tonight w'ile you tell w'at you know 'bout M'sieu' Paradees, ah-hah!"

With the Indian walking ahead, prodded by Omar's gun, they returned to the canoe and made camp.

Supper over, Omar began the inquisition of the sullen Ojibwa who had remained dumb to all attempts to make him talk. Lighting his pipe, the half-breed freshened the fire, then squatted beside the prisoner, whose feet were pinioned with hawhide, and said quietly in Ojibwa: "You have woman and children?"

The mink-like eyes of the Indian shot a furtive glance at the lined visage of the man who squinted into the fire. But the swart mask of the interrogator was as inscrutable as flint.

After a silence broken only by the cracking of the birch, Omar removed his pipe, spat into the fire, and again, without turning his head, asked: "You got family?"

Slowly the dark face of the prisoner greyed with fear. His small eyes shifted from Omar to Jim, who watched with curiosity the drama the wily Omar was staging. Then he mumbled a faint, "Enh-enh! yes."

"If you wish to see the Lake of the Sand Beaches again, you speak with a single tongue," went on the inquisitor in Ojibwa, as if talking to himself, his eyes still fixed on the fire. "You lie to me, now!" Omar suddenly stormed, turning a face distorted with passion on his man, as his iron fingers gripped the Indian's throat, "and I'll feed your heart to the ravens!"

The cowed prisoner flinched from the steel point of Omar's knife which pricked his chest.

"You speak with a split tongue and the wolves will pick your bones!" Omar's left hand closed on the Indian's throat till the terror-haunted eyes of the gasping man protruded from his grey face. Then the half-breed abruptly released him, replaced

Winter Evening

By Mary Matheson

*The day grew old, but in one burst of splendor
The last, low sun sent forth his parting
rays,
To bid the earth farewell in accents tender
And rich bestowal of a crimson blaze.*

*Then darkness came with purple shadows
lending
Their softer hues across the hills of time,
Till with the mantle of his cloak descending
He rose again above the heights sublime.*

*For softer lights across the sky were falling
Above the ridge of mountains far away,
Their golden tints from peak to peak were
calling
A farewell to the Winter's dying day.*

*As on the other side the moon was rising,
And sending forth her rays so calm—
so clear;
O day that's gone, with beauty so surprising
We loved you, but these tints are yet
more dear—*

*Telling us that the Darkness is not keeping
All beauty's treasures hidden in her might,
But that One Power that rests not nor is
sleeping
Gives back to earth His all-transforming
light.*

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his skinning knife in its sheath, and resumed his silent contemplation of the fire.

Fascinated by the drama, Jim watched the two across the fire from behind a screen of tobacco smoke. The Ojibwa, caught red-handed, could hope for little mercy from the men he had ambushed in cold blood. But he had information valuable to his captors and clearly was holding it for a high price—his life. Now, Omar had patently started on a campaign to break down his nerve.

"You lak' to see de sun rise once more?" The stiff lips of Omar scarcely moved as he rasped out the question in English. But the prisoner was silent.

Again the impassive Omar, gazing into the burning birch, was transformed into a fury as he suddenly turned with a snarl on the Ojibwa. "What did Paradees pay you?"

Flinching from the knotted visage of his tormentor, the prisoner nevertheless stoically held his silence.

After a period of motionless contemplation of the fire, the half-breed rose and, taking his axe, stripped a neighboring spruce sapling of its branches. Then he gathered an armful of dry spruce sticks and birch-bark and dropped the kindling at the foot of the tree.

Jim glanced at the Ojibwa. Horror filled the Indian's eyes as he watched the deliberate preparations for the last act of the drama.

Going to his pack, Omar produced some raw-hide thongs, then picking up the visibly shaking prisoner as if he were a child, carried him to the spruce and, binding his arms, lashed him to the tree, and calmly pushed the spruce kindlings around his feet.

But grey as was the face of Omar's victim, on which stood out great beads of sweat, his stiff lips emitted no sound as his hopeless eyes watched the half-breed lift a red coal between two birch sticks and calmly approach the tree.

"You talk now?" grunted the executioner.

Slowly the dry lips of the Indian moved. "He let dem starve—dees long snow," he moaned, in English.

"Paradees sen' you?" demanded Omar, dropping the coal into the kindlings.

"Eef I spik he drive dem alone into de bush—to starve."

The bark and spruce sticks ignited. The red flames licked slowly toward the feet of the man bound to the tree. Before him, arms folded across his deep chest, waited the implacable Omar.

"Paradees sen' you?" came the reiterated question.

The burning sticks snapped at the feet of the fainting man who fought with his fear. Then, as the heat reached his legs, his nerve crumpled. "W'at you do eef I spik?" he whimpered.

"You spik all de trut' an' we let you go!" came the quick answer.

"I spik," murmured the Indian and fainted where he stood.

With vigorous kicks Omar and Jim scattered and stamped out the fire, then unbound the Indian and doused his face with water while he blinked doubtfully at them from where he lay.

"Paradees sen' you?" repeated the pitiless inquisitor.

The man sitting on the ground nodded.

"LeBlond, he know dis?"

The prisoner shook his head. "Onlee Paradees."

"How he mak' you do dis t'ing?"

"My famille."

The Indian rapidly explained in Ojibwa that two poor winters and a broken leg had put him heavily in debt to the North-West Company for supplies. They had already refused him further "debt" when Paradis had come to him in his desperation and offered to put him on his feet if he would ambush the returning canoe of Jim and Omar whom MacLauren had met on the portage. Furthermore, the Indian, who insisted that he was a good shot, declared that he had intentionally missed the men in the canoe but had to carry through the semblance of an ambush to hold Paradis to his promise.

A grim smile widened Omar's stiff mouth. "I go to dis LeBlond, ah-hah. But you go wid me."

"He weel keel me, dis Paradees, eef you tell dem what I spik to you," protested the other.

Then it was arranged that the Indian, whose canoe was hidden up river, should return at once to LeBlond's and bring his family to Sunset House where Jim would outfit them for the winter. Following this, Jim and Omar secretly decided to take the Indian to LeBlond's and face Paradis. They could count on Pierre Migwan, their prisoner, deserting Paradis and bringing his family to Sunset House, for he would not dare show his face again at the post across the lake, once Paradis learned he had been betrayed. But it would take some urging to get the Indian in the face of Paradis to repeat his story to Louis LeBlond. Yet that was what the friends intended to make him do. LeBlond's head man had been accessory before the fact to an attempt at murder. This LeBlond could not ignore, for Jim would notify Christie at once and a canoe of Provincial police would appear in September. At last the luck of Sunset House had turned and they would

the corners of her mobile mouth and her dusky eyes light with mockery. Again the waving plumes of her wind-blown hair—black as a raven's wing—touched his face as they stood on the shore waiting for her father's canoe. He was to see her once more before she went south and out of his life forever, this maddening creature who had laughed her way into his blood. Should he have a chance to talk to her? After the episode with Paradis at the split rock, and from the nature of his mission to the post, it was unlikely, unless she saw them land and approach the trade-house. Then if it pleased her, she would ride over LeBlond's orders as she had ignored him that night at the post.

And this smooth city man, MacLauren, was he after her as Omar warned him, or was it merely a business trip to his string of posts?

The Peterboro finally slid between two islands and "Bonne Chance," as LeBlond called his fur post, lay before them, in a large clearing across a mile of strait. Jim had never passed so close to the buildings of the North-West Company, and he studied them with interest. The two-storied, white-washed trade and store-house was even larger than that at Lake Expanse while the number of the cabins straggling along the shore indicated a large staff of company Indians. On the opposite flank of the trade-house a dog stockade enclosed what was evidently the vegetable garden and the living quarters of Louis LeBlond. From the beach in front of the post extended a log landing, off which rode two York boats.

It was evident from the size of the buildings and the labor expended in cutting such an extensive clearing that the North-West Company had not only come to the Lake of the Sand Beaches with every intention of staying, but that "Bonne Chance" was intended as a depot for future subsidiary posts farther to the north.

Jim smiled stiffly at the thought of what Christie demanded of his own little trading station across the lake with his two aids, Omar and Esau, in competition with the resources of Louis LeBlond. Then the realization that within the hour, he might see, talk to her, drove his business worries from his mind.

The coming of the Peterboro was drawing curious stragglers to the beach. Jim saw the door of the large trade-house open and two men appear, to stand, hands to faces, as if studying the strangers through binoculars. He turned to the men behind him. The face of the Indian was harried with fear. Omar grinned while his slits of eyes, buried between bushy brows and bulging cheekbones, glinted with the light of anticipation. That day he should see Louis LeBlond humbled, threatened with

the coming of the Provincial police and his head man, with the sweat of fear on his face at the story Pierre should tell.

The canoe slid into the beach to a chorus of yelps from the post sled-dogs who were driven off by the company servants gathered to inspect the arrivals. Some called to Pierre, whom they knew, but the worried Ojibwa ignored them. The roving eyes of Jim Stuart sought the figure of a girl behind the shawled dark-faced women who hovered in a group shrilly speculating as to the mission of a canoe from the rival fur post, but were disappointed.

Then LeBlond, accompanied by MacLauren, reached the beach.

"Good day, Mr. Stuart," said LeBlond coldly, glancing curiously at the Indian who pressed closely to the square bulk of Omar.

Stuart shook hands with the two men. "I have some business with you gentlemen," he said, "which will require the presence of my man and this Indian. Can we talk in the trade-room?"

"Of course," answered LeBlond, with a nod toward Pierre. "I know this man."

"Yes, but your man Paradis knows him better," added Jim drily. "Can we have Paradis present at this talk; he might wish to ask Migwan some questions?"

"Yes, if you want him." LeBlond looked quizzically at the speaker, then sent an Indian in search of Paradis.

"What's all the mystery, Stuart?" demanded MacLauren with a

[Continued on page 59]

The Tour Song

By A Muddle Head

*I paused in your hotels
And sampled your beds,
I pulled out the bolsters
And mussed up the spreads;
But oh I slept sweetly,
Till knocks on my door
Proclaimed that baggages
Must be out at four!*

*I flew through your castles
And found floors of stone,
And walls of fine tapestries,
And statues alone.
I don't know who loved there,
Or why we went through,
Our guide was a Frenchman—
(I leave it to you!)*

*I went out a-shopping
And walked miles and miles,
And came home with junk heaps,
And left behind, smiles;
For every few hours
In pain and distress,
I'd take my slim cheque book
To the American Express.*

*Did we buy beads in London?
And gloves in Montreux?
Did I get canes in Holland?
Does anyone know?
Is this picture of Scotland,
Or Milan, or Versaille?
When I washed clothes in Paris
Did they ever get dry?*

*I ran through your churches
And found them so fine,
Tho' I don't know whether Giotto's
A tomb or a wine.
Leonardo de Vinci
I've heard of I'm sure,
Did he build Windsor Castle.
Or lay St. Mark's floor?*

*I passed by your galleries,
And oh I did stare;
I saw a round picture,
Madonna of the Chair.
And oh she smiled sweetly,
Tho' no one could see,
For the guide was already
Two rooms ahead of me.*

*I've seen statues with clothes on
And statues with none,
And pictures they must have
Left out in the sun.
I've got hundreds of post cards,
And pictures galore;
I don't know what they are,
But I 'spose I'll get more.*

*I'm filled up with culture,
And oh what I know!
Andrea Rembrandt made
Inlay Ibtrow.
And Lenglen Gainsborough
Designed Milan hats,
I got some in Stoke Poges in
Belgium,
Oh rats!*

make the most of it. Just what the wily Louis LeBlond and his partner, MacLauren, would do with Paradis was doubtful, but Omar secretly hoped that, under the guise of discharging him from the service of the North-West Company, he would be sent to bury himself in the Pipestone Lake country. There Omar, Esau and Jim were going, and there the half-breed prayed he might meet the slippery Paul, face to face, alone, where the ears of no man might hear and the eyes of no man see.

ENOUGH breeze stirred the surface of Mitawaganagama to throw a soft slap-slap of ripples against the bow of the canoe as Jim Stuart watched the distant islands masking the North-West Company post slowly clear in definition as the Peterboro rode the liquid miles. Behind him, squatted on his heels, paddled the worried Pierre Migwan whose tipi, supplied with flour and sugar and tea, now stood in the clearing at Sunset House. In the stern, the thick arms of Omar Boisvert, in unbroken cadence, pried the long paddle off his thigh, as he alternately licked his rigid lips and grinned in anticipation of the picture LeBlond and the accused Paradis would make when Pierre told his story. It had not been easy, the persuasion of Migwan, but the promise of absolute protection from Paradis and food for his family through the long snows, with a company job for his dog-team, had at last prevailed against his fears. As for Jim Stuart, his heart beat high with elation, for, after all, he was to see her again before she went south—again watch that intriguing smile break from

English and American Beauties

entrust their flower-like skin
to this same sure care



Lady Buchanan-Jardine



Lady Violet Astor



Lady Louis Mountbatten



Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Jr.

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Or are you loyal to the dazzling galaxy of charms our own America offers . . . blonde, brunette and Titian beauties, gay, grave or demure . . . with exquisite skin that is delicate as apple blossoms, creamy as magnolia bloom, lily-pale or warmly tinted as a tea-rose?

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Third—pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish—use it wherever you powder, face, neck, shoulders, arms, back. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.

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The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, was organized in 1904. Business was started in a small frame building formerly occupied by a wagon manufacturing concern. There was very little machinery and only 17 men were employed. The first year's production was 117 cars.

BECAUSE the automobile is such an important factor in the lives and prosperity of so many people, the purpose of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is something more than the mere manufacture of a motor car.

There is no service in simply setting up a machine or a plant and letting it turn out goods. The service extends into every detail of the business—design, production, the wages paid and the selling price. All are a part of the plan.

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, looks upon itself as charged with making an automobile that will meet the needs of many thousands of motorists throughout the Dominion—and providing it at a low price. That is its mission. That is its duty and its obligation to the public.

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The Ford Plant Today

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the largest industrial organizations in the Dominion. The plant at East Windsor, Ontario, covers many acres and gives employment to thousands of men. Assembly branches are maintained at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and sales branches at Saint John, London, Calgary and Regina. All Ford cars for the British Empire,

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The Ford plants are, in reality, a great mechanical university, dedicated to the advancement of industry. Many manufacturers come to see and share the progress made.

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Throughout, the new Ford is an example of fine automobile engineering and craftsmanship in volume production—a value far above the price you pay.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Whoopee"

WHEN Eddie Cantor, star comedian of many Broadway revues, made his screen debut in a silent version of "Kid Boots," he was but moderately amusing. But in "Whoopee," a talking picture, he comes into his own as one of the best comedians of stage and screen. The great, rolling brown eyes and all the other noted Cantor mannerisms screen well, and his voice is effectively reproduced. He gives scene after scene of excellent clowning. One outstanding sequence shows his very comic attempt to cook waffles with a batter concocted of the most unheard-of ingredients. But the most riotous comedy is to be found in a scene in which Cantor meets a man who has also had an operation. In the manner of all victims of surgery they compare their scars, their symptoms, and their sufferings (both physical and financial).

Cantor is the whole show. When he is absent from the screen, the picture lags in spite of a lavish production supervised by Florenz Ziegfeld, the original stage producer of "Whoopee." Much thought and care has evidently gone into the direction of the choruses and the photographing of them is clever, but the beautiful dancing girls do not register on the screen. They are mere shadows, and lack the allure of the living flesh. Despite color photography and mechanical effects, the charm of musical comedy, with all its color and vivacity, has never been satisfactorily translated into pictures.

The story of "Whoopee" is based on the stage comedy, "The Nervous Wreck," and is farcically improbable, but full of incident.

"What A Widow!"

GLORIA SWANSON, whose first talking picture, "Trespasser," was good entertainment, now makes her second "talkie" venture in one of her old time hoydenish roles. "What a Widow!" shows Miss Swanson's versatility and her distinct flair for comedy. It also provides her with an ample opportunity to wear gorgeous clothes. Beyond this, however, it has absolutely no value. There is the merest thread of a story and, without any solid background, the unending harum-scarum, slapstick comedy becomes monotonous. Lew Cody, Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston and the others of the cast are wasted, as Miss Swanson is, on an insignificant vehicle.

"Those Three French Girls"

THIS picture is one of the weakest of a series of long-drawn-out films which have been put out recently. The material that might have made a passable "comedy short" is woefully insufficient for this long picture. The slight plot is highly improbable; the laughs are few and far between; and an effort to spice up the picture with intimate glimpses of feminine beauty fails to attain any results.

We have a soft spot in our heart for Reginald Denny, who is an attractive person and has an unusual talent for light comedy and farce. Both he and George Grossmith do their best in this picture, but their parts are so inane that more good material goes to waste.

"War Nurse"

APPARENTLY the moving picture producers have decided that such war pictures as "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Journey's End,"

"The Dawn Patrol," and "Hell's Angels" were unfair in not showing the women's part in the Great War. So now, in "War Nurse" they are giving the girls a break. And what a break! The picture is full of attempts at grim realism gone wrong. The direction is clumsy and mixes scenes of genuine pathos with others so badly conceived that the audience does not know whether to weep or to giggle. We hardly think that women war veterans will point with pride to this film,

when their children ask the classic question: "And what did YOU do in the Great War, mamma?"

June Walker, a recruit from the legitimate stage, has a charming voice and plays the leading role acceptably. Anita Page, Helen Jerome Eddy, Marie Prevost and Zasu Pitts all do better work than the film deserves.

"War Nurse" is adapted from a story that ran in the Cosmopolitan Magazine anonymously, but with, I believe, the subtitle, "As told to Rebecca West." The motion picture, however, bears very little resemblance to the printed story.

"The Big Trail"

THE Big Trail" is another motion picture epic celebrating the fortitude and bravery of those pioneers who went by

covered wagon from Missouri to Oregon. Though a much more spectacular and massive production, it is similar to "The Covered Wagon," and, despite its magnificence, it is not quite so stirring as the older picture. It does, however, contain the same variety of ingredients: romance, adventure, the necessary spice of plotting villains, and a sprinkling of humor. The camera work is very beautiful, particularly in the vast panoramas of the landscape, the views of the trains of covered wagons, the herds of cattle and the horses. Like "The Covered Wagon," it has a thrilling scene of the fording of a river with the wagons, men and cattle caught in the swift current.

The picture is nicely cast. John Wayne—new to the screen—plays the leading role. He is a most attractive person, the type of "hero" that will please both men and women. Tyrone Power, a star of the legitimate stage, is an excellent villain; and Tully Marshall and Ian Keith give outstanding characterizations. Fresh, charming, youthful, Marguerite Churchill makes a delightful pioneer heroine.

"The Big Trail" will please the whole family.

"The Silver Horde"

REX BEACH'S novel woven about the beginnings of the salmon fisheries in Alaska has now been made into a talking picture which, like "The Spoilers," is another "he-man" film, full of rough and tumble fights, brawny villains, and honesty and love triumphant in the last fade-out. The setting of the story offers picturesque opportunities which the direction does not fully realize. The cast is capable. The picture provides fair entertainment.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

THIS noted old stage favorite, a romantic costume play, makes a most attractive talking picture. It is given in the form of an operetta, a form admirably suited to its sentimental story and its picturesque costumes and settings. It is well provided with duels, handsome highwaymen, comic episodes, and pretty love-making.

The film is done entirely in technicolor and the photography is lovely.

"The Lady Of The Lake"

A PICTURE that comes highly recommended to me, and would, I feel sure, arouse appreciative interest among all lovers of the works of Sir Walter Scott, is the new film version of "The Lady of the Lake." The picture was mainly taken in Scotland, about the very places that are the background for Scott's romantic verses. And the famous story of James Fitz-James, Roderick Dhu and the beautiful Ellen Douglas is handled by an excellent cast. The picture has no dialogue but has a vocal and orchestral accompaniment which uses a large singing chorus and an orchestra playing appropriate old Scottish tunes. This picture is most unusual and should appeal to discriminating audiences, particularly to those of us who have Scottish blood in our veins.

"Devil With The Women"

THE pictures featuring the none too aesthetic features of Victor McLaglan continue on their monotonous way. This most recent one is exactly like the others, a story of a hard-boiled soldier, with the face of a thug but a heart of gold. Again, as in "What Price Glory" and "The Cock-Eyed World," we have the rivalry for the favors of several women, respectable and otherwise. It is all getting to be pretty boring. Humphrey Bogart, the juvenile lead, is a personable young man.

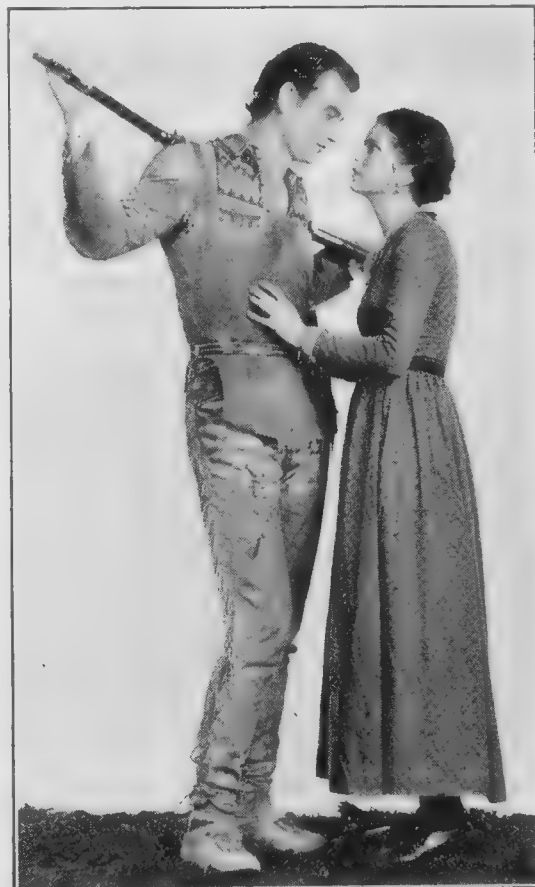
"Up The River"

IT IS difficult to know what to make of "Up The River." It is a prison story with Sing Sing as the suggested locale, but it does not in any way resemble that strong and stirring picture, "The Big House." "Up The River" is mainly a love story—and a very sentimental love story at that. In addition, it has a big baseball game in which convicts cheer like college youths for their dear old alma mater. In fact, "Up The River" bears a startling resemblance to a regular college love story film, and the prison, with its pictured opportunities for love-making, appears to be a far more romantic place than any co-educational college I have even seen.

The baseball game sequence and several others can well be taken as a delicious satire, especially when one knows that [Continued on page 55]



Eddie Cantor, now starring in "Whoopee"



John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill in "The Big Trail"

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

TRAVEL SECTION

January 1931

Page 25

THREE Priscillas, bound for Plymouth town. They had journeyed three thousand miles and more from the south, west and north of the new world to a rendezvous with their lovely mutual ancestress—Priscilla of the Mayflower. It was a fascinating coincidence.

One was a quiet little bride from the Southern U.S.A. on her honeymoon, of far different mood from her much-travelled husband. In a party of young women from Canada was the bright-cheeked fourteen-year-old Priscilla, whose ancestors had migrated from New Plymouth to the wheat lands of Manitoba. The stout lady with the ineradicable stamp of the schoolma'am upon her face, wore the solemn, preoccupied look of the pious pilgrim, and there was no need to scan the neat placard on her modest suitcase: "Miss Priscilla Hudgens, Augusta, Maine." For her, we knew, September 6th, Mayflower Day, was the holiest anniversary of the year.

We have evolved a happy custom as we journey about the world. To forestall boredom and cheat disillusionment, we are in the habit of borrowing at times our neighbors' thrills. We have become thus singularly adept in savoring a situation, or in beholding beauty anew through other less jaded eyes. So here was adventure on the threshold of old Plymouth. The quaintness and charm of the ancient town pulsed in our senses again as we thought of these three Priscillas to whom it was a shrine. We gloated, in anticipation, over their raptures when they beheld Plymouth's memorials to the gallant past, its manifestations of the present-day progress and power of our mother country.

The port of Plymouth has much indeed to claim the attention of even the casual tourist, with no ancestral interest in the Mayflower's immortal passenger-list. There is the noble situation of the old town on the Sound with its twin harbors—haven on the one hand for a thousand

A Pious Pilgrimage To Old Plymouth

By M.W. PEARSON AND W. THOMPSON FIRG.S

merchant ships and transports, anchorage-ground on the other hand for the entire British navy. Here is the greatest naval establishment in the world. Here the imperial mistress of the seas builds and mans her huge warships, her unsurpassable dreadnoughts, her swift destroyers. And yet—all the magnificent, high-powered vessels, these imposing evidences of England's might and majesty, cannot blot out the vision of one little ship that lay at anchor in Plymouth Harbor three hundred years ago. All this outrageous clang and roar of the busiest dockyards on earth is of no avail to drown the prayers of that handful of devoted refugees who carried with them "the seeds of a mighty empire" across the seas.

Old Plymouth may hold up her head and without regret or self-reproach welcome to her shores the North American of the proudest

lineage. For were not the Pilgrim Fathers "kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling?" as is expressly stated in the bronze memorial tablet on the parapet of the barbian whence the Mayflower sailed on that ever-memorable day. Among the cobbles of the picturesque old quay, close by this memorial tablet, a square slab has been laid with the laconic legend: "Mayflower 1620." Here on this spot we may picture the Pilgrims standing and bidding farewell forever to their motherland and their



The Barbican, showing the jetty from which sailed the Mayflower in 1620

Plymouth friends. In the foreground of the scene will tower that Pilgrim Super-father, Elder Brewster, "habited in a coat of purple velvet, green vest, and gray corduroy small-clothes," gallantly appareled indeed, as was befitting one who was to become in due time the direct ancestor of two Presidents of the United States, Zachary Taylor and U. S. Grant, and of a beloved poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Beside Brewster that farewell day at Plymouth would be Bradford, probably already forecasting in his mind the first chapters of his [Continued on page 37]

A DAY ON THE MOJAVE

By Paul J. Loomis

BEGIN it when a flush of silver first dims the eager stars. The glow richens to a band of yellow, along the skirt of the eastern sky, notched at the hem in a sharp and ragged line. Imperceptibly the light flows into the south-east to call the Sierra Madres to take form; into the north-east where it blends through mauve and violet to the mysterious blue of lingering night. You feel the slumberous breathing of the desert grow lighter, softer. Then—like crystal, like limpid silver—the reveille of a meadow lark!

Instantly a dozen other little buglers sound in unison their few sweet notes and are still. There is no answering stir. It is not yet day. Yet the desert is awake.

The light spreads upward; orange above the black skyline, shading to yellow, lemon, the color of water, grey. Soft rays of gold interspersed with a clear blue-green transect this, radiating upward. Weird-armed Joshua trees take shape around you. The Sierra Madres now are great blue masses, one big reluctant star still sitting on their highest crest. Out of the west the rugged Tehachapis emerge.

Suddenly, and yet without sign

"A Living Cross."



The California Yucca in blossom



Temples of the Sun

to mark the swift transition, it is no longer night. You feel the day. It is in the chirp of field sparrows and warblers, in the shadowless light upon the sage. The ragged silhouette of the eastern horizon resolves itself into individual buttes and mesas, each with the quality of distance expressed in varying intensities of blue. Across the western sky is an arch of lavender. It is the 'broidered hem of the robe of retreating night.

There seems now a pause of calm yet eager anticipation. At last, fulfilment! On the summit of Old Baldy—San Antonio of the Sierra Madres—the footprints of the sun!

What lights, what contrasting dark blue shadows embolden the bare escarpments of the Tehachapis! Yet the Sierras, save for their crests, draw about themselves a purple, gold-enfiltered mist. And now the sun himself peers through a notch between the buttes and sends his level bars across the floor of the valley. The age-old miracle is again accomplished. Were it the only day that ever dawned the hundreds of meadow larks could not proclaim it with a greater oratorio of song.

Unobtrusive little winds now take up the affairs of the day, bringing to you the fragrance of curing alfalfa and the breath of the sage. Man asserts himself in the far-carrying sound of hay-balers; for man has invaded and, to his way of thinking, is conquering the Mojave—oh, indeed. He is boring wells, clearing the sage, building roads. By its sufferance he is making his home upon the desert, transforming bits of it to his conception of usefulness and beauty. But is he cowing its ancient spirit, learning its mysteries, disturbing its brooding calm? Seeking an answer you turn to the limitless skylines, startlingly distinct in the light clear air. Something indefinable but oblivious to petty affairs of human import seem resting on those sharp horizons, hiding in those striking shadows. It stirs you deeper than you can understand, lifts you out of yourself, out toward something vast and imperturbable. Over back of yonder it is waiting, calling . . . so.

You are prepared to obey the summons. No longer requiring a "desert canary"—the stoical little burro—to thread many, at least, of the trails of the Mojave, but well supplied with filled watersacks for your car as well as yourself, you drive out beyond the paved highways that lead through the checker-board of green and gray—out along winding desert tracks. A lean jack-rabbit or perhaps a small rusty coyote lopes across the road ahead of you. Road-runners—queer, long-tailed, blue and grey birds of the magpie tribe—dart down the trail and challenge you to "step on it" and make them fly. You pass long ridges forested with Joshua trees which are the home of bob-cats and little gray foxes. You find the tall flowery spike of the yucca growing on the shore of an ancient lake where now, across its hot, shimmering bed the dust-devils dance. Marveling at grotesque shape and vivid color you stand before the weird formations of Red Rock and other noted canyons in the sun-scarred hills. . . . Noon, and you eat your lunch in the sun's fierce white brilliance. The dry hot odor of desert juniper hangs in the still air. A buzzard, the only speck in the pale hard sky, swings tirelessly. Slim gray lizards bask on the blistering sand or dart, lightning-like, from bush to bush. But the heat that envelops you is not devitalizing, as in a low or humid climate. Instead Sol's penetrating rays seem to imbue one with their vigor. It is because the Mojave is more than two thousand feet in altitude. The stunning force of the heat in the Imperial or Death Valleys, to which the Mojave, by the unfamiliar, might be



Joshua trees in bloom

compared is due to the fact that those regions are below the level of the sea.

AS YOUR interest determines, you may set out to see the borax mines at Randsburg, the apple orchards near Adelanto, or the huge cement plant at Oro Grande. You may trace the Mojave River, whose water, however, during most of the year is not even "wet on one side." Or you may swing back through the alfalfa fields of Antelope Valley to the pear groves basking at the foot of the Sierra Madres or, penetrating the mountains westward, visit Lake Elizabeth which, in the storied past, was for years the headquarters of the famous outlaw, Tiburcio Vasquez. But you must make a choice. You won't cross and re-cross the 15,000 square miles of the Mojave, a goodly portion of three generous California counties, in one day.

The diminished rainfall, the unhindered influence of a brilliant sun and the moderate altitude have given to the Mojave a distinctly arid climate; and, with the climate go all of the accompanying characteristics of life, of erosion and deposition, and of the peculiar land forms of an arid country. The vegetation is at the present time limited mainly to desert types, the contrast with the flora beyond the ridge immediately to the west being very marked. The yuccas and the creosote bush replace oak and grass, and the oddly outstretched arms of the Joshua trees seem everywhere raised up as if to attract attention. Perhaps to show that under adverse conditions Nature means only to be just and not unkind, the spring and early summer find the desert dotted here and there with patches of flowers of unusual beauty and fragrance, offering their charms as an antidote for the misery of thirst about them.

The living mammalian fauna of the Mojave comprises thirty-five species, of which twenty-one are rodents. They include the antelope, desert coyote, fox, raccoon, spotted skunk, cougar and wildcat. The species of the rodent fauna are mainly characteristic desert forms.

Meanwhile the dust-devils were no false prophets. You are to learn the accuracy of the name given the Mojave by the herders and *vaqueros* of the old Spanish missions—"Place of the Long Wind." It rises quickly, as though gaining its sudden momentum from the steep slopes of the Western Sierras, and it sweeps unhindered across the desert's floor. Ruthless and savage as its wild mountain breeding-ground, yet hearty and clean. It buffets you but it does not choke you with driving dust and sand. Herded by it, in time, come white-maned squadrons of clouds while beneath them a flying fleet of shadows cross the land. The mountains and the red and yellow buttes are now glorified. One rugged pile will be garbed in royal purple, another in lacy lavender, while a slanting shaft of sunlight overlays an intervening butte with tawny gold. Changing constantly. Your eye returns from a moment's study of one horizon to find that on the other a marvelous re-tinting has taken place.

Sunset now. The wind has stilled, the billowy clouds have dissolved into gray streamers edged with rose. Little flaky clouds are pale flames against a sky that is less blue than emerald. Beneath them the sun is mellowed to a glowing ball enveloped in a golden mist. In the eastern sky and on the buttes and mesas that ring the valley what living, breathing color—what ineffable blending of soft rich tones! Mauve and lavender, rose and purple—your tongue repeats but to your



Desert clouds on the Mojave

eye there is no repetition. Infinite range of color that moves and seems endowed with very substance. Suddenly all of it is overlaid with a blending sweep of gray. Astonished, you look back toward the west. Only an orange glow where hung the sun, and on the bars of cloud a redder fire.

Once again you stand in the presence of the Mojave. it is when the desert is asleep under a great white moon.

The stars are pale—they have not yet been washed by the night wind to their morning brilliance. The mountains loom high but mystic, almost ethereal in the moonlight. In the brooding hush that envelops you what you sought so boldly beyond the sky-line and could not grasp comes near. Too near. You shrink before an engulfing mystery. For it takes years of association to learn truly to commune with the desert. You start strangely at a thin-voiced coyote's howl.

Many are the stories told of the attraction which the Mojave Desert has for human beings. Men have come, perhaps, to seek recovery of health, as the climate is beneficial to some types of sufferers. After months, perhaps, the spell of the desert has woven itself about them to such an extent that the sojourn at first intended to be so short was transformed into a life-long affair.



Mount San Antonio
as seen from the
desert. Elevation
10,000 feet.



"The Lady at the Organ," Red Rock Canyon

UNCLE CHRIS AND THE TWINKLIES visit MADEIRA

MOLLY WINSTON PEARSON & WILLIAM THOMPSON FRGS.

"COME, Twinklies," called Uncle Chris after breakfast on their first day at sea, "let's explore our boat. I rather think the *Friendship* is impatient to make our acquaintance. You two, it seems, are the only children she is carrying around the world this trip."

"I want to see the ship's wireless," Peter said.

So Uncle Chris led the way to the wireless sanctum on the top deck. "Here," he said, "is the spirit and voice of the Greetings, *Madam Friendship*, mistress of the sea. Allow me to present to you Carol and Peter Van Twinkle, who are about to go around the world with you."



Above: Native women at work in the interior. Below: Bound for Madeira.



Above: Embroidery workers. Below: Cleaning willows.

Then out popped Mr. Nick Shane, the jolly young wireless operator, with a warm welcome for them. He took Peter under his wing at once, and in between the receiving and sending of messages, he labored manfully to answer all of Peter's innumerable questions.

Meanwhile Uncle Chris showed Carol the courts for deck-tennis and shuffleboard, the most popular outdoor games at sea.

"This is like a tennis-court, but how queer to play tennis without racquets or balls!" puzzled Carol.

"Can you imagine any frisky tennis ball staying put on the heaving deck of a ship?" Uncle Chris replied. "These rubber rings don't roll, you see. Here, let's try a game of shuffleboard while we're waiting for Peter," and he showed Carol how in this game one pushes wooden discs around with a long wooden stick, shovel-shaped at one end.

Peter was seriously inspecting the lifeboats when they joined him. "If we were shipwrecked and had to take to the lifeboats," he remarked, "I'll bet Mr. Nick Shane would stick by his wireless and keep on sending out the S.O.S. until the ship went down."

"Hear our young hero-worshipper!" teased Uncle Chris. "But I agree with you, Peter. I can tell by Nick Shane's eye that he'd be the last to leave a sinking ship except the Captain. Now let's have a look at the deck below."

Splendid rooms they found down there, luxuriously furnished for the comfort and pleasure of the *Friendship's* passengers—a library, a writing-room, a gymnasium, to say nothing of the two large and beautiful lounges, as drawing rooms are called on shipboard.

But, of course, the place on the boat most fascinating to the Twinklies was the children's playroom, where the



Above: Running sledge on which tourists are guided down 3,000 feet.
Below: Children's playroom on liner.

Friendship provided for the happy play of youngsters of all ages. Carol and Peter were surprised and overjoyed to find there a splendid library of children's books and all sorts of interesting table-games. Naturally, they had grown beyond the sand-pile and building-blocks for tiny tots, though Carol loved the beautiful playhouse, which was not a dollhouse, but was large enough for a little girl herself to go inside and re-arrange the lilliputian furniture to suit her fancy.

There was a merry-go-round at one end of the playroom. The Twinklies promptly mounted this and kept it spinning so long on the rolling ship that even a seasoned sailor like Uncle Chris grew dizzy watching them. So in self-defense he proposed that they all go swimming in the splendid pool they found in the bottom of the ship.

That evening while the orchestra played and the grownups made merry, Peter begged to go up and say goodnight to his wireless friend, Mr. Nick Shane. Uncle Chris and Carol, strolling about the upper deck in the moonlight, came upon the ship's florist shop and conservatory. It was full of growing plants in bloom.

Carol peeped in with delight. "Oh, Uncle Chris, it's like a fairyland of flowers in the middle of the ocean."

The old gardener in charge smiled at her and gave her a rose, which she carried to her stateroom and carefully put in a glass of water.

"See my round-the-world rose," she said to her cabin-mate, Miss Georgiana Larke. "I'm going to press and keep it always."

"It is sweet," Miss Georgiana agreed. "It reminds me of Prince Giglio's magic rose."

"Is that a story?" asked Carol eagerly. "Oh, do tell me about it."

"Very well, then," the Story Lady consented, "jump into your berth quickly, my dear, and I'll tell you all about Thackeray's enchanted 'Rose and the Ring.'"

In fact, each day of the *Friendship's* voyage across the Atlantic was full to the brim of gaiety and adventure. The Twinklies reveled in it all—even the fierce, wintry storm that swept down upon the ship in the mid-Atlantic. The waves, mountain-high and snow-capped with driving spray, were rather terrifying at first. But Captain Freund assured them all that the *Friendship* had weathered much worse storms safely. So though the ship seemed to be trying to stand on her head as she staggered through wind and waves, the Twinklies managed to keep their sea-legs and their sea-appetites as well.

Then one fine day the *Friendship* completed her voyage across the Atlantic Ocean and made her first stop at the little island of Madeira off the northwest coast of Africa. In a high state of excitement, the Twinklies climbed down into the tender and were taken ashore on their first sight-seeing pilgrimage.

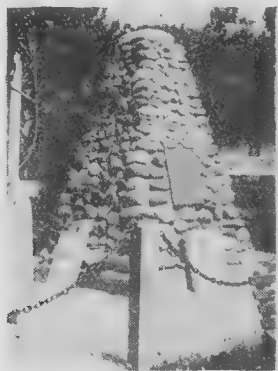
A WONDERFUL bit of old Mother Earth is Madeira, lying like a jade and topaz jewel between the blue of the tropic sky and the blue of the sparkling sea. A little, lonely island, only thirty-eight miles long [Continued on page 39]



Funchal from the north-east.



Above: Native sledge drawn by oxen in Madeira.
Below: Willow chair making is an industry of the island.



The site of first fort, built in 1605

A Holiday in Bluenose Province

By MARION WATHEN FOX.

DURING the past summer it was my good fortune to holiday in that old province by the sea—Nova Scotia. I went there remembering that here was our oldest province, so was not looking for modernism all along the line, as was a young New York couple whom I met at one of my first stopping-places. They seemed to expect all Nova Scotia to be a sort of second New York—but then this kind of tourist seems to be always with us.

I early realized that a great deal of the lure of the "Bluenose Province" comes from the historical glamour that one almost everywhere encounters—romance seems to lurk in every cove and fishing village, by every headland and in every turn of the valley. Even the practical, what-price-wheat Westerner soon finds himself captivated by that mystic something which causes a feeling almost akin to: "Take off thy shoes—for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

But I found more than history and romance in Nova Scotia. Here, too, was captivating scenery—scenery that cannot be compared to that of the Prairies or the Rockies because it is so different; but this very fact gives it additional charm. Nova Scotia's scenery is the scenery of quaint sea-coves—dozens of them—of tucked-away fishing villages, all with their faces seaward, where the inland visitor thrills as he catches glimpses of distant steamers—three-masters, tramps, packets, and the like, riding majestically on their way; and of long vistas of fantastically curving shore-line, white lighthouses gleaming protectingly from many a towering bluff. But "New Scotland" has another type of scenery: fertile valleys shut in by blue-hazed hills—in the autumn dripping crimson and

golden apples, in the spring a veritable fairy-land of pink and white apple-blossoms; it has prosperous farm-lands too, knee-deep in hay. And how I loved those quiet old towns with their wealth of elms, horse-chestnuts and beeches—every street a veritable bower, and the big, bow-windowed houses, sheltering those kindly, hospitable people. A wonderful combination for a holiday land—history and scenery, particularly when it is sea-scenery

and interwoven always with that invigorating tang of the sea—Nova Scotia has 3,000 miles of coast-line, so one seldom gets away from its energising influence.

I entered Nova Scotia by way of St. John, New Brunswick, sailing across the Bay of Fundy. I was fortunate, for the magnificent new steamship, "The Princess Helena," had just been put on this route, a boat almost equal in size, luxuriousness and ease of locomotion to the big ocean steamers. The Bay was calm and sparkling and we made a delightful crossing in less than three hours—so we were at quaint, straggling Digby with its two or three streets sort of terracing the beautiful, curving water-front of Annapolis Basin, a picturesque arm of Fundy, whose flooding waters pour themselves for forty miles up into Annapolis Valley, through the narrow half-mile-wide Digby Neck, through which our boat had just come. Who says they don't like the smell of fish! The smell of drying salted codfish—the bluff near the wharf was covered with great piles of them drying in the sun—at once greeted our nostrils, but mixed with the salt tang of the sea it seemed about the most desirable of odors, particularly as it suggested appetizing fish-chowders to come (one of Digby's specialties), and deepened our zest for those alluring fishing-coves we expected to visit. It was a golden day, and as we strolled up Digby's one, and only, business street—but a few yards from the sea, in between casting curious glances at the piles of hooked-rugs massed about so many of the shop-doors and interjecting: "Who on earth buys them all!" (They told me "American tourists are crazy about them"), my eyes were ever on the blue sparkling waters of the Bay, for there gleamed dozens of white sails. Little chugging motor-boats, tourist-laden, schooners, fishing-craft, and, hovering over all, in the golden sunshine flitted myriads of white gulls.

Like other tourists who come from inland, my first desire was for the beaches—I must get into the sea. The water felt warm, but—to me it also felt cold, so, until my system got a bit toned up, I decided to follow a friend's advice and begin by bathing in the slightly-heated sea-water up at the big "Pines" hotel at the end of the town, for to this charming tourist home, in its nest of pines and overlooking the sea, they had just added a glorious swimming-pool of warmed sea-water.

Then one morning we started west on a motor-ride (everywhere we found wonderfully good roads in the province) and after twenty miles or so, came to—one of my dream-places: a little tucked-away, almost ideal cove, with the loveliest sandy beaches, "Sandy Cove," it is called. It was so quiet, restful and quaint that, unable to resist the lure of its soft beach of finest sand, and the warmth of the sun-kissed waters I said: "Good-bye—I'm here for a couple of days!"

I did almost exactly the same thing at a little summer place called Smith's Cove on the other side of Digby, where the view was delightful, but there were more tourists and summer cottages there. At all of these



Above: A typical Nova Scotia cove.



Below: High tide, Wolfville, N.S.



Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia

places we were given delicious home cooking and found warm-hearted people with whom to stay.

They do things differently to the West down here. It's the engines of their railway trains they name after their great men, not their mountains. So, we find ourselves steaming away from Digby, our train pulled by a locomotive called "Champlain." I am sure if the "Father of Canada" had a say in it, he would have preferred this to a still monument of stone. "Tooting" up and down this delightful country between Digby and Halifax from time to time we hear the "voices" too, of DeMonts, Pontgrave, Poutrincoourt, Alexander, etc., and to me they always seemed to call: "We gave you this country! We started Canada." The railway follows along the beautiful Annapolis Basin past the picturesque villages and summer resorts of Smith's Cove, Bear River (sometimes referred to as the "Switzerland of Nova Scotia"), Clemensport, Deep Brook—twenty miles of delight, until we come to Canada's very oldest town, Annapolis Royal. Here we are at the front door of Nova Scotia's wonderful Evangeline Land, immortalized by Longfellow's poem, and in the much-lauded Annapolis Valley, famous almost the world over for the high quality and abundance of its apples—who has not heard of its Gravensteins! Later on, at Halifax, I had the good luck one week-end to see steamers loaded for Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Antwerp, etc., with a good quarter of a million dollars' worth of these very apples.

"This town is a bit older than Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, or even (why the 'even,' I wonder!) Saskatoon," my Nova Scotia train-companion jocularly remarks. "It dates back to 1604, when it was founded by Champlain and DeMonts, and has the honor of being the oldest European settlement north of the Gulf of Mexico."

As the train approaches the station we notice at once the green slope constituting the ramparts of old Fort Anne, now the centre of a national park of 32 acres. Off we go to the park and soon find ourselves in the midst of history come to life. Here is the remains of the old French fort built in 1705—on the site of the earlier forts—and with the additions made by the British five years after when they came into possession. In fairly good repair are the "Officers' Quarters," a quaint three-chimneyed building with thirty fireplaces, now used as a museum and containing valuable historical relics—it gave us quite a thrill to handle the very key which the French handed over to the English when the fort was finally surrendered to them. Half-buried in the embankment is the centuries-old powder magazine, still with the identical iron door brought from France so many years ago; there, too, are the remains of D'Aulnay's fort, built in 1633. Then and there I realized how much, after all, one lacks for a thorough appreciation of one's country—whether Easterner or Westerner—if the events and beginnings that have called that country into being are unknown to him or have never been vitalized by his own feet "standing on the very ground" . . . his own eyes viewing "the same hills, waters and valleys."

It seemed almost unbelievable as we looked about in the stillness of a glorious summer afternoon, that right here stirring battles had been fought, siege after siege taken place, six times Port Royal—as it was then called—changing hands between the French and English, and then, in 1710, up that very water, but a few yards away, sailing General Nicholson with his little "New England" fleet to be the final conquerors.



Lunenburg, one of the greatest fishing ports on this continent.

"Hoist the Union Jack and we'll name it after the Queen—'Fort Anne!' was the first order.

Another thrill! I sat down on DeMont's monument, looked over the sparkling Basin waters and—there came gliding up, almost to my very feet "ye first vessel"—from far-off France—crowding about her

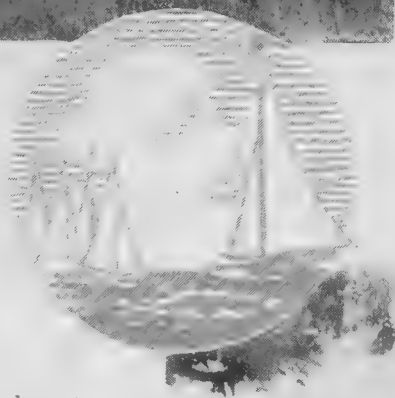
prow were gallant gentlemen from the Court of King Henri, in brilliant attire—plumes in their broad hats, peering anxiously and curiously about at this New World, and finally landing and founding the first settlement right here (1604). If only the "savages"—then the sole inhabitants of this country (the "Natives") had been wise enough to adopt a proper immigration policy, and so have kept out all "foreigners," but—where would we have been? Oh, I loved old Annapolis Royal! Pretty little town, too, in its residential part—lovely big old homes in settings of glorious trees.

I wanted to see that other part of Port Royal, too, so got on board a mail-bus, passed over to Granville, down the other side of the river for seven miles or so and came to "Champlain's Habitation," where Champlain, Poutrincoourt, DeMonts, Marc Lescarbot, and those others, spent the greater part of the year 1605, inaugurating "The Order of the Good Times"—Canada's first "Rotary Club." I was glad to see that the Government had erected a suitable cairn "on the spot" inscribed with the names of DeMonts, Poutrincoourt, Champlain, Lescarbot, Alexander—any connection between these places and the vast Western prairies from which I had come! Sure!—including this: right here was planted the first wheat (seed from France, not "Marquis") ever grown in Canada, barley, corn, and some [Continued on page 56]

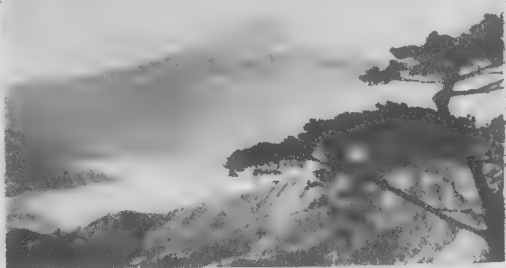


Above: Seaside Village of Sandy Cove

Below: Fort Anne at Annapolis Royal, N.S.



Grand Pré Park, Nova Scotia



Mount Fuji

JAPAN JEWEL OF THE ORIENT

By OLIVER S. ARATA

TO ALL dreamers, to all travellers, Japan has been a sort of a beautiful dream, a varied-colored sunset. With its many beautiful scenes, its famous volcano near Tokyo its quaint yet beautiful Oriental customs, its people like no other race anywhere on this mighty globe, it should and does hold a lore for all.

As you no doubt know the natives are famous for their exquisite manners, their desires to please all tourists. How dainty are the women of Japan, yet courteous to the highest degree!

There are many places and customs of this beautiful country little known to many Canadians. Many are worth putting down here for readers of this magazine.

Justly does beautiful Tokyo deserve the title "Jewel of the Orient." Noted for its many beautiful Japanese gardens, among the finest in the world, for Japanese are no doubt the world's finest gardeners. There is more than just a physical pride in their gardens, for when true sons of Nippon build a garden, everything, every object stands for some deity, maybe superstition, but beautiful in thought, nevertheless.

For instance, in the famous Imperial Hotel, at Tokyo, we have a building that is neither in the style of the Orient nor of the Occident. It is of neither the East nor of the West. It should be classed as a blending, and a perfect one, of the ideals of two distinct civilizations. Its banquet hall is beyond description, other parts and rooms are as beautiful. Its exterior would delight the eyes of Omar, poet, were he alive today. In the background is a famous and white-capped, burnt-out volcano.

An unusual, yet fine way of seeing Tokyo is by months. In January are held their inimitable New Year Holidays. During this great event in Japan every doorway there is adorned with special decorations for the season.

In February come the festivals of and so-called "Inari" or street shrines, while during March are the beautiful scenes attached to their "Hinamatsuri," or Dolls' Festival. This event is beloved by all the women and girls of Japan, for even adults among the fairer sex of Japan love dolls. These dolls, on display during this great and most interesting Festival, are more than interesting. They are fascinating, for many of the dolls so displayed have been handed down from mother to daughter for centuries and decades.

Another great event is their Cherry Blossom Season, coming in April, month of cherry blossoms. Washington, D.C., has a number of these beautiful cherry blossom trees. Beautiful groves of cherry blossom trees may be seen in different sections of Tokyo, for Japanese are passionate lovers of flowers.

For May, in Tokyo, wrestling holds full sway, similar to our pastime, baseball. Very interesting, indeed.

A rival to this sport in Japan are the kite contests held during the month of flowers.

They have a strange custom of having large paper carp kites flying from high poles, in front of every house wherein dwells a son. A tribute to the male population of Tokyo and Japan.

June is the month of Iris. Many fine examples may be seen at Horikiri, being not far from the city. Reached by auto, etc. In July all fishermen may be delighted with the splendid trout fishing to be had at Ayu. So take along your trout poles and tackle.

September. Lotus at Ueno Park. A fine art exhibition of native art at the Ueno Art Gallery.

October. Maple trees at their best, trees famous for their flaming foliage, again one may view the so-called "Judo" contests.

For November the lovers of flowers may see Japan's unrivalled chrysanthemums, many shows being held at Hibiya Park. Also the Wrestling Arena.

Not so much doing in December. Many street sales for the year end, to move stock that did not sell for the year. During this Christmas month in Christian countries the diet season begins, a religious custom of Japan.

With a population of over two million souls this beautiful city has been the capital since 1868, following the removal of the capital Kyoto, by the then Emperor Meiji. This city is divided into two parts, the Up Town and the Down Town. The Up Town comprises the residential quarters and homes, while the Down Town section is composed of the business districts.

When in Tokyo do not overlook the never-to-be-forgotten Imperial Palace, the home of the Emperor of Japan. Other places of beauty and of interest are, Shiba Park, being the only park of its type in the world; Zojoji Temple; the Colossal Bronze Torii, Museum of Arms; Art Salons; the Zoo, and visit the shopping districts of quaint Japan. You won't regret it.

The Meiji Shrine is composed and dedicated to the great Emperor of Japan, a mighty warrior and statesman.

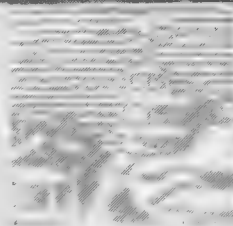
Buildings therein are built in the pure Shinto style, being characterized by simplicity, modesty. Behind this Shrine stands the so-called Treasury, containing funeral cars, banners, drums, used for the funeral ceremony for the Great Emperor and Empress.

In the Outer Precincts are the great Jingu Stadium, one of the largest and finest arenas in the Orient. The picture gallery therein is a fine piece of architecture, built at a cost of over one million yens. The

[Continued on page 53]



Snowy Meiji Shrine



"Great Buddha" of Kamakura



Upper: Sacred Bridge, Nikko. Lower: Horyuji.

CENTRAL POLYNESIA

By TONI HALSEY



Outrigger canoe for meeting Steamers

TUCKED away in Central Polynesia, literally lost in the vastness of the expansive Pacific and far from the paths of ships lies a tiny sea-cradled coral atoll, visited only twice a year and then only by a cargo steamer carrying provisions for the six or seven families which comprise the white colony of this little isle. But strange to say, though news from home and loved ones comes but twice a year, yet that of the world and its events become public property there before an hour has passed. For this product of the coral polyps serves as the cable relay station in the Pacific.

Thousands of almost imperceptible spots on the map of the Pacific make up Polynesia, which is the general name given for a large number of archipelagoes scattered over the Pacific which are mainly of volcanic and coral origin. For thousands of years coral-producing polyps have been the architects and builders of Fanning Island. Each year they add the beginning of a new reef or present another dagger to the eternally threatening sea. The rate of growth among coral is almost unappreciable, but it is estimated to be almost an inch a year in those islands of that formation.

Owing to the dangerous nature of coral reefs it is impossible for a steamer to come within three to five miles of the shore, so that landing is quite a hazardous and breath-taking feat. As soon as a ship is sighted (an event of first importance) all the available canoes are launched and manned by stalwart natives, who swiftly speed out to the anchored craft. Steps are lowered over the steamer's side and the inquisitive-not-yet-arrived is told to descend and wait an opportunity to jump into the frail-looking canoe, which seems more like a cork bobbing on the water than the means of transportation. If one is extremely lucky he will probably land in the canoe with only a slight wetting but if not, he will surely miss the wretched squirming thing and instead drop into the writhing shark-infested waters to be ignominiously fished out by a boat-hook and dragged into the

nearest canoe which in his struggles will probably upset. Eventually a canoe

paddled by its crew of four dusky Polynesians will deposit its dripping and badly-frightened cargo safe at last on terra firma.

As the atoll at its highest point above sea-level is only a scant four feet, the inhabitants have at times amusing and rather inconvenient experiences due to the antics of the sea. On one occasion an angry sea arose and churned its way across the atoll, and seemingly to appease its wrath carried with it what served as post office, pay office, and general store. For days afterwards the compound presented quite an official appearance with its miscellaneous collection of stamps, money orders, mail and native riris, giving the appearance of a huge Christmas parcel done up for delivery. However, when a post office and what-not is spoken of, do not imagine that a building of concrete and magnificent proportions was borne away by Neptune and his host. It was merely a bamboo frame on stilts, with walls made of palm leaves and having a floor of "island feathers." Such a floor, by the way, is not made from the feathers of some tropical bird, nor from any bird, but is a product of Mother Earth, and is nothing more nor less than smooth round pebbles placed so uniformly together that the eye cannot detect the slightest crevice, and closely resembles western mosaic work.

The native population is made up of some three hundred Gilbertese, brought originally from Ocean and Naru Islands. These have retained their primitive rites and customs almost in entirety, and consequently live and regulate their social lives much the same as their ancestors a thousand years ago. In fact the only curb placed upon their barbaric nature has been the curtailment of any bloodthirsty tendencies so peculiar to this type of people. The sacredness of life is unknown to them, and the Old Testament and occidental theory of a life for a life is far beyond their comprehension. However, as the British flag flies over Fanning, British justice prevails, and with its benevolent and wise use homicide has decreased to a very appreciable extent. To accommodate malefactors the community possesses a jail which is unique in its rules and regulations. Over the gate to the jail yard hangs this huge sign, "NOKOMI EKI ETWAYWA," meaning "be in by nine o'clock." And as the native has a mortal fear of the dark, no prisoners are ever missing; besides his weekly portion of rice and tobacco are still meted out. So jail to the Gilbertese is merely another place to spend the night.

In infancy the native has every semblance of becoming good looking, even to our eyes, but as the Gilbertesian idea of beauty is somewhat grotesque, nature is not permitted to take its course, and around the age of five a process of facial disfigurement is adopted by the fond parent, who by means of stretching and pulling endeavour to make the lobes of the child's ears dangle like those of a poodle while the lower lip when it has been pulled well below the chin completes a handsome visage. Suffice to say, the more drooping the lip and longer the ears the more beautiful the youngster in the eyes of native society.

At the comparatively early age of fourteen the native becomes a man and now desires a wife. Having picked out the long-lipped-and-eared desire of his heart the head-tribesman is informed of his choice, and if no difficulties arise the kawa, native camp, makes ready for the wedding. Great quantities of teka, a delicious fish, are

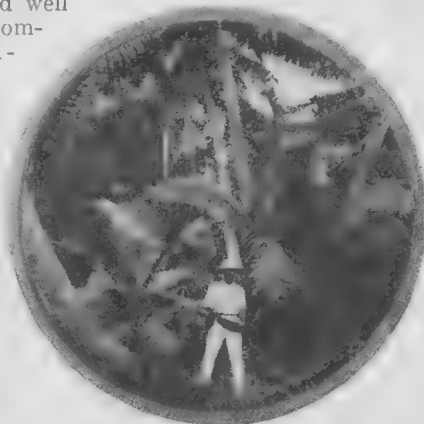
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Poinciana Trees



Upper: Orderly Boy Nutting. Below: Orderly Boys' Obstacle Race.



Luxuriant Foliage

Liverpool and Chester

By M. G. M. PERRY

THE fact of having seen Liverpool and Chester on my first day in England may account for the clarity of the pictures which those cities have left in my mind. And as I had never heard Liverpool extolled as a beautiful or interesting city, I had no preconceived ideas concerning it, which had to be gotten rid of.

On a glorious summer morning our ship steamed up the Mersey River, with the Seaforth Sands stretching goldenly on the left, and the charming houses and gardens of New Brighton climbing the slopes on the right.

Soon we arrived opposite to the city proper, and drew near the landing-stage — the largest floating structure in the world. Then a trio of magnificent buildings came into view—the Royal Liver Friendly Society Building, with its great clock-tower above which the mythical liver birds spread their wings; the square solidity of the Cunard Building, and the turreted splendor of the office of the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board.

One of the few remaining horse-cabs was found to give me a novel ride to my immediate destination; and a little later I walked along the streets of Liverpool, marveling at the number of grey stone buildings which seemed to rise in every direction. I paused awhile in St. John's Gardens to admire the brilliant-hued flowers in beds of conventional shape, and to read the inscriptions on the monuments erected to the memory of Gladstone, and of the men of the King's Liverpool Regiment. On the seats in the gardens dozens of shabbily-dressed men basked in the sunshine. A friend remarked that these open spaces were a godsend to the unemployed, of whom there were so many in the city. Perhaps the sunny day was a godsend, too. Someone said to me later: "It can rain in Liverpool just whenever it likes," a statement borne out by my subsequent experience.

Near St. John's Gardens is the Walker Art Gallery, in which I spent a pleasant hour. The Gallery contains some famous paintings: "Lorenzo and Isabella," by Millais; "Ruth and Naomi," by P. H. Calderon; "Eventide," by Von Herkomer; "The Coat of Many Colors," by Ford Madox Brown; "Vespers," by Sargent, and many more. The Museum, the Library, and St. George's Hall



Foregate Street, Chester



King Charles Tower, Chester, and a portion of the old city wall.

are near here also. The latter is said to be one of the finest buildings in the world from an architectural standpoint. It is built in Roman style, with also a suggestion of Greek art; and across the east front are sixteen Corinthian pillars, sixty feet in height.

Liverpool has many splendid educational institutions, of which the University of Liverpool is, of course, the chief. It was incorporated in 1881, and in addition to the main building, there are a number of others containing museums, libraries, and laboratories, or in which the different educational courses are studied.

With its large population—1,035,356 in Greater Liverpool, which includes all the surrounding districts

—Liverpool naturally has need of many parks; and of these there are ninety, covering in all 2,000 acres of land. Sefton Park is perhaps the finest. It has a pretty lake with facilities for boating, and a beautiful palm-house. Calderstone's Park boasts of the possession of a neolithic burying-ground, and of an oak tree said to be one thousand years old.

Liverpool is very proud of the splendid new Cathedral, and justly so, as I realized when, on my first Sunday in England, I attended service there. It is the only English Cathedral being built in the

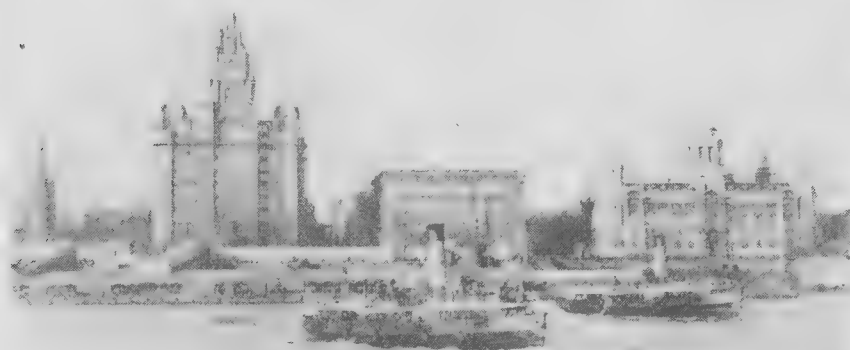
twentieth century, is charmingly situated on a wooded rise, and when finished will be one of the largest cathedrals in existence. The exterior length will be 616 feet, the height of the roof 138 feet, and from the central tower, 308 feet. The completed portion comprises the choir, choir aisles, eastern transepts, vestries, Lady chapel, and chapter house. The second, perhaps now ready for use, includes central space, western transept, and north and south porches. There yet remains to be constructed the nave, and the great tower over central space. No visitor to Liverpool must miss going to see the birthplace of William Ewart Gladstone, on Rodney St. Felicia Hemans, the poetess, was also born in this city. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thomas Carlyle, and

Washington Irving resided here for a time, and Matthew Arnold died here.

The principal shopping district is along Bold, Church and Lord Streets, which are continuations of each other, and run for a mile from Queen Victoria's Monument to St. Luke's Church. These streets seem always to be thronged with people of every degree. [Continued on page 52]



A section of the Mersey Dock at Liverpool



Liverpool from the Mersey

CANADA'S EVERGREEN PLAYGROUND



THE clear, spicy air of Vancouver Island brings roses to pale cheeks; deepens the light in happy, healthy eyes; quickens the step and invigorates the whole body.

For in this Evergreen Playground, the call of the outdoors is never stilled by ice and snow—golfers play the whole year through—roses may often be gathered at Christmas.

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TRAVEL CANADIAN PACIFIC

NAMES ARE SHIPS

BY HILDA HESSON

JANUARY days are chilly, January days are short, January days are days for dreaming, and what more delightful than a crackling, snapping fire, or perchance one that has burned itself down to the stage of glow and mellow warmth, a comfortable lounging chair, and a hearthrug brilliant with all the colorful literature of ships and travel. A vagabond poet who writes of the tang of strange places has a little verse that will just suit such a situation and such a January day.

"Names! the lure in names of places,
Stirring thoughts of foreign faces,
Ports and palaces and steamers,
Names are ships to carry dreamers."

Names! Let us climb aboard a few of them, and feel the lure of these "Ships," as they carry us here and there across the world.

"Honolulu"—the fire becomes the glowing mouth of a far-away volcano; the hearthrug is a mass of brilliant bloom, hibiscus, bougainvillea, roses. The carpet a great field of spikey pineapple plants with juicy, golden hearts. Above our heads the cocoanut palms tempt the monkeys with their hairy fruit, and the banana trees hang bunches of delicious goodness to attract the bees, the butterflies and ourselves. Dancing girls with skirts of grass and golden brown bodies dance across the dusk of the room, and around our necks we feel the weight of leis of scarlet, gold and yellow flowers, and the sweet sad strains of "Aloha" is in our ears.

"Marseilles"—ah, here's a "ship" that takes us where the masts rise like trees from the great harbour, and sailors with rings in their ears, and white teeth flashing in their brown faces, pad with bare feet down the cobbled streets. Smart little brown soldiers in fez and tarboosh come here from many ports to train in France. A smell of the sea is in the air, a feeling of the far places of the earth, and in strange dark shops are many queer things for sale.

"Budapest"—a strange ship this for it takes us inland, where two cities that have become one, gaze at each other across the bridges that join



"Today"

them over the waters of the Blue Danube. There are memories in this city—memories that come to you in the magic mad music of the darkfaced gypsies; memories that come to you when you gaze up at the strange Moorish towers; memories that come to you as you look at the many types that tread her streets. The blood of conquerors flows in the veins of the people of this city—Turk, Slav, Mongol, Bulger, and Gypsy. Though conquered often, Budapest holds in her heart a strange secret, the secret of springs of mineral waters that bubble into pools everywhere, into great open tanks sparkling under the sun, and reflecting terraces of flowers, into dusky baths of green marble in steamy rooms in great hotels. From all the world people come to be healed by the magic of these secret springs of Budapest.

"Switzerland"—another "ship" that takes us a strange journey, for here we find ourselves among mountain peaks capped with snow, among great glaciers, fields of mountain flowers and lakes that are as blue as the cloudless sky above them. There is magic in this place—the magic that is compounded of sun and sparkling air, of beauty and friendliness, for this is one of the world's great holiday places. Such food—ye gods, such cakes! The lightness of snow, and the melting sweetness of honey. Such wide glorious valleys, such mountain roads and hairpin turns with views that are too marvellous for the limits of our language. A wonderful journey this on the good ship "Switzerland."

And here's a little ship, a charming little ship, she is small I think, and has gay sails of orange and her name is "Italy." You have no sooner stepped aboard her than you meet smiling brown faces, see bronze bodies flash in a dive into the blue waters of the Adriatic; hear the music of violins and the melody of Neapolitan songs. Along her course you see rise the pillars of ancient buildings, the towers of an architect's dream. Blue lakes reflect tiny islands of a beauty that is unique; and gray-green olive trees cast shadows on streets where poets sang, and the painters and sculptors of the world were inspired. The tiny bells on a donkey's harness sound tinkling from the Appian Way where the cohorts of Rome once marched, and gondolas drift by down the shadowy canals of Venice. Within the dim aisles of cathedrals we glimpse in the light of flickering candles, as we sail by, marble and bronze, canvas and paint, that has been breathed upon by the breath of genius, and that lives for the world's delight.

One more ship we must take from our fireside port, the great stately ship of "England." In the fire are castles we know, the towers of Windsor, the lovely ruins of Kenilworth, the broad facade of Buckingham Palace. The flames have turned to scarlet coats, white gloves flash, and prancing chargers paw the coal black earth, The Guards! Down on the hearthrug the flowers have changed to larkspur, to sweet

[Continued on page 57]



"Yesterday"

A Pious Pilgrimage to Old Plymouth

Continued from page 25

famous "History of Plymouth Plantation." The fair-haired stripling, John Alden, would be there, overtopping most of the men and youths, and not far-off, perhaps stealing a glance at him now and then, you may safely place Priscilla, most radiant of Pilgrim maidens, and co-responsible with John for those three interesting Priscillas of our recent adventure.

In Plymouth today they point with pride to the old inn which harbored the Pilgrims during those anxious days before they sailed. Out of gratitude for this and other favors, the "Adventurers" of 1620 were glad to name their new home in the new world Plymouth, in honor of their city of refuge and the last bit of English soil their feet would ever tread. In consequence, no other city, perhaps, has so many namesake daughter-cities all over the world as this famous port of old England. In America today there are at least twenty Plymouths, one of which, Plymouth, Vermont, has had the privilege of producing a president of the United States.

EARLY that Mayflower day in Old Plymouth we sallied forth in search of camera-fodder. We had it in mind to explore and find out if there was anything new in dreadnoughts over at the shipyards and what the fashion might be in destroyers this year. As we descended the ancient oak staircase of our inn, we spied a slim, girlish figure flitting ahead of us, a pale blue scarf over her sunny locks. The little bride, Priscilla, was venturing forth alone to meet the ghost of her beautiful Pilgrim ancestress, probably on the old quay yonder. She had left behind that slug-a-bed, her lord with the scorn for noble ancestry.

And Priscilla of the Mayflower, soon to bloom on alien soil, one of the first brides in the New World, what message would she have for this wistful little namesake descendant of hers? Would she whisper that one may not travel the magic, misty highway of dreams in double harness, that all the dear, delectable paths thither must be threaded in the solitude of one's own heart? Much to the dismay, perchance, of this bride of today, who had yearned to share all, walking hand-in-hand with the beloved.

Later on, as a beloved tribute to Mayflower Day, we found ourselves standing before the memorial stained-

glass window in the Guildhall of Plymouth, which commemorates the sailing of the Mayflower. It was easy to conjure up for ourselves the scene on board the most famous ship in the world, as she put out to sea with all sails set. Of a certainty the parents and older folk lingered in the stern, straining their eyes for a last glimpse of their Mother England. Just as surely would the younger Pilgrims be found in the bow peering into the impenetrable future awaiting them in the New World. To youth in all ages belongs the future.

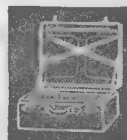
Thereupon we found our school-girl, Priscilla and her companions, of the motorbus party, rapt before another of Plymouth's momentous memorial tablets. It was one commemorating an event fully as dramatic in its way as the sailing of the Mayflower. For in June, 1919, the Mayor of Plymouth, standing on the Mayflower Stone set in the pavement of the Barbican, welcomed the American seaplane N.C. 4, one of the first aircraft to cross the Atlantic. It was a wonderful moment for Lieutenant-commander A. C. Read, himself a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, when he brought his plane to rest in Plymouth Harbor so near the spot whence the Mayflower started on her memorable voyage three centuries before. Hark to an irrepressible outburst from Schoolgirl Priscilla:

"Of course, it was frightfully brave to cross the ocean in that little old tub of a Mayflower! But to be the very first to fly across the Atlantic! Boy, that took courage!"

Shades of the heroic past; thus does youth, with eyes fixed ever on the future, carelessly and ruthlessly dethrone you! We turned away and climbed the height called the Hoe, Plymouth's beautiful and spacious esplanade. We wished to console ourselves with the emblems and monuments of an even more glorious period in England. They are to be found on the Hoe. Here Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls when informed of the approach of the great Spanish Armada and, with true English imperturbability, stopped to throw his ball before turning to meet the power of Spain upon the sea. On the Hoe stands the great memorial to the victory over the Armada, which, we noticed, does not hesitate to give credit where credit is due. "He blew with His winds and they were scattered," the unique inscription declares. [Cont'd on page 38]



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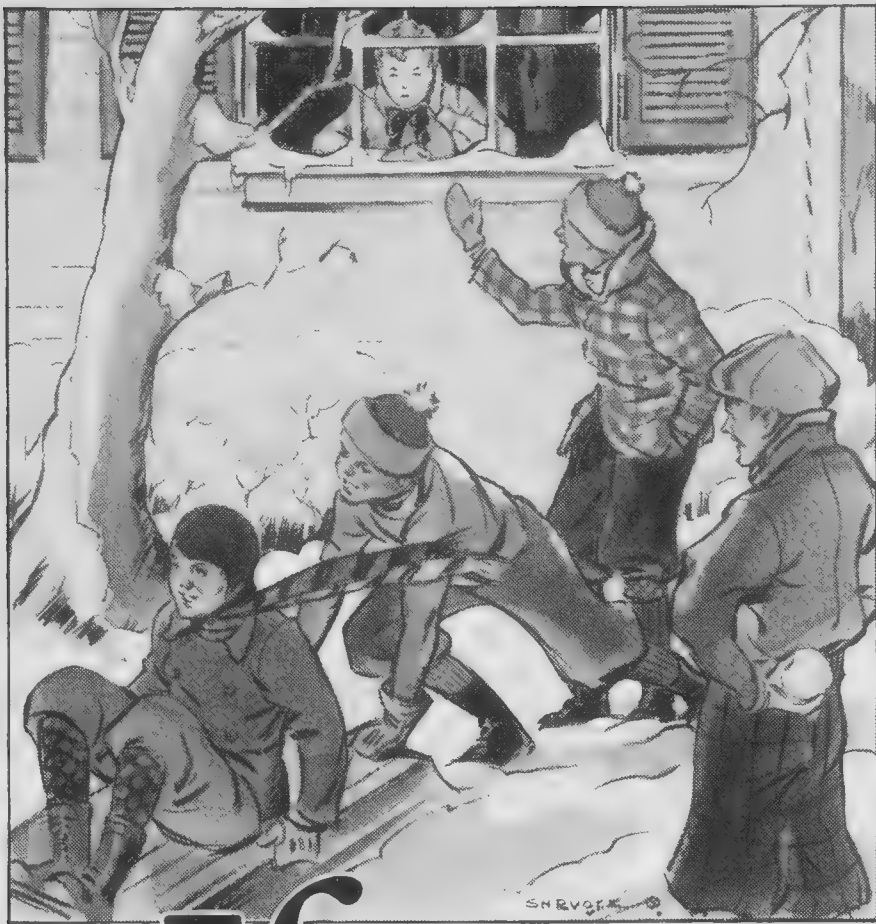
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Ann Hathaway's Cottage



If children could be raised "under glass"

... But children cannot be raised like hot house blooms. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. With this exposure to changing weather, some colds are bound to come—and of course, as every mother knows, they must be treated promptly, before complications set in.

"Dosing" is Risky

Yet, it is risky to "dose" these colds. Too much internal medicine upsets children's digestion, lowers their precious vitality and invites more colds and other ills. Millions of mothers now solve the problem with Vicks VapoRub—the modern external way of treating colds, coughs, and sore throat.

Just rubbed on throat and chest,

Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, drawing out the soreness and tightness; at the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the body heat, are breathed in direct to the irritated air-passages. Of course, being applied externally, Vicks cannot disturb the digestion and may be used freely and as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

Equally Good for Adults

Adults have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, too. This better method of treating colds is in keeping with the whole trend of medical practice, which is steadily getting away from needless "dosing."

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OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

A Pious Pilgrimage to Old Plymouth

Continued from page 37

Here we stumbled again upon our pensive bride, Priscilla. In a worshipful pose, she stood rooted before the fine bronze statue of Queen Elizabeth's sailor super-hero.

"... Drake, as he stood thus,
A giant against the sunset and the sea,
Looming alone."

Priscilla's vociferous and graceless spouse a few paces away was earnestly discussing with a British officer the probabilities of another great war. So the little bride was snatching a brief space for musing. Before her dreaming eyes we could see pass and re-pass upon the Hoe that glorious, colorful Elizabethan world—innumerable sea-faring men, their wives and sweet-hearts, grave statesmen, soft-voiced courtiers, and finally the sovereign mistress of them all, Elizabeth herself, bending a gracious ear to her wonderful hero-sailor, Sir Francis Drake. Ah, Priscilla girl, to catch that fleeting mental picture was surely worth a trip across the Atlantic to historic Plymouth town!

But what, we wondered, as we retraced our steps to our inn, had become of Priscilla's third namesake descendant, that elderly pious pilgrim of our motorbus? We had not seen her gazing out over the grey waters of the Sound which once gently rocked the little Mayflower; nor was she, to our knowledge, a worshiper at any Pilgrim shrine that day. We found her in Plymouth town, her eyes fixed earnestly, we might even say hungrily, upon an old-fashioned English flower-garden,

than which there are no flower-gardens in the world more beautiful.

At a gentle nod from her to eager, palpably curious fellow-travellers, we hastened to engage her in conversation.

"What do you think," she exclaimed, "I have been gathering seeds and slips and bulbs all day. You have no idea how delightfully generous and sympathetic the people of Plymouth have been. I am going to have a regular old Plymouth garden at my home in the State of Maine. One of its prettiest and most attractive beds will be a true English 'herb-garden.' It will be set with those aromatic plants unfamiliar, most of them, to our American eyes, but so well-known and dear to our hearts through English classical poetry—that of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Herrick. I shall grow mint, rue, cummin, caraway, rosemary, Saint John-wort, vervain, orpine, anise, coriander, chicory, amaranthine, love-in-idleness, thyme, muskrose, egg-lantine. Around the borders of my 'Shakespeare Garden,' the common meadow-flowers of his England shall bloom—violets, daisies, pansies, blue and white milkwort, yellow gorse and pink heather."

"If I were a great poet—and dead," one of us told her, "no monument, no tablet, no shrine whatever could be as sweet to me as that charming memorial garden of yours transplanted to the New World, from pages of English poetry."

So, more agape than ever at this delightfully topsy-turvy old world of ours, we went our ways, leaving fair Plymouth town to its memories and its pilgrims.



Plymouth Harbor

The Vagabond

By V. Grace Wheeler

When I see the clouds of springtime
Shining blue and floating high—
And I hear the song bird's welcome
On the budding bough nearby,
When the woods are filled with violets
Then the world I long to see,
For it always seems that springtime
Makes a gypsy out of me!

Then when the springtime passes
And the summer days dawn clear,
When the lanes are cool and shady
And the butterflies appear—
Then again I long to wander
Happy-hearted, jancy-free,
For the dawning of the summer
Makes a vagabond of me!

And as the days grow shorter
And Mother Nature dons her gown
Of bronze and browns and crimsons,
And the birds have southward flown;
When the bins are over-flowing
With the harvest's golden grain,
Then I feel the calling, calling,
Of the wanderlust again!

But when at last the winds of winter
Are blowing loud and shrill,
And a frosty coat of snow and ice
Is covering vale and hill;
Then the cosy fireside beckons
And I have no wish to roam,
For the magic spell of winter
Calls the vagabond, back home!

Uncle Chris and the Twinklies Visit Maderia

Continued from page 29

and about twelve miles wide, dropped into the Atlantic Ocean five hundred miles from any mainland.

Mountains make the backbone of Madeira, and the sightseer there must climb from the sea-shore four thousand feet up into the air. When Uncle Chris and the Twinklies looked around for a motor-bus or some conveyance drawn by a horse, mule or donkey, they found there are none of these in Madeira. In the whole island there are only one or two vehicles with wheels.

In what, then, do you suppose the Twinklies explored Madeira? The answer is, in a sled drawn by a yoke of slow-going oxen. A sled in a tropical island, you say! True, there is no snow in Madeira at any season. But all her village roadways and her steep, winding trails are carpeted with millions and millions of tiny pebbles. A vehicle on wheels there would jolt one to a jelly. But the bullock-sleds have been slipping and sliding over these little stones for so many centuries that they have made the whole island like a glassy toboggan-slide.

As the sled carrying the Twinklies, round-eyed with amazement, lumbered along, Uncle Chris pointed out to them another curious thing about Madeira: Palm-trees growing side by side with pine-trees; great bunches of bananas hanging overhead, blackberry hedges below; a fig-tree leaning over one crumbling wall, an apple-tree over the next.

"Old King Sol seems to love this little island," Uncle Chris remarked, "for, with the help of the mist and moisture of the sea-fairies, he gives Madeira products of both the temperate and the torrid zones."

But the Twinklies soon found that the most famous product of this island is not Nature's, but is the handiwork of Madeira's women and girls—the beautiful hand-embroidery which they have been making there for centuries. Through open doors of the houses many heads could be seen bending over the lovely needlework.

Indeed it takes almost all of the island's one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, working busily all the time, to supply the demand of the world for the famous hand-embroidery. Their artists design the

exquisite patterns; girls stamp these upon tablecloths, sheets, baby-dresses, handkerchiefs, and undergarments; men and boys from the factories carry the pieces to the homes to be embroidered by the women, at the same time paying for and bringing back the finished work.

The Twinklies were surprised to see even twelve-year-old children of Madeira doing their part, some trimming the rough edges of scallops, others folding the embroidered pieces for shipping so as to show the beautiful patterns to best advantage.

Once Uncle Chris and Peter jumped off their jogging ox-sled and climbed the trail on foot for a while beside a man and boy they met. Uncle Chris could speak a little Portuguese and soon found out that the man was a clerk from the factories travelling about with his boy-helper to take work to the embroiderers all over the island. It was little Juan, only twelve years old, who must carry on his shoulders the heavy chest of linen, weighing thirty pounds or more. This chest never grew any lighter because as the new work was taken out and given to the women, their finished pieces were put in.

Peter laid his hand on the big chest and wondered how he himself would like to climb that steep mountain trail all day with such a heavy burden on his shoulder. But little Juan was strong and sure-footed, his big dark eyes were very bright, and the smile he gave the Canadian boy was cheerful.

"That chap would be a good pal on a scout-hike, a heavy knap-sack would be nothing to him," Peter commented as he scrambled back on to the bullock-sled.

Before long, three roaring blasts from the *Friendship's* smoke-stacks warned the world-cruisers they must leave Madeira. Peter took with him some bits of volcanic rock for his mineral cabinet at home, while Carol tucked away in her steamer-trunk a beautiful little Madeira-embroidered handkerchief.

"It is very pleasant to think," said Miss Georgiana Larke, "that there is somewhere a whole islandful of people who spend all their time making lovely things for the rest of the world to enjoy."

I Learn to Fly

Continued from page 9

most brilliant pilots are poor instructors, unable to convey their wealth of knowledge and experience to the pupil. Many more excellent instructors can impart their years of technical knowledge, but cannot unloosen the richness of their own experience and personality, which itself has peculiarly fitted them for the air. Captain Baker belongs to a rare minority, to whom the air is a sacred delight, flying a vocation, of flawless courage, steel judgment, with the power and domination to inject as much of these qualities into the student-pilot as the latter's character can absorb.

My hours at Heston were sheer delight. I loved to get there at the start of the day's work before the school 'planes were pulled out from the hangars. Watch the unfolding of their wings, the testing of their motors, controls and all vital parts before Mr.

Evelyn H. Newman, or Mr. Geoffrey Mahony, pilot-instructors, took each one in turn for a test-flight, prior to allowing any student in the cockpit. Every day the same, the 'planes are examined and tested in the morning, and as often as necessary during the day, for that matter. If a student makes a bad landing, out rushes one of the chief ground engineers, Mr. B. Cleaver or Mr. T. Langford, to assure himself that no weakening or damage has been sustained.

The Captain strolls along the tarmac, inspects the 'plane I like to call "mine" by right of usage. I fairly snuggle into the back cockpit in anticipatory pleasure. Fasten the safety-belt, attach the telephone connection, put down my goggles. Unfailingly every day, the Captain would ask through the telephone: "Can you hear?"

[Continued on page 40]



What a happy combination!

Asparagus—for springtime
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Tender asparagus spears—of course! You know how appealing they are, in dozens of salads and hot vegetable dishes.

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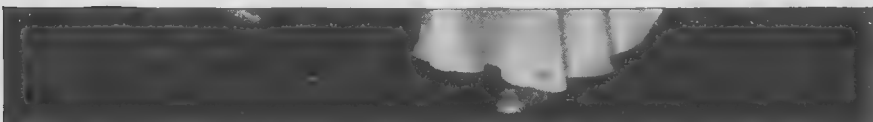
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It is soft not only at first but later, when ordinary protection is so apt to grow stiff and uncomfortable. It is rounded and gently tapered, to make the pad fit better. And though this improvement was introduced primarily for comfort, it offered a second advantage; Kotex is inconspicuous, even under snug, smooth-fitting gowns.

Why Kotex absorbs so well

The absorbent used in Kotex is Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. It takes up five times as much moisture as an equal weight of cotton. The moisture is distributed, so that it does not concentrate all in one place. This, of course, means that Kotex protection is daintier as well as more effective.

Why is it so much more efficient? Because the absorbent is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers—each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers remove moisture quickly away from the surface.

Many hospitals, recognizing this superiority, demand Kotex for their patients. They find it an improvement over the finest surgical

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You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name
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I Learn to Fly

Continued from page 39

Are you comfy? Goggles down? Ready?"

Ready! I should say I always was! I dreamed flying every night of my instruction period, dreamed it all day, so that by the time my half-hour lessons came round, it seemed that I had been waiting an eternity.

I was always completely happy in the air, pretending to myself that I was a bird, choosing the school 'plane with the most sensitive controls to get the most reaction out of it. On bumpy days I liked to imagine that it was a kite, buffeted by the wind, or a ball that I could toss about near the clouds. The Captain let me spin, loop and half-roll at an early stage, to my joy and delight, before I had to settle down to the spade-work of "landings."

Learning to land is always more difficult for a brown-eyed pupil, than for one with grey or blue eyes. That is the theory of Captain Baker, shared by several other notable flying instructors. At my preliminary unsuccessful efforts to land the machine, the Captain would only laugh and say: "It's those brown eyes of yours!" He explained his theory. I was not comforted.

The monotony of seemingly endless taking-off, flying round the gasometer, landing badly, indifferently or well, to the Captain's chanted command for handling the stick: "Flatten out—gently—back a little—back a little—backalittle—rightbackinchertummy," as I pulled the stick finally right back into my "tummy"—was varied by rough and bumpy weather which I enjoyed. The 'plane became a living thing to me, jumped, squirmed like a restive horse. Whenever the weather became calmer, I found it more difficult to land than ever.

Joyful day when we gave up the eternal "landings" as being more or less satisfactory. To his blessed "What would you like to do?" in the tone of inviting me to a treat, I had an answer ready.

"Let's fly right on top of that fat, woolly cloud, and spin down through it"—a "treat" I had coveted for some time. Up we went, right above a big cloud piled up like a huge ice-cream. I set the 'plane right on top, threw it into a spin, let it whirl round and round till the dark ground loomed below in sullen contrast to the opaque mist, through which we had been boring a hole. After I had got the 'plane out of the spin, I found the motor had died on us—cold. This was a new experience to cope with. The Captain told me to dive the plane' which started the propeller again, and after two loops, which I felt to be a fitting culmination to the "treat," we landed in.

The Captain also puts his pupils through what he calls a "psychological test." Takes the machine up a couple of thousand feet, throws it into every manner and means of stall, spin, diving, rolling or tumbling position, from which the student must rescue it within seconds. I found that real sport, like pouncing on an escaping wild animal.

As I had hoped, my first solo flight followed as naturally as the preceding instruction had progressed. In the comparative calm of one evening, after

some dual, the Captain jumped out of the front cockpit with: "Would you like to take her up now?" I had no hesitation; it seemed quite natural. But all the same, I was a little bit surprised not to feel nervous or disconcerted at the sight of an empty cockpit in front for the very first time. I tried to discover what I was feeling most. It had definitely to do with "not letting the Captain down" as I saw him watching from the ground in company with some companions, who knew that he had just "got a pupil off solo." Heavens! How badly I wanted to do him credit out of gratitude for all he had given me of patience and attention. I had a wild idea of looping, or rolling to bring the joy of satisfaction to his instructor's heart. Then common-sense dictated that if I started these antics on a first solo, his heart would be affected probably quite otherwise. So I planned a graceful perfect three-point landing. Instead of which I made three hopeless attempts to land, each time opening the throttle and going off again, before settling to earth the fourth time, somehow, somewhere on the aerodrome.

Congratulations on all sides only made me the more embarrassed, since I had the uncomfortable feeling that the Captain, at least, could read into my disillusioned, ambitious soul.

Came the tests for the Air Ministry License. Figures of eight, the altitude test, on the first of which I reached over 10,000 feet, in my ignorance became suspicious because the motor began to balk at that height, disinclined to cut it off as the test required in case it died out entirely. So made the test again later.

DURING my first solos and period of license tests, genuine interest and kindness revealed many well-wishers and friends at Heston. "Uncle" Tovell, whose genial personality is a Heston landmark, was, if possible, more encouragingly smiling than ever. Miss Susan Slade, enthusiastic flier, Mrs. A. Spencer Cleaver, "the best-dressed woman aviator," courageous flier combined with gracious femininity, Captain D. H. Cameron, who helped to coach me on the technical part of the test, kindly Mr. Joe Hayes, "recording angel" of time spent in the air, Mr. A. Barker, who sacrificed a whole morning of his weekly holiday at the Royal Aero Club and Air Ministry for me—a group of "real" people, acquaintance with whom is going to mean something to me for all time in my world travels. My precious License is not only a passport to new worlds in the air, but an unwritten album of happiest memories.

The license obtained, I travelled very prosaically in a train to Friedrichshafen, to take part in the trial flights of the twelve-motored Dornier sea-plane, "DO-X." In the same breath that he congratulated me on my Aviator's Certificate, Captain Christian Christiansen, commander of the "DO-X" declared that I would not be a real pilot until I had had a crash. Which "God forbid," I hastily added. I don't believe that with an instructor like Captain Baker, and reasonable care, any pilot need have a crash to consummate his or her air-baptism.



Della's Last Race

Continued from page 13

to me as fast as her little legs could carry her. I cleaned and groomed her, and watched over her little body night and day as only a proud mother can. She grew up big and strong, and I would take her to the corner of the pasture, and any horse that would be passing along in the opposite field, she would race them along the side of the fence. It made me so proud to stand there, and I loved to watch her cocky little spirit.

This happiness could not last forever, and one day two men entered the pasture, and after thoroughly discussing her merits they lassoed my baby and put a halter on her, and led her away. I will not dwell on this sad moment. It is sufficient to say I stood there trembling, and, as she looked back at me with her big innocent eyes all affright, I wanted to die. Life held no further joy for me. I picked up my courage and ran frantically to the corner of the field and watched her being led away behind a dray. Down to the long, long trail that led back to the dusty, merciless city, and away to the old Glory sale at Chicago. I could see her pulling her halter to be free, looking back, ever backwards. I whinnied, and she stood stock-still, then, as they jerked her along, she gave a pitiful little whinny back. It sounded like something I had heard before; like the wind moaning dismally in pain. That cry has haunted my dreams like a ghost from out of the past ever since.

Days that passed, I could not eat, even the water in the old log trough did not taste the same. The grass seemed to have lost its sweetness; the moisture had gone; the sun had ceased to shine with its old brightness for me.

Finally, I could stand it no longer, and one night, when the moon looked down upon me with infinite pity, as it does on the sorrows of this turbulent world, I nosed the bar off the gate and silently stole away towards the city, travelling the trail my baby colt had taken. I wandered from pasture to pasture; I became stiff and sore from sleeping out nights in the rain, and as I had no shoes on, my tendons were giving me a lot of trouble, as I had run so many tedious races over many hard tracks.

ONE night I was resting by a farm house after a long day's journey, and the farmer came out to me with a kind look in his eyes. I waited till he reached me, and he patted me tenderly across the mane and said: "Well, old girl, are you lost?—come on—come on—" He knew by my build I was a Thoroughbred horse, and I followed him to the barn. He gave me some fresh water, and then gave me a quart of oats, and believe me, I sure did love that dish after my long journey.

The little children would come out to me or I would go out to them, and they would hand me bread, then I would put my head on their little shoulders to be loved and kissed; they would pat my legs, and try to get on my back. Would I kick or bite? No, the children loved me and I loved them as only a dumb animal can. The only work I had was taking the youngsters to and from school, and when seeing a rig coming from the opposite direction, I would slow down to a walk and turn out well to the right to avoid an accident.

I always got a thrill in my old age when there was sickness at the house. A doctor was to be sent for, and I could still hear my master saying: "Hitch old Della to the buckboard and

hurry; she would get you there safe!" I might not have got them there as fast as in my younger days, but I got them there and back safe. My old legs used to be pretty stiff and sore sometimes.

It was over a year, however, before I was finally claimed by a man whom, I afterwards heard, stated that my master had sold out and left the country. He took me to work as a dray horse in the city, carting ice on the old Red River. He said I was too dispirited a horse for anything else. If he only knew what bothered me!

My daily work was plying ice back and forth with another horse to whom I was hitched. And on asking all my chums along the river, they informed me that the races had changed. The pari-mutuels had control of the racing both on ice and mud-tracks.

WE WERE working as usual one Saturday afternoon, and the ice-loads had been particularly heavy; I was very tired, and my head was somewhat drooped. Looking up, I saw crowds gathering by the old stand, and presently, the ice that I was carting was turned into a midway, as drivers and owners were leading out their horses for workouts. There they were, with bright checkered blankets, hobbles and all, that I knew so well. I pricked up my ears and listened to them talk—the same old lingo!—as to who was the better horse; but with it was mingled a different betting spirit than I had known in the old days, and there seemed to be a lot of talk about a horse named Ward Brisac and what he could do. It seemed you placed a \$2.00 ticket on your favorite to play first place and show, and if you won, you got the "dough."

Presently the owners were walking very close to us, and I heard some proud horse say: "Now gallop down to the Mutuels and get yourself a combination ticket on yourself; you will need the three ways—coming, going and also-ran."

The heats were run off and on all day, and still I came and went with my wagon of ice, until near the close of the day when all but the last race was run. The pari mutuels had reaped in the harvest, and the crowds began placing their bets on new favorites. My owner drove up a little nearer, and I saw the score-ups as I had in days gone by. There were faces there that looked familiar. They must have been sired by friends of mine of the long-ago. Was it Main Chief that stood there so straight and strong? Or was it his son? 'Twas hard to say, and all the others. Who is that with the star on her forehead—and then I drew a big intake of breath—I knew, instinct told me it could be no other that would score up to the wire with such pride of build; such a body; such a head—but my colt that I had loved and yearned over in the fields of clover out in the sunshine. And yet she was so far away I could not be sure.

With bated breath I watched; they were off and away with my baby in the lead, as I prayed and knew she would be. Oh, what a glorious sight to see—manes flying in the Western breeze, and the action of those legs I will never forget! No need to put hobbles on my baby; at last they had got some horse-sense. No check, just running pretty—running free, as only a beast can run with pride. On they came with the hot air belching from their nostrils, making a mist and obscuring my line of vision. I threw up my head proudly and whinnied, and with one wild bound

[Continued on page 55]

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Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

ONE of the interesting developments of modern education is shown in the services rendered by high class correspondence schools which distribute courses specially designed to help students who are unable to attend local schools and who, if they wish to get ahead, must study at home during spare time. This method has proved highly successful in thousands of cases and students who enroll in a good school and who will follow carefully the definite instructions provided by the schools, need have no fear about the successful outcome of their studies. Many prominent educators have endorsed this plan; some, indeed, say that in many respects the correspondence plan of instruction is superior to that provided in the class-room. In theory, class-room instruction is said to provide a personal element that is lacking in postal instruction, but in practice this is not always the case because most classes are now so large and the periods of instruction in any subject are so short that little time is provided for personal contact between the instructor and the student.

Here is the opinion of the Advertisers' Weekly, London, England:

"Correspondence instruction means equal opportunity for all. It puts within the reach of the average man and woman the specialized knowledge that is essential to success in these highly competitive days. One great advantage is that the instruction can be taken in leisure hours without interference with the present occupation. The student progresses at his own speed, because he is in a class by himself and is not obliged to adapt himself to the pace of others."

The great advantage of correspondence instruction is that it is secured through the detailed typewritten explanations that are furnished to all students, this providing them with reference material that may be used as often as is required.

Among the outstanding schools on this continent which are offering instruction by mail are the LaSalle Extension University, of Chicago, Ill., the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., and the Shaw Schools of Toronto.

The student who registers for a course in any one of these schools may do so in assurance that he will be well served and that at the completion of his course he will have secured training fully equivalent to instruction that may be secured by personal attendance at any local school.

Vocabulary Building

SEVERAL correspondents have written recently asking for information concerning plans for improving their vocabularies in connection with the writing of articles and of composition generally. There are several standard books that deal with the matter of vocabulary building. A manual of much interest has been published recently by Mr. G. A. Hartrampf, of the Gould Building, Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A. To those who care to write Mr. Hartrampf will send free a copy of his Word Chart, which gives full information concerning the manual and which also contains an idea chart which will prove of much interest and help to correspondents who wish to strengthen their vocabularies.

The manual contains very complete lists of synonyms and antonyms under the heading of verbs, adjectives and nouns. The following is a small group of the adjectives that appear under the heading of praise:

acclamatory, laudatory
adulatory, flattering
approbative, commendatory
approbatory, approbative
benedictive, benedictory
benedictory, blessing
commendatory, approbative
complimentary, praiseful
congratulatory, approbative
encomiastic, eulogistic
farewell, valedictory

A very complex index enables the student to find quickly any word that he may want and this word is the key to a large group of similar words.

The Private Secretary

AN ALBERTA reader is advised that a Canadian book suitable for home study by those interested in the work of a secretary is Canadian Commercial Correspondence, published by Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto. This is an inexpensive manual of some three hundred pages and contains chapters on the business letter, sentences, paragraph writing, word studies, official correspondence, correct abbreviations, secretarial duties, civil service tests, office routine and business organization.

The Stamp Collector

THERE is considerable interest in the subject of stamp collecting among Western Canadians. This is a hobby that can be commended and it should be followed as a matter of interest and education rather than as a matter of profit, although many collectors succeed in making the hobby profitable as well as interesting. The hand-book generally used for reference on this continent is the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, published by Scott Stamp and Coin Co. Ltd., 1 West 47th Street, New York. The 1931 edition of nearly two thousand pages is now ready. It gives the date of issue, color, shape and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world.

Answers

THE answers that follow are summaries of information that has been furnished by letters to various readers. These answers are summarized because they may prove of interest to other readers with similar problems.

Information concerning Dominion Civil Service Examinations may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa.

Readers interested in the study of Commercial Law may procure information concerning a method of study by addressing their enquiries to the editor of this department.

A good summary of the arguments for and against evolution may be obtained for ten cents from Pickering and Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

A modern and reliable home and office dictionary may be secured from the Oxford University Press, Toronto, the dictionary being the Concise Oxford Dictionary.

There are several systems of shorthand suitable for home study. Advice concerning the best methods may be secured direct from the editor of this department.

There are several handbooks published on the subject of public speaking; indeed the list is rather extensive. Readers who are interested should write to the editor of this department and state whether they wish for help in public speaking generally or in debating. Information will then be forwarded.



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LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

AN INTERESTING case was recently before the Court of Appeal of Manitoba, which exemplifies some of the legal difficulties that ensue in the division of property between a husband and wife. The parties to this action had been living together as husband and wife and continued to do so after the trial and up to the hearing of the appeal. Apparently the only point of friction was the division of certain property. A bank account had been kept in the woman's name for several years and both parties had deposited considerable sums in the account. A dispute arose between them as to the ownership of two houses paid for largely with cheques drawn upon this bank account. Two lots were bought by the man in his own name. Two houses were purchased by contract and paid for from the wife's bank account and moved to the lots and repaired there.

The court was satisfied that a very considerable portion of the wife's own money had gone into the purchase of the lots and the houses. The judges were unable to ascertain the exact amount that each party had contributed to the bank account, but as it was in the wife's name it was deemed to have been her property and the other property purchased with this money must therefore belong to the wife. The husband was therefore directed to transfer the lots to the wife.

The case is interesting in illustrating that while husband and wife may consider all their property as being jointly owned, still, when an argument arises one or the other is likely to find that he or she has quite misunderstood who, in law, is actually the owner.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Tisdale, Sask.

Q. Some time ago I ordered a set of books from an agent. I signed my name to them and paid \$2.00 down. When my husband came home he said we could not afford them so I wrote right away to the company and told them I could not take them. Anyhow, these books came ten or twelve days later so I refused to take them in and since then they have been continually bothering me with letters and now threaten to take this to Court. I told them they could keep the \$2.00 for shipping the books back but they say that won't do. My husband refuses to have them in the house. Can they make me pay for these books?—B.G.G

A. Apparently you have no grounds for claiming cancellation of your contract because of fraud or misrepresentation on the part of the agent at the time he obtained your order. Such representations might enable you to cancel the contract and in this way terminate any liability. Assuming that you are liable on the contract, we imagine that the contract is of the usual type which gives very strong protection for the vendor of the books, and they would have little difficulty in enforcing the claim against you to the

[Continued on page 44]



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"When Turn Comes Canada in the Lead"

Bank of Montreal Meeting

The annual general meeting of the Bank of Montreal was marked by a distinct feeling of confidence in the general outlook in Canada.

Sir Charles Gordon, the President, in reviewing the principal developments of the year, said in part:—

"I am sure it will be very gratifying to the shareholders to learn that we have not suffered any losses from depreciation in the securities which the Bank holds as part of its assets. From this you will understand that great care has been exercised in our investments.

"The year under review has been a most difficult one not only for banks but for practically all classes of business, and this has been reflected in our profits, but nevertheless ample provision has been made for all losses and prospective losses.

"Examination of the figures of the foreign trade of Canada shows how large a part the item of wheat plays. No other single commodity approaches this cereal in volume and value; as a consequence, when crop failure occurs or prices fall below the line of profitable production, the whole business of the country is adversely affected. That has happened. The wheat crop of 1929 was short in quantity; the crop of 1930 faced low prices and a glutted market; and the foreign trade returns disclose the results of these unfavorable factors. To short crops and congested markets can be traced much of the reaction in general business, the decline in railway traffic, the diminished earnings of car-

riers by land and water, unemployment of labor, and, above all, diminished purchasing power of the agricultural class.

"In summing up his conclusions, Sir Charles stated that "in this virile country of Canada with its abounding resources there can be no permanent depression. My own view is that when the turn comes Canada will be found leading the procession in the return to prosperity."

General Managers' Address

The address of W. A. Bog and Jackson Dodds, the General Managers, dealt more particularly with the report of the Bank for the past fiscal year. The report said in part:

"In times like the present it is inevitable that losses suffered through the heavy fall in prices must affect Banks at least indirectly. It is a satisfaction to be able to assure you that we have made ample provision for all losses and doubtful debts.

"You will note that the traditionally strong liquid position of your Bank has been maintained. This was accomplished without curtailing the credit requirements of our customers.

"A notable increase during the year in the number of small accounts is specially gratifying, as we have consistently emphasized the fact that the Bank of Montreal welcomes small accounts."

In referring to the situation in Canada the report said:—

"The return of prosperity will probably be slow, but there are grounds for believing that the bottom of the depression is near at hand."

Legal Information

Continued from page 43

extent of obtaining a Judgment. On the other hand, a Judgment against a married woman is often ineffective. No married woman can be compelled to pay a Judgment, unless she has separate property or earnings of her own. The average married woman has no earnings, and any money she receives is really a gift from her husband and she cannot be compelled to make settlement of her debts, so that a Judgment against her is in effect uncollectible.

If you desire to defend payment of the account and are prepared to attend in court upon Judgment Summons and tell the court you have no means of payment, then the Judgment cannot be enforced against you. If, however, you are not prepared to stand the humiliation of such court proceedings you had better make arrangements for settlement of the contract before costs are incurred, or settle immediately the writ is issued.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. Could you give me any information regarding some land in Saskatchewan described as N.E. ¼ Section 4; S.E. ¼ Section 9; N.W. ¼ Section 9; S.E. ¼ Section 15; S.E. ¼ Section 16; N.E. ¼ Section 16, all of Section 22; N.E. ¼ Section 21; S.E. ¼ Section 28, Township 50, Range 13, West of 3rd Meridian, Saskatchewan. I understand this is all owned by one man. Could you verify this, and whether or not the land is cultivated, and what it is suitable for?—"Fred."

A. The service which we offer our subscribers is advice upon legal matters. From time to time we have been able to give subscribers some information as to the value of property in the vicinity of Winnipeg but our facilities do not permit us to give such information in the district to which you refer. The information you require can be obtained from your solicitors. You might also get the information by

writing to the Treasurer of the municipality in which the land is situated. Calgary, Alta.

Q. Please tell me how to apply for a patent, and what the cost is, if any.—A.W.C.

A. An application for the patent of an invention should be made to the Commissioner of Patents at Ottawa, Ontario. We believe the fee payable to the Government is about \$40.00. If you employ a solicitor to assist you in obtaining the patent his charges will probably amount to about \$75.00.

Megan, Sask.

Q. Does a person who, with a knowledge and a workable idea of a fingerprint expert, require a license to officiate as such in Saskatchewan, and is the said person entitled to the abbreviation of F.P.E. after his name on letters, etc? I have been studying this profession nearly four years now.—D.S.

A. We do not know of any law in Saskatchewan which would require you to have a license. However, wide powers are given to municipalities to license particular trades and occupations, and your municipality may have passed a by-law requiring you to take out a license but we do not think this likely. You may indicate your profession by any letters which you may desire. Calgary, Alta.

Q. I have been wondering if it is possible for a private individual to organize a racing sweepstake.

Would you kindly enlighten me as to the rules and regulations governing sweepstakes in this country as I have a quantity of money I would like to invest in this direction, if possible.—F.G.M.

A. The Criminal Code of Canada prohibits the holding of any lottery or sweepstake. Small local lotteries are sometimes tolerated by the authorities, not because they are legal but because they have charitable objects.

Dollars and Cents

THE most important news of recent weeks has been the reorganization of the central selling agencies for the Western Wheat Pools. These organizations have entered a new phase in their dealing with the very vital problem of the West, namely, that of obtaining a market for Canadian wheat. Mr. McFarland announced that the Wheat Pool would abandon its policy of maintaining its own selling agents and would revert to the old plan, whereby the Western grower would market his grain through the regular foreign agents who are dealing in the grains consumed in foreign countries.

From the comments which appear on every side it is apparent that the grain trade consider this a very constructive move. It is equally obvious that a great many of the partisans of the Pool consider the policy very destructive. It is certain that Mr. McFarland will have a difficult job on his hands.

It will be very interesting to see whether the change in management and policy of the Pool will result in any appreciable improvement in the financial returns to the members. Obviously there is very little hope of any immediate improvement in world conditions which can assist in giving better prices for grains. A much more constructive proposal lies in the hope that the Dominion Government may follow the strong recommendations of several leading business men that it should in some way financially assist the grain farmers in getting a living

wage for their work. It is a very vital problem for the West where in many rural districts business has been paralyzed by the absolute lack of ready money.

At a time when many people consider it advisable to husband their resources, when the amount of money in savings accounts in Canadian banks is constantly increasing, it is refreshing to see that large aggressive industries see this as the time to expand and prepare for the new era of prosperity which they anticipate as only a little ahead of us in Western Canada.

Christie, Brown & Co. Ltd., the well known biscuit manufacturers, have commenced construction of a most modern bakery in Winnipeg. No expense will be spared to make this plant a model of efficiency. The factory will be completed in the summer of 1931 and will be strategically placed to serve the whole of Western Canada. The anticipated employment of 100 persons will be a welcome payroll in Manitoba. When Christie Brown & Co. Ltd. have decided to spend three quarters of a million dollars at this time on this new development it is obviously an expression of faith in the growing prosperity of Western Canada.

Another important announcement is that the Campbell Soup Co. Ltd. will shortly commence erection of a \$300,000 plant in New Toronto and employ between 250 and 500 persons. This company has achieved a wide distribution in Canada for its soups and associated canned products. The annual

payroll will probably amount to nearly \$400,000. Previously the company manufactured its products outside of Canada, but the new factory will now distribute soups made from Canadian grown vegetables. This will of course provide a ready market for trainloads of vegetables where formerly there was no market in Canada for them. The company anticipates that it will be able to reduce the price of its products and in this way double its present volume of sales in Canada.

All around us we see evidence that the successful and aggressive industrial leaders see the present as the opportune moment for making ready for taking full advantage of the returning tide of prosperity which their experience and foresight tells them must be anticipated within the next year.

THE annual report of the Bank of Montreal for the year ending October 31, 1930, reflects to a large extent the general business conditions in Canada. The Bank did less business than it did in 1929 but it is a tribute to the efficiency and sound policy of the management that the actual earnings per share on the capital stock of the Bank are only a very little below the per share earnings of the previous year. Owing to the withdrawal of money from the stock market and the slowing down of general business and the consequent drop in Bank loans, the Bank has had to look elsewhere for maintaining its earnings and for this reason a very large proportion of its resources are invested in Dominion and Provincial bonds and other public securities.

The statement of the Bank also shows that under good management there is no reason why any Canadian organization should not continue to show fair earnings even in times of depression, and is evidence of the very sound underlying conditions of Canadian business.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Stirling, Alta.

Q. Could you give me any information in regard to the Roby Company, supposed to be established in Cote St. Paul, Montreal. Also branch factory in Winnipeg, Man. Is this company a fact. Can the shareholders ever expect any returns of capital invested? — R.C.B.

A. Roby's Products Limited have a factory at Montreal and a branch in Winnipeg and are actually carrying on business. This company is a new promotion and has entered into a very highly competitive field at a period when there has been severe contraction in the market for its products. The company was marketing an artificial floor surfacing which did not prove particularly satisfactory and we believe it has recently discontinued its distribution.

It has not yet published a financial statement, so that we are not able to give you any definite information as to the immediate prospect of any dividends being paid. In our opinion the stock is quite speculative at the present time and in the absence of any publication of financial standing of the company we cannot estimate how soon you will be able to obtain any return on your security.

Bromhead, Sask.

Q. I have been contemplating purchasing stock in the Graphic Publishers Limited and would like your opinion as to whether you consider it a safe investment or entirely speculative. — D.A.M.

A. The Graphic Publishers Limited, Ottawa, were incorporated under a Dominion Charter with an authorized capital of \$50,000, divided into 1,000

shares of seven per cent preferred voting stock at \$50.00 per share, and 1,500 shares of common, no-par-value stock.

It will be appreciated that a company embarking in the publishing business is entering a highly competitive field which is now dominated by American publications, which, with their very much larger market and consequently larger output have so far overshadowed any purely Canadian publications.

The Graphic Company has undertaken to publish fine Canadian books of purely Canadian type. This undertaking, while laudable and worthy of support from an altruistic standpoint, must be viewed purely from its financial position.

One of the objections to the stock is that it lacks marketability. You will have to consider that if you purchase it you may have to hold your stock for a considerable time before you can sell it.

Victoria, B.C.

Q. Will you please tell me if the London Life Insurance Company, Main Office London, Ont., is a sound company to take out insurance with? — N.A.P.

A. The London Life Insurance Company is one of the strongest Canadian Life Companies and we believe a policy with that company would prove quite satisfactory.

Strongfield, Sask.

Q. I would like your opinion of an oil company I have invested money in. It started out as the Prudential Oil Co., then changed to the Association Securities Limited and lately changed to Exploration Co. They claim they have properties in several places through the Western Provinces, also that they have had Eugene Coste as their geologist for the past year on the Blood Indian Reserve. Have offices in several cities, but main office is in Moose Jaw, Hammond Building.

I have a number of shares and would like to know their value. — D.A.B.

A. We believe that any shares you may have in the above companies have no present value. If the companies should be successful in finding oil on any of its properties then they may have some value. However, we would consider the shares at present an unattractive speculation.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. I have shares in the "Mother Lode Mining Co. Ltd." Have heard nothing of it and wondered if they are of any value now. The last I heard of them was in 1909. — M.B.

A. This company is listed among the dead or dormant companies. Apparently its property was in the Rice Lake area of Manitoba. It may be that if you write to the Company at 833 Home Street, Winnipeg, you may be able to obtain some up-to-date information.

Yorkton, Sask.

Q. I hold one hundred and thirty shares of Wrigley Tooth Paste Co. Ltd., Head Office, Montreal, Que.

Please tell me if these shares are of any value or if they will be in the near future. — A.F.

A. Our information is that the shares of the Wrigley Tooth Paste Company are an unattractive speculation. We understand that the shares of the Company were sold largely upon the similarity between the name of this company and the well known chewing gum manufacturers, and that so far the company has not made very much progress. The shares of the company are not listed on any of the recognized exchanges so it will be difficult to sell same. If you wrote to the company they might possibly be able to find a purchaser for your shares.



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BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION



By Gertrude Dutton

Meals for Small Children During Winter

DURING our cold short winter days, the children are deprived of the benefit of the ultra-violet rays from the sun. These rays will not penetrate ordinary window-glass, so that playing in a sunny room will not provide them. Only for a short time around noon, at this season of the year, do they reach the earth at all, in Canada, according to the results of very careful experiments made by certain eminent doctors in Toronto. We most assuredly cannot send the children outdoors inadequately clothed, to catch those few rays, which will not penetrate clothing in any case. In the human skin is a substance known as "Cholesterol." The ultra-violet rays act on the cholesterol to form what the scientists call Vitamin D. This is one of the more recently discovered vitamins, and is essential for the proper formation of bones and teeth. The lime will not be deposited properly in the bones, even though the diet gives plenty of mineral matter, without the assistance of Vitamin D. Without the normal deposition of calcium and phosphorus in the bones of growing children, rickets will develop. We have examined many children from homes of comfortable circumstances, in which the mothers have been genuinely interested in the well-being of their children, yet those children have shown unmistakable evidences of having at some time had rickets. Every mother of children would be wise to write to the Department of Health, Ottawa, for a copy of the new bulletin on Rickets, which contains much valuable information, and is free for the asking.

A child who has rickets tends to have enlarged joints, bow-legs, may be knock-kneed, and X-ray photographs show rows of bead-like lumps on the ribs. As it is impossible for us to give the children the sunlight in winter-time, and the use of a mercury-vapor-quartz lamp as a source of ultra-violet rays, is utterly out of the question for almost everybody, the only means left for providing Vitamin D, is in the child's diet.

Frequently the worst cases of rickets are found in children who are growing rapidly. The muscles and other soft tissues are robbing the bones of phosphorus, and, to aggravate the situation, the increasing weight of the child's body is adding extra burden to be borne by the too-soft bones. On the other hand, under-nourished children, who are sure to have rickets, will doubtless have other diseases also, which will probably mean retarded growth. Rickets is much more frequently found in winter than in summer, and is very prevalent among children living in dark, crowded places. Dr. Park, one of the foremost authorities on the subject, says: "If infants were placed in the direct rays of the sun for a part of each day, and were fed cod-liver oil for the first two or three years of life, more could be accomplished in regard to the

eradication of caries of the teeth, than in all other ways put together, and that rickets would be abolished from the earth."

We find this antirachitic vitamin in cod-liver oil, whole milk, egg-yolk, and green vegetables, all of which can and should find a place in the diets of all children.

Recently, a great deal of experimentation has been done in connection with the formation and preservation of the teeth. The results have convinced us that an adequate diet will insure good teeth in young children, and will prevent decay, or will arrest decay which has already started. Foods which prevent rickets will also insure good teeth.

For general good health, normal growth of a healthy child, and particularly to prevent nervous troubles, fruits, vegetables and a very generous amount of

cereal foods should be used. Care is needed to avoid the use of too-much-refined cereals.

Vitamin C is essential for the prevention of scurvy, which is indicated by soreness and stiffness of the joints, looseness of the teeth, and loss of weight. The best sources of this vitamin are oranges, lemons, tomatoes, raw cabbages, apples, bananas, carrots, potatoes. A few of these foods are given to even tiny babies, when there is doubt of the presence of the vitamin in the milk used. Such symptoms as loss of energy, irritability, a sallow muddy complexion, tooth decay, shooting pains in the joints and limbs, the agony which was formerly known as "growing pains" in children are strong indication of a lack of Vitamin C in the diet. Tooth decay is frequently the first indication of the trouble. Even such a slight symptom as an irritable disposition may be corrected by the addition of orange or tomato juice to a child's diet.

A valuable function of Vitamin C in the diet is the lessening of susceptibility to infectious diseases. Vitamin C is readily destroyed by exposure to the air, excessive or prolonged heating, the use of soda, and various means of preservation. For example, pasteurizing of milk, and the various forms of preserved milk, evaporated, dried, etc., means a loss of the vitamin. An orange should not be cut till one is ready to give the juice to the baby, nor a can of tomatoes opened. Some of the best canning factories now offer on the market tiny cans of vegetables on purpose for child-feeding. If a larger can of peas, spinach or tomatoes is opened, it may be used for the whole family with benefit to them. The cut surface of an orange, if part of it must be saved for another meal, should be protected from the air, by covering with waxed paper or inverting on a plate or saucer. Canned vegetables should be covered if not used at once.

The diet must also furnish material for growth and energy, the chief sources being milk, cereal grains, eggs, fruits and vegetables, and some sugar.

DURING the summer time milk is plentiful and rich, vegetables and fruits are very abundant, eggs are inexpensive and easily obtained, and nowhere else do we have better opportunities for getting all the sunshine and fresh air needed than on our Canadian prairies. It is during the short cold winter days that the mothers of small children are faced with a real and serious problem. Many parents pay rather too much attention to tables of weight for their children, and worry unduly when told by well-meaning but misguided friends that a child is under weight. Children vary in size, just as adults do. Nowadays, we take into consideration a child's height in relation to his weight, just as much as the relation between age and weight. The children of small parents naturally would be much lighter than those of larger



Perfume

By Robert Helgason

O Man! Why sail the Seven Seas
For incense rare and sweet perfumes that please?
When close at hand there doth abound
A fragrance that no chemist can compound.

You'll never find it in the scent
Of incense in the templed Orient;
Nor doth it lie within thy power
To find it in the fairest flower.

For that, which I have now in mind,
Is born to live and die with all Mankind;
And I maintain: This side of death,
There's nothing sweeter than a baby's breath.

parents. Racial tendencies are quite important, too. There is of course cause to worry if a small child is not making a regular, steady gain in weight unless there is some reasonable cause, such as an illness or cutting teeth, for a temporary loss or standing still. A baby should double his weight at birth, during the first six months of life, and treble it by the end of the first year. During the rest of his childhood, the growth will be slower, probably from four to six pounds a year. Children should be weighed regularly, every week for the first six months, then every two weeks, and finally once a month. He will doubtless take a keen interest in being weighed and measured, and in learning the gain. Frequently this may be used as a means of inducing the child to eat the foods he ought to have. The weighing and measuring should be done on the same date each month, and preferably with the child undressed. Keeping the record on a chart is very valuable and but a moment's work. Perhaps there is an older child in the family who is careful enough to do this regularly. Divide a large sheet of paper into squares, and across the bottom put the dates on which the weighing is done. Up the left side, space it into pounds and, if wished, inches. Mark the record with a colored ink, pencil or crayon, and keep the chart where the child may watch his own record. Gold or silver stars may be used, also. In the unfortunate circumstance of illness, such a record may be very valuable for the doctor.

CHILDREN are born without prejudices against foods. A dislike for the foods they should eat is due to mere habits or the very ill-advised behavior of some older persons. The sensible mother will not permit a baby to determine what he should or should not have. A dislike for a particular food is usually due to some outside influence, which should never have occurred. Perhaps it will always be associated in his mind with an occasion of punishment and anger. Perhaps a food which should have been warm, has been cold and messy and unpalatable, or he has had his poor little mouth burned with something too hot. Children's meals should *always* be pleasant experiences. Warm foods should be warm, and cool foods cool. Nothing should be highly seasoned, nor of a very pronounced flavor. Such things as mustard, vinegar, spices, pickles, meat sauces, should be entirely unknown to little children.

Much of the interest of meals to children depends upon the manner in which they are served. A dish of porridge tastes ever so much better in a pretty bowl. A few gaily-colored dishes cost but a few cents. Clumsy little hands can grasp a tumbler more readily than the handle of a cup. In cold weather it is a good plan to set the child's dish of warm food in a larger dish of hot water, to keep the food the right temperature, because eating is a slow process with little people.

The diet of children under six years of age should be planned entirely from milk, cereal grains, vegetables and fruits, butter, sugar and eggs. No other food is necessary or desirable. A quart of milk a day is needed by all children, either to drink or part of it used in other foods, such as soups, custards, simple puddings, etc. Raw milk is being used less than formerly, because of the danger of disease from it. The milk is pasteurized, or some preserved form, such as evaporated or dried milk, is used. As these processes destroy more or less the Vitamin C in milk, the precaution is taken of giving babies a little orange or tomato juice, even at the age of two or three weeks, if the baby is fed artificially. Canned

tomato juice, canned grapefruit juice and orange juice are about equally effective as preventatives of rickets, but grapefruit is rather too acid in taste, for small children, and tomatoes are much cheaper than either of the fruit juices.

By the time a child is nine months old, the quart of milk a day is not enough food for him. Two or three times a day he may be given a piece of bread which has been thoroughly dried in the oven. He will not get much nourishment from it, but it will help his teeth to develop. Of course it is not buttered. There is enough fat in his quart of whole milk. He should be having a little well-cooked cereal every day, rubbed through a sieve, and mixed with some of his milk warmed. No sugar should be added to any cereal or he will tire of it too easily. Oatmeal, some wheat cereal, and occasionally a little plain boiled rice, are the best. The cereal should be quite warm, and kept warm to the end of his meal. Some people are a little careless about salting the cereal enough. An occasional meal may be a piece of toast moistened with hot milk, but no sugar added. Of the vegetables, a little baked potato or well cooked carrot, mashed, spinach or peas, rubbed through a sieve, then mixed with some hot milk, and salted, are the best. Careful experiments have taught us that certain brands of commercial spinach will prevent rickets, as will those from our own gardens which we gather and can at once, but spinach which we buy, then can, will not, neither will the canned Swiss chard. Of course the fresh spinach in the summer time, is excellent. In introducing a new food, it is well to give only a teaspoonful or so at first. A spoonful of the yolk of a coddled egg may be given two or three times a week. A child should not be forced to eat eggs, because he may be given a dislike for this very valuable food which would last all his life. There are small children who do not seem to be able to take them. A little of the mashed pulp of a baked apple is enjoyed occasionally, but should not have too much sugar added. About half way between two milk feedings seems to be the best time to give the fruit juices or pulp. A little prune juice and sifted pulp may be given occasionally. Children are much better without meat until they are six years of age, except an occasional piece of crisp bacon, crisp enough to be eaten in the fingers, or a little chicken for a very active child of four years or older, occasionally. For some children needing special care the doctor will advise beef juice, but that is an exceptional situation.

Milk soups made of milk and the juice and pulp of vegetables, are excellent for one or two meals a day. Twice a day is not too often to give a dish of cereal. With the vegetables, bread and butter, eggs, and the simple desserts permitted, it should not be necessary for the busy mother to spend much time doing extra cooking for the children. When cooking porridge for the family, a little can be strained into a bowl and covered to provide two or more meals for the baby, and some for the little three-year-old's supper. One or two extra potatoes may be baked or steamed for the small folks.

Whenever possible, the small children should not be fed at the table with their elders. By the time a baby is over one year old, he should no longer have a bottle, unless he gets a feeding at ten o'clock at night. His other drinks of milk should be from a glass or cup, the rest of his food given to him with a spoon. His cereals and vegetables will be well diluted with milk till he is about fifteen months old, when they may be given much thicker,

[Continued on page 48]

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"BANMORE" Dress Linen.
In a range of new shades that wash well, for all kinds of ladies' and children's garments; colours: parchment, ecru, beige, straw, lemon, gold, tangerine, fawn, new brown, nigger, almond, reseda, jade, grey, deep sky, new sage, lido, red, navy, rose, v. rose, helio, amethyst, white. 36 ins. wide. Per yard .45

"TYROEN" Dress Linen.
Guaranteed Fast Dye Dress Linen with a silky sheen and soft finish. Thoroughly shrunk, washes perfectly; in colours: white, ivory, cream, ecru, sky, new sage, powder blue, wedgewood, lido, navy, jade, reseda, almond, apple, myrtle, mimosa, lemon, gold, pink, rose, v. rose, fraise, cherry, red, cerise, mauve, helio, amethyst, walnut, beaver, nigger, mid brown, grey, fawn, beige, apricot. 36 ins. wide. Per yard .65

PATTERNS ON REQUEST.



and the straining may be omitted if it does not disagree with the child. Perhaps he can now take a whole soft-cooked egg, poached or coddled, with a little baked or mashed potato, for his dinner. He may eat a little crisp dry toast with his cereal and milk for breakfast. By the time he is two years old, it should not be necessary to give him a ten p.m. feeding. He should sleep through from seven or seven-thirty till time to get up in the morning. From eighteen months on, in addition to his egg and vegetable or cream soup dinner, he may want a little dessert of prune pulp or baked apple, or apple sauce. If he has no egg for a meal, the dessert might be a little custard. After two years, a little butter may be added to the bread and toast.

Very few children should have more than one quart of milk a day, as the excess milk prevents him eating the other foods which he should have.

Certain raw vegetables such as radishes, cucumbers, cabbage and the cooked cabbage and corn on the cob should not be given to small children, as they are too great a tax on the digestive system. Many of them like to eat crisp lettuce, at an early age. Celery must be given stewed at first, then when it is no longer hard to digest, raw. Asparagus ranks with peas and spinach in flavor, although it is not of much value for vitamins A, C or D.

Cod liver oil may be purchased in a number of forms, some of it practically tasteless. Fortunately most children like it and have no objection to taking it. We start with 5 drops for a tiny baby, gradually increasing the dose to three tablespoons a day if needed, during the winter time. In addition to its value as a source of Vitamin D, it is one of our richest sources of A. In spite of what some people tell us, olive oil is useless as a provider of Vitamins.

Do not forget to give the child who is too young to tell us what he wants, a drink of cool water, quite often.

If a child is well, gaining in weight steadily, rests well, has clear rosy skin, glossy healthy-looking hair, sparkling eyes, free from colds, and illnesses generally, and is good-natured, we may be reasonably certain that his food is agreeing with him. But all the good food in the world will not do little folk much good if they do not have enough restful sleep and fresh air and as much sunshine as possible.

Desserts the Children May Have

A FAVORABLE impression or otherwise, of a meal so often depends on the dessert. It should be, especially for children, a genuine part of the meal, planned to supply a definite portion of the food requirements, not just a mere addition for a finishing touch. Attractiveness is very important, but should not mean too much labor for the person doing the cooking. Everybody needs some sugar, more of it in the winter than the summer, to provide the extra heat and energy required. The proper place for the sugar is in the form of dessert. No child should be given pie, rich cakes, rich steamed puddings, etc. These desserts are also the most laborious to make.

The men want them occasionally, and should have them, too. Very active school boys can digest a piece of pie once in a long time, but they, too, enjoy the simpler desserts which are so much better for them. Fruits, fresh, dried and canned, milk, eggs, and cereal products, such as rice, barley, cornstarch, sago, and tapioca, form the basis of most of the children's desserts. Gelatin is an invaluable aid.

A few cents may be well spent in buying some individual jelly molds, which may be had in tin for as little as twenty-five cents a dozen, and in aluminum for about forty or fifty cents a dozen. Sherbet glasses may be purchased for as little as ten cents each, and are substantial enough for everyday use. How often have we heard college girls say: "We always like anything in sherbet glasses and the glass cups." Glass dessert plates are not expensive, and do make a simple dessert taste quite like a party. The best dessert that was ever made is spoiled if it is served unattractively.

There is no limit to the possibilities of fruits for desserts. Apples are not expensive this year. They may be baked in a number of ways, such as with white sugar, brown sugar or maple, with raisins or dates in the cavity made when the core is removed. A marshmallow is put in the cavity a moment or two before the apples are removed from the oven. Coconut sprinkled over them as soon as they are taken from the oven. Sweetened with honey. A little butter added when they are sweetened with brown sugar. Pare and cut apples in quarters, put in a stone jar or a covered casserole, cover with a syrup of water and sugar, and bake slowly in the oven, covered. The apples will be in whole pieces, and will be a rich dark color. To coddle apples, pare and quarter them, and cook till tender in a syrup made by boiling for five minutes, granulated sugar and water. A little red or pink color may be added. Skim each piece of apple out as it is cooked, and arrange in an attractive manner on serving dishes. Pour some of the syrup over and around the fruit, unless it is used with some food of a rather juicy nature, such as rice or tapioca pudding. Apple sauce, which is popular, is made by cooking the pared and cut apples in a little water, then beating till free from lumps, and sweetening to taste. Pile in the sherbet glasses, chill, and when ready to serve, put a little whipped cream on each serving.

Apple Snow

Mashed apple pulp ¾-1 c. Egg whites 3 Sugar to taste

Beat the egg whites till stiff and dry, adding a little salt. Fold in the apple pulp, and sweeten to taste. Serve with soft boiled custard made with the yolks of the eggs. Other fruit pulp may be used in place of the apple, such as cooked and stoned prunes, dried apricots, canned or dried peaches.

Brown Betty

Sliced apples 2 c. Soft bread crumbs 2 c.
Sugar ½-¾ c. Butter 1-1½ tb.
Cinnamon 1 t. Water about ¼ c.
A little salt.

In a buttered bake-dish, arrange alternate layers of the crumbs and apples, sprinkle with the sugar, either white or brown, mixed with the

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For full particulars, copies of Examination Papers, etc., apply to the Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

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cinnamon, and dot with the butter. Have crumbs on top. Pour it over the water and bake in a moderate oven till the apples are cooked. Serve warm with hard sauce.

Pineapple

Is there a child who does not like pineapples? We can get good brands nowadays so inexpensively, that we can use them quite often, either plain and cold with cookies, or on many desserts, with gelatin, rice, tapioca, etc. There is an enzyme in pineapples which seems to be particularly good as a remedy for sore throats.

The Cereal Puddings

So many of them are very little work, and if care is taken to have them neither too thick nor too thin, and the starchy material cooked long enough, should be enjoyed by everybody.

One of the best is the old favorite which our grandmothers called the "Stirred-in Rice Pudding." It reminds us of wash-days, when a real good dinner, but one without much work, seems necessary. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ c. rice, well washed, with $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt, 4 c. milk, and a little less than $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of sugar, in a pudding dish. Bake for two and a half or three hours in a slow oven, stirring often, to stir in the crust which forms on top, and to mix the rice through the milk. Serve either cold or warm, with more milk or thin cream, if necessary.

Barley Pudding

Is even better. Use pearl barley in the above recipe, in place of the rice. It is advisable to let the barley soak overnight in cold water, add the water to the milk next day, when mixing the ingredients, as considerable good food matter has soaked out of the grains.

Fruit Rice Puddings

Plain boiled rice may be mixed with milk, eggs, and any one of several kinds of fruit, and cooked till the custard mixture is done. Pineapple, or peaches, apricots, berries, raisins, figs, dates, are all good.

Fruit Tapioca Puddings

For 4 cups of milk or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of minute or $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of pearl tapioca will be required. If the fruit is unsweetened, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar will be needed; a little salt. The pearl tapioca will need to be soaked for an hour or longer before cooking. Apples, pineapple, peaches, berries, and dates are all good with it. A little lemon juice brings out the flavor of the fruit. If there is juice with the fruit, less water will be required.

Line a fruit bowl with sections of canned fruit, such as pineapple or peaches, arranging the pieces attractively. Fill the cooked tapioca mixture, which may have some of the fruit cut in pieces, in it. Let chill, and if whipped cream is to be used with it, spread on top and decorate with more sections of the fruit.

Canned raspberries or strawberries with tapioca, then topped with whipped cream, meringue, or a marshmallow, make a favorite dessert.

Tapioca Cream

Hot milk 4 c.	Salt 1 t.
Tapioca $\frac{2}{3}$ c. pearl	Eggs 3
or $\frac{1}{3}$ c. minute	Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Vanilla 1 t.	

Soak the tapioca if the pearl is used, drain and cook till clear in the hot milk in a double boiler, pour on the beaten eggs, mixed with the sugar and salt, return to the double boiler and cook till the mixture coats the spoon. Cool and add the vanilla.

Caramel Tapioca

Use the recipe for Tapioca Cream, allowing two extra tablespoons of sugar and caramelize the sugar before adding it to the hot tapioca mixture.

Chocolate Tapioca

Use the recipe for Tapioca Cream, adding cocoa or chocolate to taste. The eggs may be omitted and whipped or plain cream served with the pudding.

Cornstarch Puddings

Many people think they do not like cornstarch puddings, but it is because they have eaten puddings which have been either too stiff or too thin or have not been cooked long enough to destroy the flavor or raw starch. Half an hour is not too long to cook it in the double boiler after the pudding has thickened. Plain blanc-mange is made from

Hot milk 4 c.	Cold milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cornstarch $\frac{1}{2}$ c.	Sugar 4 tb.
Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.	Flavoring.

Make a paste of the sugar, cornstarch, salt and cold milk, and pour into the hot milk, stir till thickened, and cook over hot water for half an hour. Cool and flavor. Pour into a mold. Serve with cream, and if needed, sugar.

Variations—Add 1 to 2 squares of melted chocolate, flavor with vanilla.

A little more sugar will be needed, with the chocolate.

Use a little less cornstarch, having a pudding which is not firm enough to mold, and serve a little bright red jelly or jam on top of it, with the cream. Raspberry jam is good.

Add egg-yolks to make the pudding more nourishing, and to give a pale yellow color.

Add any color wished.

Add stiffly beaten egg-whites, to make a fluffy molded pudding.

Serve with yellow boiled custard sauce.

Serve with a chocolate sauce.

Fold in some drained fruit, such as crushed pineapple, cherries, strawberries, or peaches cut in pieces.

Serve with red canned fruit and its juice.

Color half of the mixture, either with a color or with chocolate, and mold in layers, or by alternate spoonfuls with the white, giving an effect like that of marble-cake.

Use a little more sugar and caramelize it before adding to the hot milk.

Add coconut or nut meats.

Junkets

For the children who do not like to drink milk, one of the easiest methods of giving it to them is in the form of junket.

Milk 1 qt.	Junket tablet 1
Sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c.	Salt a speck
	Flavor and garnishing

Heat the milk, sugar and salt till lukewarm, add any color, flavor, etc., to the milk, then quickly stir in the junket tablet which has been crushed and dissolved in a tablespoon of cold water. Stir only till blended, then pour at once into the serving dish or individual dishes, and let stand in the warm room till set, then chill. Serve with cream and sugar, fresh or canned fruits, custard, whipped cream, coconut, sprinkle with nut meats, garnish with jam, etc. Chocolate may be dissolved in the milk. The sugar may be first caramelized, then dissolved in the milk.

Custards of all kinds are good for the children and they usually are well liked, whether baked or boiled, served with a meringue on top as a floating island, or with fruit such as peaches and bananas, with the sugar caramelized, or a variety of flavorings used.

Snow Pudding

Soak 1 tb. of gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of cold water. Add 1 c. of boiling water and stir till the gelatin is dissolved. Add 1 c. of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of lemon juice and a little salt. When it thickens, beat with an egg-beater till frothy. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, mold and serve with a boiled custard made of the egg-yolks, 2 c. of milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of sugar, a little salt and 1 t. of vanilla.

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Is the Church Committing Suicide?

Continued from page 4

His review of the Conference entitled "Vistas and Mists" is a most extraordinary illustration of the fact that it is hard for a man to keep a secret for any length of time, particularly in London where the people are so very close about one.

Speaking of the results achieved by the Conference, His Lordship says, "It is certain that no single bishop is entirely satisfied with these results any more than with the documents in which they are presented. So my first appeal to those who study the Report would be to try to picture the conditions under which it had to be produced. Especially does this apply to things said or not said, which disappoint expectations, even though those behind the scenes are forbidden to reveal the happenings which help to account for, if not always to justify, the resolutions reached. These pages which to the outside reader look like smooth and coherent reading matter will, for some time at least, remind their framers of the battle areas in France. A single phrase will represent the shattered remnant of a bulwark; a specially big shell-hole, here and there, will mark where some cherished paragraph or resolution has disappeared without a trace. Another necessary reminder is that it is a tradition of the Conference to sacrifice almost anything for the nearest approach to unanimity. By this method, striking results were, time and time again, achieved but it involves the risk of rating the shadow higher than the substance and forgetting that even unity comes second to truth.

This is a most extraordinary confession and tends to explain the innocuous nature of their resolutions on war and peace. Apparently, their Lordships themselves just "fit and fit" in regular cyclone and anti-cyclone movements. Someone has aptly described this feverish and obstinate spirit as "the old Adam in man."

In his statement concerning the Lambeth Conference, the Bishop of Ripon is supported by the editor of *The Church of England Newspaper* which is printed in London. He says the bishops manifested a distinct tendency to become re-actionary and that "their contradictory statements, combined with pious platitudes, have disappointed the hopes who longed for the Conference to make some bold advance."

BUT, turning away from the matters of the Lambeth Conference, and looking to Christendom at large, the problem which confronts us all lies in the fact that warfare and religion have become conciliated—that the dove of peace has developed spurs and a beak.

For this reason, while deploring the loss of men and means, Christians like non-Christians, have become amenable to the arbitrament of arms. Hence it is well-nigh impossible for any church or body of churches to appreciably stay the progress of warfare. Indeed, we do not even manufacture a sufficiency of ethical or moral sentiment to support the League of Nations and the Peace Pact. By degrees, and without pretense, the Christian church has become satisfied with a mundane government, the authority of which rests upon force, instead of a spiritual government that

rests upon love and good-will. We have substituted a law of violence for a law of amity. It may have been this Gladstone had in his mind when he spoke of "the negation of God erected into a system of Government."

This reliance upon a world government was not the case with the early Christians. The men of the time believed the will of God should prevail on earth as it did in heaven and that, in consequence, an inherent contradiction existed between their newly-found religion and the warring practices of the world. To these men, war was an ugly, diabolic thing—a veritable beclouding of the face of Jesus Christ.

Among the Fathers of the Church who held this particular view were Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian and Origen. The last named, in his work against Celsus says, "We no longer take up the sword against any nation; nor do we learn anymore to make war. We have become for the sake of Jesus, the children of peace. By our prayers we fight for our king abundantly, but take no part in his wars, though he urge us."

WITH the passage of the centuries, by degrees, the Church adopted easier principles which were more comfortable and, are in consonance with the practices of those non-Christians whom they were pleased to designate as "heathens." Where the church collided with militarism, it became timid and meal-mouthed. When this-world and other-world ideals clashed, the Church found it hard to be at one with God and Caesar, and so it was ultimately obliged to strike flag.

We say "obliged" with advisement for while the State had weapons of war to enforce obedience to its behests, the Church had none. This was how Christians found the teachings of Christ to be untenable and unworkable, or believed that they were. This is how they became faithless to their charter as a peace society. This is the reason we have "Peace on earth" with any number of concurrent wars to diversify it.

In this respect, one is not unmindful of the argument of Cardinal Gibbons who declared some years ago that it would be unjust to infer that Christianity had failed in her mission of peace to the nations, in that the Church enforces her precepts by religious sanctions only and that, in contending for peace, she has had to contend against the most imperious of human passions.

This is an explanation or interpretation which we cannot wholly preclude but it must, nevertheless, subside before the fact that the Church has never effectively rallied the moral forces of Christianity against war but, on the contrary, has usually played a heavy rôle therein. Rejecting the so-

called "folly of the cross," it has repeatedly engaged itself in the sublimated savagery designated as "holy war," and in the pursuance of which it has even apostrophised the Deity as "the God of Battles"—"Let us wage war," they said, although their marching orders as a church concerned the waging of peace.

Phillips Brooks, the great American preacher, fairly explained the situation when he declared that an impractical religion, thinking God would do it all—thinking man had no part in the great work of peace—stood by and waited for a miraculous cleansing of the earth which never came." In the face of war, the churches, like Mephibosheth are lame on both their feet. This is why the churches are "sick of the palsy."

War has been variously defined. It has been spoken of as "a collective destruction," a duel between nations that will not go to court; "the sum of all villainies" and "a license to kill." Some would-be wit, with an appalling lack of propriety, has described it as "the musing-up of Mama's boy."

But whichever definition we may prefer, all civilization is agreed that where the customary practices of morals are concerned, war establishes a moratorium. In a word, it is no creation of grace. The great ones of the earth are telling us that another war will destroy civilization. An American general replies that, in such an event, civilization deserves to be destroyed.

A war between Christians of different states may really be considered as a civil war. The hour has struck when they should wash their hands of this whole infernal business of killing. Christians who leave some twenty-six millions of their fellowship dead are really committing suicide and need a reconversion to their faith. Surely, the time has arrived when the Church should bring her candles out of the shrine and set them up in a naughty world. Continuance of the Church to tolerate warfare must end in its destruction. To live, it must be of benefit to mankind.

It was doubtless a recognition of this responsibility of the Church that led General T. H. Bliss to say to his nation after the late war, "the responsibility is entirely on the professing Christians of the United States. If another war like the last one should come, they will be responsible for every drop of blood that will be shed."

If war be not destroyed, it threatens to destroy the Church just as it is today in Russia. War, therefore, must be definitely ex-communicated by the Church.

The need of present-day Christianity is for fewer political apostles and for more impressive martyrs—that is, we have need for the sacred madness of good men. A war between Christianity and militarism has never been tried. The dynamics of peace are still unutilized.

Where is the Moses who will deliver us from the bondage of this Pharaoh and lead us dry-footed through the sea?

Who among us will again exemplify the age-old Christian doctrine that the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church?

—What is that their Lordships did about Peace at Lambeth?



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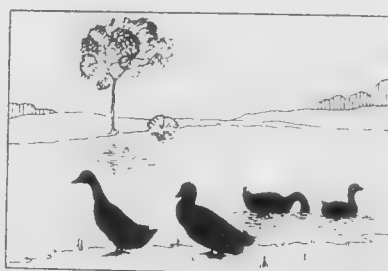
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On Time

Continued from page 11

and with his voice invested with all the sternness lent by the majesty of the law, Anderson said very slowly: "Josephine Desherault, I arrest you in the name of the King for the murder of John Carlson. Anything you now may say may be taken down in writing and used against you."

But Josephine, true to the Indian part of her nature, was silent, stoically sullen and calm.

With his prisoner, Anderson left Peace River Crossing the next day with two toboggans, five dogs to each. In accordance with the iron rule of the service, a police matron, stationed at the Crossing accompanied him.

From the Crossing to Lesser Slave Post by winter trail is eighty-five miles. Equipped with fresh dogs and on well-beaten track Anderson made it in two days of easy going.

The early winter dark had long fallen when, his supper eaten, and the prisoner safely locked up, Anderson presented himself before his superior.

Ending the last halting sentence of his report, Anderson was about to turn away to bed, for even his powerful frame was weary from continual journeying, when Macdonald said: "I'm very sorry, Anderson, to have to ask you to go out again immediately, but only yesterday I received word from Chief Justice Teck that he will start his annual trip through the north a month earlier than usual. That means he will be here to hold court on the twenty-fourth. The murder case is the only thing on the docket here, so you'll have to hustle to bring the evidence here on time. We've got to show the wounds as general evidence, and, too, so that the medical men may give expert testimony from them. Tomorrow's the twenty-second. By leaving first thing in the morning you've got two full days and until ten o'clock in the morning of the twenty-fourth to get back before the court opens. I'd send some one else, but you are the only man who knows the exact locality of the shack. To prevent any possibility of not being on time, take a double dog-team, for Justice Teck has a big territory and we positively mustn't keep him waiting. With them you ought to make it back alright in that time—it's not over a hundred and twenty miles."

Anderson nodded. Very well, sir, I'll leave at six." He turned away, for minutes of sleep were now most precious.

THE sun of a most unusual March day in this region lay above the tree-line when Anderson swung his long line of dogs upon the outer trail. As he rode, he loosened his coat, marvelling at the unseasonable warmth of the weather.

By noon the trail was heavy with wet, rapidly melting snow. From the branches of snow-burdened trees the water dripped in miniature rainfall. Twenty miles out from the Post Anderson rode in his shirt-sleeves; the dogs ran with lolling tongues.

The snowfall throughout the winter had been light. Under the glaring sun, radiating late-Spring heat, long stretches of bare ground soon began to show, over which the toboggan dragged with ever greater difficulty. But with voice and lash the man drove them on; while deep in his heart he prayed for a cold tomorrow. At four o'clock the dogs were so tired that Anderson made temporary camp.

In another hour the sun would be gone, bringing quick return of frost. This would turn the softened snow on the surface slippery hard, and cover the water-soaked patches of newly bare earth with thinnest ice, all making for splendid travelling. So Anderson fed himself and the dogs, and curled up for a few hours sleep.

At nine o'clock under the dim light of a waning moon he again mushed on. This time the going was better. All through the night he drove steadily. As the dawn approached, the man was again conscious of rising temperature. Spurred by this he did not stop for breakfast; but plunged his dogs faster forward till, about eight-thirty, he drew up before the cabin door.

He was very tired; so tired that in spite of the ominous warmth of the still young sun, he rolled up in his blankets on a dry spot at the side of the cabin immediately after feeding his dogs, and fell asleep.

A sense of roasting awoke him at last. Blear-eyed, soaking with sweat, he sat up to find the sun straight overhead, its rays more powerful than on the previous day. Getting to his feet, Anderson gazed upon a snowless landscape. As far as his eye could reach upon the back trail, the same vista of bare, soaking woods stretched interminably away, void and untouched by any spot of snow.

Looking upon this thawing wilderness, then back to the door, behind which lay the waiting day, Anderson cursed his luck in slow, methodic English, most fitting blasphemy, the more eloquent from its very deliberateness.

This second day of thaw put out of the question the use of the toboggan. And the corpse within weighed at least a hundred and fifty pounds. Yet the trial must proceed on time! The learned judge came but once a year; his schedule was wide, a wait at one place would throw out the whole circuit. Besides, Anderson had his orders. Macdonald had said be back on time with the evidence; and in Anderson's automaton-mind came stubborn resolve to be. For many moments after rising he stood cogitating, till, at last the worried light faded from his eyes, giving place to a placid glow of satisfaction.

Opening the door he dragged the corpse outside to where lay a chunk of spruce log that had been used as a chopping block. With great care he placed the dead man's head over he block so the neck lay in the groove made by many ancient axe-bites. Then he trailed back to the shack, returning with the hatchet. With this he severed the head from the trunk. With methodic care which characterized all his movements, Anderson placed the headless trunk within the cabin once more. Then he emptied a gunnysack half filled with dirty clothes. Bringing this to the chopping block he dropped the head within, knotted the end of the sack, and prepared for the long walk back to Headquarters.

THE clock on the wall in Inspector Macdonald's office pointed to a quarter to ten on the morning of the twenty-fourth, and the Inspector had about decided to repair to the next room, where the judge was seated, and request a day's adjournment, when Anderson swung open the door. Slung over his back was a gunnysack, its

[Continued on page 55]

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Liverpool and Chester

Continued from page 31

IN THIS "Gateway of the Empire," the second most important port in the world, an enormous amount of business is of course transacted during the year. The Liverpool Exchange Building is the headquarters of the business community. It is built in French Renaissance style, and covers two acres of ground. The Cotton Exchange is also splendidly housed, as is fitting, for the manufacturing of cotton goods is one of the city's chief industries, and as many as three million bales of cotton are handled in this seaport per annum. In addition to cotton the principal imports are sugar, fruit, tobacco, grain, timber, meat, provisions, oils and wool. The principal exports are cotton piece goods, cotton yarns, chemicals, machinery, iron and steel manufactures, china, pottery, linen piece goods, woollen piece goods, soap, and tin blocks. This is the second largest milling centre in the world, and \$35,000,000 worth of the Empire's wheat is ground here during the year.

But, of course, Liverpool's greatest pride lies in her wonderful dock system, which is controlled by the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board, a committee of twenty-eight men, twenty-four of whom are elected by the Dock Ratepayers. These men must all be of the highest business standing. They receive no remuneration, the honor of the appointment being considered sufficient reward.

Before leaving Liverpool I went to see the docks, travelling on the overhead railway, which runs for about seven miles, the entire length of the docks on the Liverpool side of the Mersey. Here I saw the drydocks, landing stages, and great warehouses; and sailing ships and steamers from all parts of the earth. The Canadian Pacific Steamship, "Duchess of York," on which I was leaving for Canada the next day, was unloading freight at the Sandon Dock. The passengers are not embarked at this point, but at the landing-stage mentioned before. There are ninety docks and basins in the complete Liverpool Dock Estate, including the Birkenhead Docks. There is a water area of 660 acres, a lineal quayage of thirty-seven miles, and shed accommodation covering 300 acres.

The principal docks are at the north end of the Dock Estate; and here the huge Atlantic liners are berthed while loading or unloading their cargoes. The Sandon Dock, which is suitable for vessels of the deepest draught, is used by the Canadian Pacific Steamships, the New Zealand Shipping Co., and the Federal Steam Navigation Co. Next to it lies the Huskisson Dock System, where the Cunard liners tie up, and many others of the largest liners to enter the Port. Then comes the Canada Dock, used by the Pacific Steam Navigation, United States Shipping Board, and the Leyland Line. In the Brocklebank Dock will be found steamers of the Royal Mail Steam Packet, the British and Argentine Steam Navigation, and the Federal-Shire Line which trades with Australia. The Langton Dock comes next, then the Alexandra, and the Hornby, these being connected with the Gladstone Dock by the Hornby Lock, which is 645 feet long.

The Gladstone Dock is the largest in the world, and was formally opened by the King in 1927. It took 20 years to complete, and cost \$37,500,000. It is really a series of docks, and will

accommodate ships of the largest size, and is so constructed that they can enter on any tide of the year, from the lowest to the highest.

The aggregate of tonnage entering and leaving the Port in a year is in the neighborhood of 41,478,326 tons. It will therefore be understood that the shipping interests provide employment for a vast army of men. I happened to be at the docks just at the noon hour, and when the laborers rushed out to get their noonday meal, they looked, viewed from the windows of the Overhead Railway, like ants pouring out of a disturbed ant-hill.

The history of Liverpool is most interesting. It was in 1207 that King John issued a charter granting Liverpool the status of a free borough, and inviting settlers to take up allotments in the town. During the following reign a second charter was granted, making Liverpool a free borough forever. In spite of this, and the wish of these kings to found a considerable port at this point, it was still, at the time of Elizabeth, a small and mean settlement. Then the prosperity which all England enjoyed in the reign of the Virgin Queen, resulted in increased trade and wealth for Liverpool. When King Charles I began to find himself in difficulties he sold the crown rights of Liverpool to London, and levied ship-money which the citizens refused to pay. Therefore Charles received little support from this city during the Civil War, and it was easily taken by the Parliamentary Army.

In 1709 the number of ships sailing from the Port was 334. Most of these were engaged in the West Indian trade, and not guiltless of participation in the slave traffic. About the middle of the eighteenth century the business of the Port of Liverpool had so increased that commodious docks had to be constructed. With the coming of railways the old stage coaches were done away with, and the population and prosperity made another great advance. Then came steam-powered ocean boats, and Liverpool, having encouraged the venture in its early stages, was the port from which the first steamships—those of the Cunard Company—began to ply across the Atlantic.

Birkenhead would seem to be a part of Liverpool, as the two cities are divided only by the Mersey River, and are connected by ferry and underground railway. But Birkenhead is in Cheshire, while Liverpool is in Lancashire. Just outside of Birkenhead is the pretty suburb of Prenton, with lovely homes surrounded by gardens, and an attractive golf course. Here I spent a few days with friends; and on the beautiful afternoon of my first day in the British Isles was motored through the lovely wooded roads of Cheshire to Chester, the county town, and the objective of tourists from far and near.



HISTORIC Chester, that fascinating town of unknown antiquity, is built upon the banks of the River Dee, in the south-east corner of the Wirral Peninsula. It still retains the plan of Roman settlement; and of the original walls, built by the Romans nineteen hundred years ago, the foundations still remain, and form the base of the present wall, which was constructed, bit by bit, some time between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. I walked along the wall, which forms an attractive walk, two miles in length, and visited the tower where, in September, 1645, King Charles I stood and watched, no doubt in great bitterness of heart, the defeat of his army at the Battle of Rowton Moor.

It was market day at Chester, and the streets were crowded with people from the neighboring districts; and with the usual summer tourists. This is the best preserved of all the English mediaeval cities, and when walking along the streets one seems to be transported to those old days when the city was besieged by Cromwell's Roundheads, or perhaps when King Richard II was imprisoned within its walls.

There is an interesting castle which was built by Henry III in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and numerous other places of historic interest. The Cathedral, which is built almost entirely of red sandstone, is a splendid edifice, the oldest portion dating back to the Roman occupation. The Choir is perhaps the most beautiful in England, and the Cloisters are unusually fine. Of especial interest to Canadians is the flag in which the body of General Wolfe was wrapped after his death, which occurred during the capture of Quebec in 1759. There are many ancient inns with amusing names and the shop windows, with such quantities of merchandise displayed tier on tier from the bottom to the top of the windows, present an odd appearance to eyes accustomed to the method of window-dressing employed on this side of the Atlantic, where the underlying idea seems to be "a single daisy against a background of nothing at all."

As the long-drawn-out English twilight began to fall, we drove slowly along the banks of the Dee, towards the lingering sunset rays. Far across the river rose the Welsh hills, and on our right lay the quiet woods, and parks, and homes of England. Soon the river bed widened out and banks of yellow sand suggested that the tide was out. A few boats floated lazily on the water, and Charles Kingsley's old familiar poem which was suggested by this very scene, came irresistibly to mind:

*"Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."*

*The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see—
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.*

*But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."*

Japan

Continued from page 32

pictures are interesting, forming a chain of historical events of the Meiji Emperor.

The Oriental Library houses over 60,000 volumes of Far Eastern affairs, many concerning China. At Tama is buried Emperor Taisho, the father of the late ruler of Nippon. A fine motor road connects the two cities of Tokyo and Yokohama.

YABAKEI is truly a beautiful and extensive valley, similar in scope and scenery to Colorado, Utah Parks, and such. The country is rugged, rocky, hilly. The clear stream called Yamakuni flows through it, having mountains plus weather-carved rocks along its interesting and scenic banks.

The word Yabakei means the main valley, or rather designates it. This valley extends from Ayugaeri to Sarutobi, about seventeen miles in all. Try to visit it during early summer when the mountain pears of the valley are in bloom, until the late autumn, when the foliage is tinged with gold and crimson.

Yabakei may be justly called the Ozarks of Japan. Try and see, if you visit this beautiful valley, the little-known Rakanji Temple, over thirteen centuries old, and founded by Kuya Shonin. From its heights you may see a fine view of Rakan, disciples of Buddha. These are stone images only. There are there 500 statues, carved by a priest of old Japan. They are splendid works of art.

Also worthy of seeing are the Gates of Ao. Famous gates. Constructed by cutting tunnels through the hills. These gates were attributed to a priest named Zenkai, almost two centuries past. The various rocks seen across the river from this spot have their own individual characteristics, being called, collectively, Kyoshu-ho, meaning "Beauty-competing Peaks." They are extensively copied by artists of the Nanga School.

AS I stated before Kyoto was the capital of Japan for over a thousand years, being succeeded by Tokyo. It has been justly called the "Classic City of Japan." It contains many historical, therefore famous palaces, shrines, temples, all telling of the glory and splendor of the city. Among its many other interesting places are Mount Hiei, Lake Biwa, Hodzu Rapids, Momoyama, Uji, etc.

Do not overlook the fact that Kyoto is the very centre of fine-art industries, for which Japan is famous. These include such as the making of lacquer, silk fabrics, brocades, embroideries, earthenware and porcelain, fans, dolls, and bronze ware.

The shops of Kyoto are beloved and famous.

The original buildings of its Imperial Palace were built in 794, being destroyed by fire later. These buildings are brilliant in style, yet not brilliantly decorated, being very fascinating to tourists owing to their truly noble simplicity.

When you come upon the so-called Kinkakuji Temple after walking through a thick and splendid forest, near the outskirts of Kyoto, you feel as if you are in a dream of the ancient dynasties of Japan. This magnificent

temple is famous for its three-storied pavilion, erected in the later years of the fourteenth century. When first erected its interior was covered with pure gold fol. The gardens which surround the Temple are very charming. This garden is regarded by experts as the finest landscape garden in Japan.

Other historical places of Kyoto are the Nijo Detached Palace; Heian Shrine; the training school for fencing; the Commercial Museum; Chion-in Monastery; Maruyama Park; the Hall of 33 Ken; etc.

Kyoto is truly the cradle of old and new Japan.

Another large and beautiful city is Kobe, with a population of over 700,000 today. It is located at the end of the famous Inland Sea. This modern city is noted for its many enterprises, and splendid port.

It is not old as is Kyoto. It is modeled in some respects after American cities, at least more so than is Kyoto.

WHEN or if you visit Nikko do not overlook the trip to the fairy-like Lake Chuzenji region. At this place Nature will unearth before your eyes one of its choicest marvels. The superb mountain scenery there is inimitable. There you can view Kegon Fall, the outlet of the lake. In the picture you will see "Sword Peak." The natives call this mountain Kengamine.

A typical and beautiful lake is Lake Towada. In landscape it is typically Japanese, and is a mountain lake. Located in the boundary between Akita and Aomori it is a jewel among precious stones. You may view the lake via motor boat.

When you view Tokachi Plain from Karikachi Pass you see more of the intricate and almost indescribable beauty of Japan. Away behind the trees there rises the lofty peak of Sahoro-dake. There are other fine spots and scenes at this part of the Empire.

The River Kiso has been called the "Rhine of Japan." It is the Rhine—plus. Truly there is not much comparison, for Kiso has an entirely different type of beauty. It is truly Oriental.

Do not overlook seeing the Fantastic Rocks of the Muroto Promontory. Beppu is also another city worth visiting. It is noted for its beach sand baths, often taken in the nude, beneath tents. When tourists plant themselves in the moist and hot sands they steam by the hour. Available from April to October.

Beppu is truly the Spa of Japan. Eight Spas may be had and seen there, for there are many health-giving and hot springs at this point. No country is so blessed with mineral and hot springs as is Japan. There are over 950 hot springs and 155 cold springs in the Empire.

As you no doubt know Japan consists proper of five large, plus numerous smaller islands, plus Korea and Karafuto. The country is densely populated, leading the world in this regard.

See the Orient—and Japan! You won't regret it.

Loneliness

By Gwen M. Paris

*A deep essential loneliness
Each man of us must know
As he pursues his happiness,
And as he sees it go.*

*And though we all will find us friends
In slums or on a throne,*

*The time will come to realize
We walk the earth alone.*

*Then all of us, the good and bad,
Must face it as we can.*

*Our greatness lies in how we meet
This loneliness of man.*

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caught and dried upon the shore until almost unapproachable; rice the staple food is boiled in huge pots, while hundreds of coconuts are buried in the sand to keep cool until needed.

Garlanded with leis, made from the scarlet hibiscus and wild ginger bloom, the bride in her new grass skirt made specially for the occasion, and the groom in a brightly-hued loin cloth, heralded by the beating of many tom-toms and shouts of the assembled villagers, march sedately to their places before the officiating chief.

A banana plays a most important part in the Gilbertese marriage ritual, and corresponds to the wedding ring in that of the western world. With solemn dignity the head-tribesman peels an extra large banana, placing one end in the mouth of the bride and the other in the groom's, without breaking it, then calls down the blessings of the great gods of the sun and moon upon the bridal couple, who now lessen the distance between them by voraciously devouring the banana until all is gone and their foreheads meet. When this has been done the couple have become man and wife. Suddenly the newly-created husband throws his spouse over his shoulder and bears her to their future home amid the weird chanting of the on-looking natives who cluster and dance around the hut for hours, taking an occasional moment off to snatch a coconut, a handful of rice or teka.

At sun-up on the morrow all is activity as the native returns to the copra plantation to earn his sixpence and weekly supply of rice and tobacco. The money he never keeps but spends immediately for gaudy riris and coloured glass at the general store kept by the cable station men. Money means nothing to the native, and merely seems to be a technical bar to slave status.

There is rhythm in the way the Gilbertese work. Their bodies slightly swaying to the tune of some weird island song they chant, while brightly gleaming knives descend in rapid succession on the coconut husk, and seems to make their efforts appear as play compared to the grim determination with which work is carried on in our world. After the husk has been removed from the nut, the shell is then split by a sharp blow of a knife, exposing the white kernel, which is placed in the sun to dry and then exported. The coconut as we see it in this country has had the husk removed, and incidentally a few months ago one of the largest stores in Winnipeg had in their window display a coconut palm with coconuts on it, but with the husks removed. Doubtless a new species of coconut palm.

In Fanning not only the men are the bread-winners, but the women also handle the knives as deftly as their men-folk; this may be one of the reasons of early marriages. Even the babies are taken along, but of course not to work, for they cannot be left at the camp as gigantic land crabs, quite numerous there, have a peculiar liking for the brown chubby legs and arms of the native children. These crabs have determined the architecture of the Gilbertese home, which are of a conical shape and placed on high stilts, up which the crabs cannot climb. A village looks very much like a huge bee hive, with the huts standing in neat rows. Inside the furnishings would not make the western housewife green with envy. A grass mat, finely woven from coconut fibre and palm leaves, with the most exquisite designs of flowers and birds painted on by the native with

Central Polynesia

Continued from page 33

a stick and dye made from small beetles and other bugs. This art of painting is practically confined to the Gilbertese, while the members of other Polynesian groups keep to the grotesque drawings of fish heads and war-like faces or else make the tapa cloth made from beaten bark, about which Fanning is ignorant.

THE sprinkling of whites are solely government officials in charge of the Pacific Cable Board's relay station. A superintendent, four supervisors and three or four operators, with their wives, complete the staff. Due to the enervating climate their duties are light, and four-hour shifts instead of the regular eight-hour duty constitutes the day's work. Exiles they call themselves, and in a way they are. Denied to a large extent the pleasures and privileges of western civilization and society, cut off from friends and home, a wearisome monotonous life with no amusement except tennis, fishing and rather dangerous bathing; seeing and talking to the same few, day in and day out, a dreary monotony, only broken by the arrival twice a year of the steamer calling with clothes ordered by catalogue, canned vegetables and meats, and the long-awaited mail. Away she sails, and the colony settles down to another six months' vigil.

In the cool of the evening, when one would like to stroll along the expanse of silvery white sand and sit for a while under the whispering palms, the mosquitos and copra bugs take complete charge, so that one must sit on the balcony smothered in fine netting as a protection from the stings of the pernicious pests. Loathsome and beastly insects are the copra bugs. No warning noise heralds their approach, no feel to his sting, but in a few minutes a huge fluid-filled blister will form on the face, leaving a painful sore after it breaks. All the romantic lure and fascination of a tropical evening is dispelled by the onslaught of these pestivorous companions.

Added to the pleasures of land crabs, red ants and copra bugs the newcomer is sooner or later stricken with sun fever, a mild form of malaria, brought on by the intense heat, lack of fresh foods and the poor quality of water. There is no such thing as a well on the island, so water must be taken from the sea and distilled, a vile tasting concoction forbidding description. When it rains every means of catching some portion is employed.

Such water is more priceless than champagne.

The island doctor whom we shall call Bakewell (as it is such a refreshing name on such a sweltering day) is called in to minister to the sun-stricken patient. The doctor with a face full of distress informs the sufferer that nine cases out of ten die from the sickness, but invariably adds that as he has already lost nine, the present patient must be the safe one. With this mathematical proof the patient is generally reassured in spite of discomfort. A strong dose of quinine, and ice packs on the head, repeated for several days brings the delirious sufferer back to normal. However the attack is more or less in the nature of an inoculation, as he will be immune for the remainder of the stay.

However there is one compensation to the housewife for her many troubles, in that there is no such thing as a servant problem. Natives have been trained from extreme youth in this capacity, and make very capable and efficient helpers about the house. These, and the orderlies of the Cable Company, have escaped the ear and lip pulling of their dark brothers and sisters, and are fine examples of not interfering with the plans of nature when compared to the others of their race. The native servant is quite honest until his eye is caught by a flashy, bright-coloured object, which is usually valueless; then years of training are forgotten, a new ornament adorns his person and a new spectacle is provided on the compound. A public whipping is an attraction which draws great crowds, and at the same time serves as a lesson to all faced with the temptation of thieving. A whip, closely resembling the old-fashioned cat o' nine tails and made of plaited thongs of coconut fibre is laid on the offender's back, while the other natives watch with great delight. When the punishment is over etiquette demands the native to thank his punisher, for they believe that the whipping has chased the evil spirits out of him.

Once a month the officials of the Cable station hold a day of sports for the orderlies. The zest in which the natives participate would put to shame many of the so-called amateur meets of this country. Obstacle races in which barrels, palm trees, small hedges and water test the speed and agility are those most enjoyed. Prizes, usually coloured beads and riris, are given to the victors, who are the heroes of the day.

To these unspoiled children of nature, F. I. is an earthly paradise, and even their white masters, after six months' leave spent in England, Canada or some other large bewildering country, return quite eagerly to their isolated island homes. For despite all the discomforts and trials, there is a something—an indescribable charm—bewitchment, that entices one back again. Hard indeed to resist are the rosy, eager dawns, sipping the wine from the flower-chalices of the exotice Hibiscus—and what mortal could resist the call of the surf on a sun-drenched morning, fragrant with the scent of wild ginger blooms?

So if you are tired of the hurry and scurry of the great cities—want something different, peaceful, drift to this sun-kissed strip of coral. Sprawled idly 'neath the shade of the regal Poinciana, shedding its wanton red petals on the glistening sands you can forget—drowsily forget what must surely have been another world.



On Time

Continued from page 51

lower part sagging from the weight of a rounded object.

The O.C.'s eyes lighted with relief and pleasure at sight of Anderson. He said almost jocularly when Anderson saluted: "Good boy, Ollie. But where's the evidence?"

Anderson swung the bag from his shoulder untied the knot and plunged his hand within. Then he drew forth his burden; in triumph laid it upon the table.

"Great heavens!" the Inspector cried in his voice horrified questioning.

Then recovering his official poise, he thundered: "Anderson, what have you done?" His blazing eyes sought the immobile Swedish face.

Anderson raised a slow hand and ran his fingers through his yellow locks, his eyes the while like a child receiving scolding when expecting praise. Then, comprehending that somehow he had erred, he said defensively, in voice a little hurt: "Vell, you say 'judge he coom on the twenty-fourth; Ollie you bring back that evidence on time.' But the thaw she coom bad and spoil the sleighing; I can't carry all the body and be back on time; besides, all the evidence was on the head and neck, so I yust bring the head which has all the marks. You yust want the evi-

dence, and you want it on time. And here I am, yust at ten o'clock."

His mild blue eyes, candid, innocent, like those of a great, quiet beast, meditative and slow, met the Inspector's squarely. In them was no understanding of the why of his superior's wrath.

Seeing this, Macdonald said again: "Great Heavens!" but this time the remark came not from gazing at the ghastly head, but from a vast wonder at and strange compassion for the man before him, possessed of such child-like, peculiarly mechanical mind.

And swayed by this, Macdonald, anger no longer in his tone, remarked almost pityingly: "Aright, Ollie. Go to your quarters."

He turned away, stood facing the door, on the other side of which sat the judge, remarking musingly aloud: "Case is utterly lost now. We'll have to withdraw the charge. I'll have to go and try and explain it to the judge."

Anderson, thinking himself still addressed, had remained standing at attention. Now, as the Inspector started to move on to the door, he realized his mistake, and turning went on toward the outer door. As he went, he muttered wonderingly: "Now that's funny, now; and after me being right on time."

Della's Last Race

Continued from page 41

as though shot with electricity my colt sprang forth to win the grandest race that was ever run on a track of ice or turf. Her little heart must have pounded with joy, for she raced strong and true, never once faltering on the way, and when she came again to where I stood, she called to me, and I answered back, then with a look of wonder and incredulity in her eyes, she passed on forever out of my life.

But I had seen and heard, and knew she would always run true to form!

WELL, folks, I must toddle along; the race of life is nearly run for me, and I see, zig-zagging in V-shapes across the sky, the wild geese go trailing along at the sound of their leaders' "Squak-squak—" calling the wayward straggler into line, could now be heard but faintly.

The snow was beginning to fall in soft white dewy flakes, and I stood as

if paralyzed, with head bowed, still hitched to the old ice-wagon close to the Red River shore. I seemed to have grown suddenly tired of the futility of life and the glories of my racing days that were no more, leaving me so lonely.

A dimness spread over my eyes, and a ringing came into my ears, but hark! is it the clang of the wild geese—is it the Indians' yell that lends to that tone of the Northland—the sound of the far-off bell? Ah, it is again the bells of St. Boniface, chiming forth; calling, ever calling, the non-racers to the Lenten prayers; those bells of the Holy City, the chimes of eternal peace! Then above and beyond, penetrating the still crisp air, I hear my master's voice encouraging me on: "Hop-a-lang—hop-a-lang—There; Hop-a-lang—the race is nearly won! Steady girl—Steady girl—Whoa!"

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Continued from page 24

the story of "Up The River" was concocted by Maurine Watkins, who, in the stage play "Chicago," made such amusing fun of sensational murder trials, the tabloids and other such things. I suspect that in "Up The River" satire was Miss Watkin's main idea, but that the picture has been toned down to meet the demands of a public that wants a straight story. Or else it started out as a straight story and was later jazzed up with comedy. In either case, it now reaches us as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—a foolish, rather colorless picture.

Pictures reviewed in previous issues: *Abraham Lincoln*—A quiet, tender and very worthwhile picture showing the life of the great President.

The Office Wife—An ordinary story cleverly directed. Of interest only to adults.

The Bad Man—An amusing talking version of the well-known stage play.

Liliom—Molnar's touching and fantastic play is most inadequately handled in this talking version of it.

Monte Carlo—Excellent entertainment and some deft direction by Lubitsch.

Madame Satan—A rather silly picture.

Dixiana—Pretentious but dull.

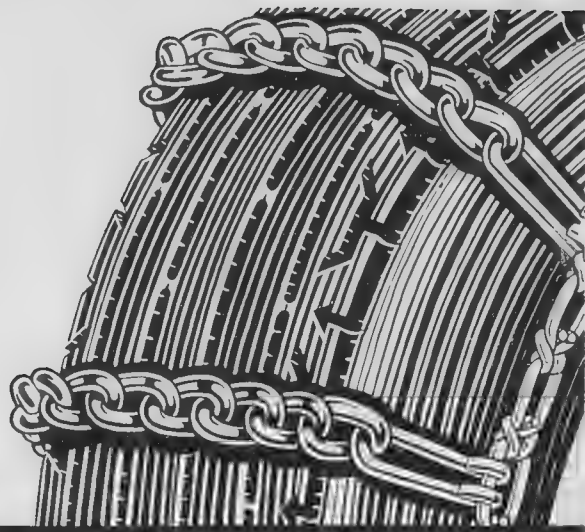
Good News—Better than the average run of musical comedy films.

Animal Crackers—Funny, if you like the Marx Brothers.

Moby Dick—Great adventure beautifully played.

Hell's Angels—Wonderful photography redeeming a weak story and mediocre acting.

Jerome Carver



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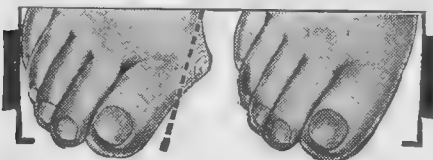
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A Holiday in Bluenose Province

Continued from page 35



root crops too, and by these gallant, explorer gentlemen—real settlers they were, and not afraid of work. Can't you imagine you see old Membertou and his savages looking on in wonder!

It came like a revelation to me—the number of "First Things" we owe to old Nova Scotia. Why, Champlain and his colleagues also with their own hands built the first grist mill run by the first waterpower—they "pooled" their wheat (first "wheat pool"). They planted the first garden. They built the first highway, not altogether intended for motor cars, but—! They built and launched the first boat—right out there. And, almost on the very site of this new cairn, that versatile young French lawyer—Marc-Lescarbot, wrote the first poems ever written in Canada, and the first Drama (and not a banquet was he given). He and Champlain wrote the first histories; Champlain at this "Habitation" drew, by hand, the first map—of which I saw a copy, "fearfully and wonderfully made" it was, and a copy sent over the seas to the King of France. The first baptism and conversion to the Christian religion (Membertou) took place here. In case it gets crowded out I must say, right now, that it came to me quite as a surprise, the number of American tourists who throng this Province, the majority of them from the New England States. I met dozens from New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, etc. But a greater surprise was the meeting up with so many Ex-Canadians. I never came in touch with a single home—not one, in all this countryside but had one or more relatives visiting them from "The States" or at least "folks" who had in bygone days gone to the States to work. "Will you come back to live in Canada some day?" I asked. And in every case they answered, "No not now, we've become American citizens—most of our interests are there—we've done well." Nova Scotia, alone, has thus thousands in "Canada's Lost Legion"—"If only they had gone to our own West, instead," I sigh, thinking of the years the West had clamored for "More immigrants!"

ANOTHER "observation" of my summer in Nova Scotia I must not crowd out: We are just a bit accustomed to think of these Provinces by the Sea as being somewhat behind the times, commercially and economically. If this has been true, there's a change taking place. They are waking up. I venture the prophecy (based on keen observation) that before many years have passed Nova Scotia shall have come into her own and be considered one of Canada's very richest provinces—doing "big" business. In Halifax I saw abundant evidence of this. All up and down these valleys too were thriving fruit-packing concerns, apple-canneries, headquarters of fruit companies, plants for evaporating apples, Evangeline Ale Company, and about the country I found scattered new vegetable canneries—beans, peas, and the like. In Windsor a million dollar gypsum business is carried on, with a regular line of "gypsum boats" (also carrying passengers) plying from New York and Philadelphia—and these are only "a few."

From Annapolis Royal on we go up the Valley, on one side the "North Mountain" (not "quite" as high as the Rockies) shutting off the Bay of

Fundy. At almost every station our train stops to let off city-weary tourists bound for some of those little coves or "ports" which abound on Fundy's shore—usually a ride of some seven or eight miles "over the Mountain" where, however hot the day in the valley, one is greeted with cool sea breezes. The further up the valley we go the more in evidence become apple trees! apple trees! At places we can almost reach from our car window and gather the fruit—already putting on its gay coloring; there are fences made of apple trees; radio poles fastened to them. "Ah, you should see it in apple-blossom time! I drove through a hundred miles of it, back of the railway—talk about fairy-land and sweet smells! the man in the seat behind told us. I did not wonder that they had named one of their towns "Paradise" (strange to say "Paradise" was having a hot day) and that there was an "Eden" some where about. Heinz with his "varieties" of pickles is not in it with the apples grown in the Annapolis Valley—they are said to have 129 varieties. We pass through prosperous, delightful towns (almost every one with some unusual bit of history): Middleton, Berwick, Laurencetown, Bridgetown, etc., all set in the midst of fruit country with, cosy homes and alluring inns and motor-roads beckoning us through shady vistas. Then we come to those twin-towns at the head of the valley: Kentville and Wolfville, the very centre of the apple country. Kentville surprised me with its business-likeness, its attractive new "Cornwallis Inn" already humming with tourists who have discovered that Kentville is a splendid centre from which to take numerous sight-seeing trips; the headquarters for the Dominion Atlantic Railway are also here.

Just seven miles beyond we come to dignified Wolfville, with which I immediately fell in love, and declared it to be one of the very prettiest and desirable residential towns in Canada. I never saw streets that were such veritable bowers of tree-loveliness as are some of the Wolfville streets, and so many really beautiful residences for the size of the town, every one seems well-to-do in Wolfville. Acadia University took me quite by surprise with the beauty of some of its buildings and its splendid equipment. It has the most beautiful college campus of any Canadian University, studded with the most magnificent elms—Acadia has found a generous friend in Cyrus Eaton, the wealthy steel magnate of Cleveland, but a native-

son of Nova Scotia, who this year, alone, contributed \$25,000 to the improvement of the grounds. Wolfville has apple trees on her front lawns and on her back lawns, apple trees lining her streets, with the apples falling on one's head as we pass along. "Tourists please help themselves" says a card by a basket of apples placed on a stool at a scenic point—"The Style" from which one can view the picturesque Gaspereau Valley. Typical of Nova Scotian hospitality!

It is only three miles to Grand Pre, where all roads seem to lead. All summer long Grand Pre is thronged with tourists—particularly Americans, for did not their own poet, Longfellow, help to make this place famous by creating his inimical poem of "Evangeline"—the heart-gripping story of the Acadian girl who, in the expulsion of her people from this land, lost her lover and never found him until years afterwards when he lay in the hospital dying.

"A rare enchantment rests upon the place

Where Gabriel wooed and won
Evangeline.

O'er all the Minas marshland, emerald-green,

Lies the soft spell of a romantic
race."

WESTERNERS think they have a monopoly of prairies. They haven't. There's a big one in Nova Scotia. It's right here in the Grand Pre country. Grand Pre means "Big Prairie." The "Prairie," or better—"Meadow," consists of thousands of acres of flat land along the shores of Minas Basin, much of it reclaimed from the sea by dykes, miles of them built originally by those first thrifty Acadian settlers, so wonderfully fertile that for two hundred years the land has not required other fertilizing than the sea gives, and is said to ordinarily yield one and a half tons of hay per acre. On my return through the Minas Country in September, I got quite a shock when looking out of the car window: I seemed to be looking out on a Western cattle ranch; for there, feeding on the aftermath, were great herds of cattle—thousands of them.

I wish it were possible to tell something of an entirely different section of Nova Scotia—her famous "South Shore," with its wealth of real ocean beaches, miles of fine white sand, a Paradise for bathers. Everyone has heard of enchanting Yarmouth, Lunenburg, Shelburne. These—the centre of Nova Scotia's great fishing industry and the home of America's greatest fishing fleet. Each one—and indeed almost every town and village along the shore—has to tell the most thrilling tales of their early days, tales almost unbelievable. It is in these Atlantic towns that one feels the real lure of the sea and of that undescrivable enchantment that "ships" have for most of us. So, my next holiday to the Bluenose Province is to be spent in that surprising (just why I found it "surprising" I dare not start to tell) city of Halifax, and on the glamorous "South Shore" where I may revel in,

"The black wharfs and the slips,
And the sea tides tossing free,
And the beauty and the mystery of
the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

Names are Ships

Continued from page 36

William, to pansies with their soft sweet faces, to stately fox glove and flaunting dahlia. A thatched-roofed cottage seems to rise among the flowers, and surely the church bells ring across the valley that was once the shadow of the fireirons. In the dusk of the room the towers of St. Paul's stand out on Ludgate Hill, and the last flash of daylight glows on a barrow of roses trundled down the streets by a patient "moke" with his master in pearlyies beside him. A bus lumbers by the window outside, and surely those are the cries from a cricket field as a wicket goes down.

And now some one comes in and turns on the light, the "Ships" have gone, the flowers, the perfumes, the sounds of strange places have vanished, and once more around us on the hearthrug lie the booklets that have conjured the dreams. And we come back to reality with a start, and rub our eyes, and say, "And the afternoon is gone, and we have not decided what to take or what to wear, and now with pencil and paper we must get down to reality. Where are we going? Oh away from here, it may be West, towards the sunset and the sound of Temple Bells; it may be "East of Suez" or it may be to spend the "Spring in England," but wherever it is we shall need baggage and clothes, and here are some suggestions.

FOR a cruise or a journey that is to be punctuated by long visits, a wardrobe trunk, one of those delightful ones that are put on the market by the M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company of Toronto; they are light, strong, and oh so roomy. We can hang endless dresses on the carefully arranged hangers; our soiled clothes have a bag to themselves; if we don't forget our travelling iron we need never be crushed for there is an ironing board in the trunk. A shoe box keeps our shoes neat and away from the dresses, and drawers for everything, handkerchiefs, underwear and finally hats, fill all the other side of this magic trunk. A colorful band and our initials well displayed will help to identify this travelling wardrobe in confusing foreign Customs' sheds.

And then of course we must have an Aeropack. We can put six dresses in this, our train and boat shoes, soft hats, necessary changes of underwear, in short everything we need for six days or six weeks if need be. And, speaking of six weeks, have you ever seen the wonderful Cuthbert cases for men and women. Each inch of space is utilized, and you can easily take a summer tour with one of these. Just to let you know how they are planned, they have spaces for dresses, hats, toilet case, jewellery, gloves, scarves, ties, etc., sewing kit, shoes and hosiery, a utility box, a sta-

tionery case, and a dozen other provisions. The men's cases are quite as complete, and they are durably finished, and manufactured and sold by the L. McBrine Co. of Kitchener.

And as to clothes? Non-crushable ones with few frills. Select the color scheme, say the smart black and white combination, begin with the warm travel coat of a soft tweedy mixture, with a collar of civet, or sable or seal. With this a tailored dress of flecked basket woven wool, white accessories (collars, cuffs and fronts, several changes), comfortable walking shoes, and lots of gray stockings in heavy service weight, with thin underwool pairs for the sea-travel, or heavy weight wool if you prefer them. Cape-skin gloves, or washable chamois, and a big roomy leather or tapestry purse, the whole topped by a smart off-the-face black hat with just a dash of white in the trimming. A silk travel tweed in a gray and blue mixture, or black with white or a color will suit these accessories, and a white and black knitted suit will be "just right" for many sports events. A black dinner dress, plain with good lines, will be indispensable, and a smart frock of black chiffon or lace with a coatee, might serve two purposes. Then indulge our love of color in one gay evening dress, our brilliant kimona, our travel pyjamas, a coatee of gold or silver brocade that will slip over any sleeveless dress, and a nice fussy little evening coat, white rabbit, black velvet, or a combination of white fox collar, with black wrap. Of course there's lots of scope for color combinations—brown and tan; navy and green; navy and gray; dark and light green; in short we select our favorite colors and then keep to them. And for underwear? Wool for the boats and chilly places (with sudden changes of climate it often means our health), a good quality of rayon or glove silk for everyday (they are both so easily washed and dried), lots of silk stockings, comfortable shoes and slippers, and we're set.

And oh, by the way, if we don't take a trunk, or we are on tour all the time, we won't forget that a vulcanized fibre suitcase is the only one that will "stand up" under the rough treatment of continental porters, and the hauling over window ledges and the pitching onto trucks, even as strong as they are, they sometimes come to grief in handles and catches, so beware of the frail and shoddy cases.

And now I think we're all ready, the gang plank may come up, the ship may sail!

Names! the lure in names of places, Stirring thoughts of foreign faces; Bales of silk and bowls of lacquer, Dragons on a sugar cracker.

Chrysanthemums

By H. H. Fariss

Tall chrysanthemums make glad my garden
Where Autumn weaves its chain of sunny
hours,
Supreme they raise their heads in loveliness,
Crowned queens of beauty by the other
flowers;
I love their great pompoms of burnished gold,
The mauve and crimson blossoms, too,
are fair,
But while chrysanthemums, to me, seem like
Young girls with folded hands that kneel
at prayer.

Because of them I dream of Old Japan,
Of geisha girls who dance and lithely sway,
Where jeweled lanterns shine on these rare
flowers,

More wonderfully beautiful than they;
I seem to hear the music rise and fall,
Weird songs of that far land across the sea,
The land that gave me my chrysanthemums,
A joy today and through glad years to be.

But at the eventide a pathway winds
Across the meadows and along the hill
To where, beside the old familiar gate
Awaits the girl I love, and always will;
Chrysanthemums grown in her garden, too;
In rows of loveliness beside the wall,
Are pink and lavender and golden blooms
And virgin flowers of white, best loved
of all.

Shut in for Months but full of Pep!

IF you think you are cooped up by home and business, how would you like to be shut in for weeks in a snow hut?

This is the thing that works havoc with the health of Arctic trappers, according to W. S. MacPhee of Winnipeg, Canada. "Especially in the spring," he writes, "before the ice breaks and open water comes, all us trappers are apt to be in pretty bad shape. In the summer of 1924 I first discovered Nujol. The idea of internal lubrication appealed to me. Soon I found that the irritable nervous no-pep feeling was gone. Nujol has certainly given me a different outlook on life."

Even in this part of the world we have the same kind of trouble. We do not get enough exercise, and often we are not able to have proper diet. How simple a thing it is then to keep ourselves buoyantly happy, full of energy seeing the bright side of life, by taking advantage of the discovery that Nujol gently, naturally, and surely clears away the poisons out of our bodies—we all have them—regularly as clock work.

Mr. MacPhee's letter is only one of several thousands which have come to us recently from people who have learned that Nujol is the normal way to health.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine; it contains no drugs; it is not absorbed



by the body; it is non-fattening. It is simply harmless internal lubrication, which our bodies need as much as any machine.

Buy a bottle of Nujol at any drug store and try it. Millions of people all over the world are healthy because they are using Nujol. Why shouldn't you be happy, too? Get Nujol today! Sold in sealed packages only—trade-marked "Nujol." Insist on Nujol by name.

If you want to know how to keep well, send for free 24-page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Fred J. Whitlow & Co. Limited, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto, 2.

YES, ITS DIFFERENT!

But its got a "kick" and a thrill to it that makes one wish we could run across more of these stories. "UNDER FROZEN STARS" is not a yarn to be missed. NOW RUNNING IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Men Like this Pastry

MAKE IT WITH PURITY FLOUR

The secret of making good pie crust is: "Use Purity Flour and keep the dough dry." Here is recipe for two pie shells:

3 cups Purity Flour ½ tspn salt
1 cup lard 1 cup cold water

METHOD: mix the flour and salt, cutting in half the shortening until the mixture is like fine meal, gradually adding exact quantity of water but not a drop more. Turn out on board very lightly sprinkled with Purity Flour, roll about one quarter inch thick. Spread balance of shortening over dough, fold over three times and roll again to required thickness. Bake in hot oven (475°).

PURITY FLOUR

"See" the best for Bread"

3010



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Look for our Company's name on the Purity Flour sack. It is your guarantee of quality from a responsible milling concern.

Darling, You Can Trust Me

Continued from page 7

Under Jerry's approving eyes Vera brandished her lipstick, copying the brazenness she had noticed in flappers. And she got more joy out of doing it than ever she had got out of saying to other women: "I suppose I'm old-fashioned, but I don't think it's nice . . ."

"A little spin before going home." Central Park at dusk. Jerry kissing her. Reverend tenderness surging up into thundering "stirredness." Really, she couldn't do any more for Conrad. Not today.

"Jerry, take me home at once!"

The rest of the drive in silence, in puzzled surprise that after all Jerry was really very nice. So respectful! Oh, that little bit at the last didn't count. It wasn't fair of a woman to be hard on a man just because he lost his head a little over her.

If anyone was to blame, it was Conrad. Even a worm will turn, if told drowsily that it is trusted.

AS VERA entered the living-room, Clive was kissing Isobel's hand. But—how sweet! Clive had just given Isobel a new ring, a Valentine's gift.

"Hello, Vera! How did it go?" but before Vera could answer, Isobel explained laughingly to Clive: "Vera's been lunching with Jerry, lunching from one to six-thirty."

Clive looked oddly at Vera. But then he had been looking oddly at her for several days.

That night Vera added another scene to her falling-asleep rehearsals.

"My lovely one, a diamond bracelet for the whitest arm in the world! Just a belated Valentine's gift."

"Oh, thank you, dear. But please don't kiss me just now. Jerry arrives from New York in an hour."

"Vera!" piteously. "Tell me that he means nothing to you! Tell me that if we were both free again, you would still choose me before any of these other men!"

But—how long would this second honeymoon last? How soon would she again have to jolt Conrad? Perhaps with a vigilant modelling of herself after Isobel's pattern, it might last a long time.

How long could Isobel keep Clive at chronic lover-heat? How about the awful fifties and sixties? Not very restful. But love, Isobel said, was a flower that needed careful tending. Suddenly Vera wondered if Isobel's idea of marriage was not like a hennaed old woman. But why pursue that line of thought, when she was so nicely started on Isobel's system?

With her breakfast-tray the maid brought Vera a box of orchids. On a heart-shaped card Vera read:

To my Valentine. Georgiana from Jerry.

And then—who should walk into her room, but Conrad!

"Conrad!"

A husbandly little kiss.

"I thought I'd give you a little surprise. And how about coming with me to Montreal tomorrow?"

"To Montreal? You said you would be busy; that it would be terribly dull for me."

"Yes, dear, but we're used to being together. I miss you, and I bet you miss me."

That was it. That was all of it. Used to being together!

"Sorry, but I'm having too amusing a time." She pointed casually to the orchids.

He picked up the romantically-shaped card.

"Georgiana from Jerry. You poor kid. Did they deliver someone else's flowers to you by mistake!"

"No mistake at all. They are from one of my men friends."

He sat down and laughed heartily.

"And does he call you Georgiana?"

"Yes," haughtily. "Because I remind him of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. You know Gainsborough's painting of her with the big hat, and feathers, and flowing curls?"

"You dear baby! So you are having a little flirtation!"

This might be indulgence, but it was not tumultuous jealousy. Jerry thought that no man could be married to her, and not be crazy over her.

"I wish, Conrad," she remarked calmly, "that you had let me know you were coming. I could have arranged my engagements. As it is, I am having tea this afternoon with a friend—a man."

He lit a cigarette tranquilly. Then he smiled.

"And I come along, and spoil everything! It's a shame. Just as you were feeling really girlish again!"

"You aren't spoiling anything." She managed to keep her voice even and low.

His mouth dropped. "You aren't going with him? Not now? With me here?"

He was astonished. That was better. She feigned a yawn. "Really, Conrad, you are too Victorian."

TEA with Jerry.

"Jerry, my husband arrived this morning."

"Two days."

"O-ho! For how long?"

"Have to be deuced careful tonight."

"Oh, no, he doesn't care. Except as one cares for one's parents and sisters and brothers and children."

"That's not love!" Jerry cried fiercely.

"No," she echoed tragically.

She was looking pretty. Jerry stared at her. Then he muttered:

"My God!"

It was the nicest compliment Jerry had paid her.

"Georgie, I'm on the square with you. I like you. You're not too dashed modern. You're a nice loving little girl. I could care a lot for you, Georgie."

She didn't see his thin hair and fat waistline, she saw only the look in his eyes.

"Jerry, you should be having tea with some nice young girl."

"I hate 'em. They're so dashed fast—or dull. I'm old-fashioned. I like young girls to be innocent."

She had what was, for her, a flash. "And if they are, you find them dull."

"Gosh, you're bright, Georgie. Bright as they make 'em."

Even on their honeymoon Conrad had not hinted that she was brilliant.

"Have I a chance, Georgie? I'm serious."

"Conrad has never been unkind to me."

"But you are unhappy. He doesn't love you."

"I am unhappy. He doesn't love me."

His eyes went from her rejuvenated curves to her powder-sheer stockings, then up to her childish eyes.

"Georgie, you're different. The New York girls were born knowing their way about. Georgie!"

It was exciting. After ten years of family bridge, of dinner-parties with all the guests stagnantly married, of home evenings at fancy-work or solitaire while Conrad read.

"Georgie, stay in the U.S. and get a divorce! Georgie, let me make up to you for all your loveless years!"

Was this the only way she could ever get a second honeymoon?

She heard herself promising Jerry to

give him his "answer" after Conrad left for Montreal.

THE Valentine party went off gaily. But—Conrad didn't flirt with anybody. He didn't care.

She would never love any man as she had loved Conrad. But that was past now. It had petered out. She was frankly a modern. After all—no children, private means of her own—just a companionate marriage.

A desperately-in-love Jerry or an indifferent Conrad?

"Good-night, dear."

The past ten years unrolled themselves before her. The first years when she had sprung out of bed, to powder her nose before Conrad was awake . . . She would have to buy an alarm clock if she married Jerry. . . . The years when they had hoped for a child . . .

"Vera! You're crying!"

No reply.

"Vera, darling, what is it?"

"Don't touch me! Everything is over between us. Ours has been only a companionate marriage."

"That fool Isobel has infected you! You poor baby!"

"Don't you dare to pity me! You have always said 'Good-night, dear, first!'"

He switched on a light.

"Tell me about it. Please."

"I worried dreadfully for fear some more attractive woman would run after you. But you thought no one else would ever want me. You—thought I was—fat!"

He smiled relievedly.

"I never thought anything of the sort. I think you're adorable. I'd think so, if you weighed three hundred pounds. Was it a crime to trust you?"

"Jerry is crazy about me. He wants me to get a divorce."

"Jerry's an ass."

"Don't dare to speak like that about the man I'm going to marry."

"Oh, no, you aren't."

"You can't stop the laws. Not the laws of the United States."

"Thank you, darling, for the post-script. In Canada we recognize only

adultery as grounds. And that I will never give you."

"You're coarse."

"Of course I am." He sat on the edge of her bed. "I shouldn't have let you come here, dear. I have always known Isobel was quite mad."

"Isobel is a modern."

"Now let's talk it out as friends. I love you more than anything in the world. But if you think another man can give you greater happiness—"

"Happiness isn't everything!"

He kissed her tear-stained cheek.

"Tell me, dear, what more do you want?"

"I want a lover again."

When he answered at last, it was very humbly.

"My dear, I've blundered. I thought you knew. I let myself get into a rut."

"Isobel says husbands always get out of ruts."

"I dislike Isobel. She has never really given herself to Clive. She has made a game of marriage."

"Clive adores her."

"Poor Clive. Do you see a real man submitting to separate rooms, and to having his love teased by a series of tame cats? But don't imagine Clive enjoys it. The poor chap sent me a confidential telegram late yesterday afternoon. It was cryptic, but within the hour I was on the train for New York."

Vera was speechless at this new light on Clive."

"You won't marry that flabby Jerry person, will you, dear? You'll forgive me everything? I'm afraid I did get a bit casual."

"Conrad."

"Yes, dear."

"I began it for your good."

"Thank you, dear. For the intention."

"Conrad, will you ever trust me again? I was dreadfully unfaithful."

He kissed her.

"Conrad, say it!"

"Say what, dear?"

"That you trust me."

"I do, dear. I have always trusted you."

"Oh, no! Not that way. Just sleepily: 'Of-course-I-trust-you-good-night-dear.'"

Brightness in the Bathroom

Continued from page 17

shower that can be installed at any time; it looks as effective as this one, and has in fact a larger curtain-rod of square shape, a most substantial and good-looking fixture. I put one in last year at a total cost, curtains and all, of thirty-odd dollars. There are others as low as twelve dollars, so no one need be without the comfort and pleasure of a shower.

LET us see now what features of a little different character are to be seen in the second bathroom, which is pictured at the foot of the page.

The varnished paper covers the entire wall in this case, and again it establishes the color scheme for the room.

Against a cream ground, a smart little sailboat bends to the breeze. It is mauve in color, and its sails are sun-tipped, giving them a yellow hue. So mauve and yellow, with an occasional touch of soft green and a Frenchy suggestion of peach, are the colors that are pricked out in the furnishings.

The clothes hamper is mauve—and above it hang sunny yellow marquise curtains that have a little piping along their hem-line of mauve voile. The rug is mauve chenille, with a narrow band of green in its border.

Chenille has found a new use—not

only in a soft, deep rug for the bathroom and a luxurious bath-mat but in snugly-fitting covers for the bath stool and, if you like, for the cover on the closet. There is a tape around the edge of these pieces which draws them in to fit—and you can have them developed in the pattern you like, in any given color combination, without any extra charge. The four-piece set—rug, mat, stool and closet covers—make a delightful addition to the room's equipment.

If you are watching the calories and their effects, or like to check your children's weight, the neat scale will appeal to you.

Both of the bathrooms pictured are featuring the modern unframed mirror that is so smart. It is of heavy plate glass—usually with a line to indicate a border—the one above the dressing-table has black squares in the corners to stress its modernity. These mirrors, as well as mirrored cabinets, are things that can always be added.

And remember that if I can assist you with any individual problem in connection with tricking up your old bathroom or planning the installation of a new one, I shall be delighted. Just write me in care of the magazine and I shall do my best to help you by an early mail.

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 20

laugh. "Goin' to accuse somebody of murder?"

"You're a good guesser, Mac-Lauren," bit off Jim, and the glint in his grey eyes caused the partners to exchange surprised looks.

When they stood behind the closed door of the large trade-room, LeBlond asked: "Now, to what do we owe the honor of your call?"

"In law courts I believe the defendant is entitled to be confronted by his accuser. We'll wait for Paradis." Jim turned to the nervous Indian whose uneasy eyes alternately sought the faces of the white men and shifted appealingly to the wooden visage of Omar. "Now, Pierre, you're going to tell this story just as you told it to us. Paradis is not going to put a hand on you or bother you on the way to the canoe. If he tries it—"

The blood flamed into the dark face of LeBlond as he broke in: "You're pretty free with your talk here, Stuart!"

Jim's cold, grey gaze met the frown of the other. "You'll understand when you hear his story," he said quietly.

Paradis opened the door of the trade-room, his dark features picturing the strain under which he labored, but he evidenced no surprise at the presence of the men from Sunset House. He met the glittering eyes of the Ojibwa, Jim's amused smile, and the savage glance of Omar, who stood, arms folded, the fingers of his right hand touching the handle of his knife, with equal indifference.

"Good day, Monsieur Paradis," said Jim, "Pierre, here, has a little story to tell to your employers." Turning to the excited Indian, Stuart continued: "Now tell these gentlemen just what you told us."

"What have I to do wid thes Indian?" demanded Paradis, assuming an air of surprise, as he stroked his small moustache. But Jim noted the unsteadiness of his hand.

"Keep quiet!" rasped the interested and perplexed MacLauren. "Let him tell his story."

Questioned by Jim when he faltered, his eyes shifting fearfully from the black face of LeBlond to the sneering Paradis, Pierre told, now in English, now in Ojibwa, how he had been refused supplies for the winter because of his old debt, and in despair was about to leave with his family when Paradis approached him with the scheme to ambush Stuart's canoe on its return up the Woman River from Lake Expanse.

As Migwan accused Paradis of plotting the shooting of Omar and Jim, the sneer faded from the head man's face. With a snarl he flung at the Indian: "You lie! You dirt eater!"

"One minute, Paradis!" rasped Jim. "Let him finish!"

LeBlond was studying his assistant through narrowed eyes as MacLauren snapped: "Keep out of this, Paradis! You'll have your chance!"

The Ojibwa went on to tell of the ambush and his capture by Smoke.

"Right here, I want to say," interposed Jim, "that it was only after a long grilling, when he feared for his life, that this man named you, Paradis."

"When you put eet een hees head, eh?" sneered the other, palpably uneasy under the searching scrutiny of Louis LeBlond.

"No, I didn't put it into his head—I didn't have to," drawled Jim, enjoying the baiting. "After giving you

that swimming lesson, I just naturally thought you were the skunk behind this shooting."

With a cough of rage, Paradis sprang at the grinning Stuart, to be caught from the side in the grip of Omar and hurled backward to the floor.

LeBlond sprang to his head man and dragged him to his feet. "You fool—you got what you deserved. Now what d'yuh say to this story?"

Grimacing with pain as he rubbed a bruised elbow, the shaken Paradis flatly denied having any part in the ambush. "Eet ees a lie—all lie!" he protested. "I refuse dis Pierre flour an' he mak' up de story."

"But why should he take it out on me and my man here unless he was paid to do it? He had nothing against us! He never saw us before," demanded Jim. "And how did he know we were at Lake Expanse? You told him and you learned it from MacLauren."

"He want to rob you of your grub!"

"Nonsense! He knew we weren't freighting supplies—our canoe was empty." Then Jim turned to grave-faced LeBlond and MacLauren who were exchanging whispers. "If I report this thing to Christie at Lake Expanse, there'll be a police canoe here in September. You know what that means?"

LeBlond nodded. "We don't want the police in this, Mr. Stuart," he said quietly. "It's a bad mess, but you've only got this Indian's word against the word of Paradis."

"You forget, LeBlond, that Paradis doesn't love me. Do you, Paradis? No, he has some pretty good reasons for hating me." Jim turned to the fuming half-breed. "That little bath in the lake, for instance, when you swallowed so much water, eh, Paradis?"

"I don't know anything about that—he never told me," retorted the worried LeBlond. "But if you report this thing to the authorities, it will make no end of trouble. They'll have all of us down to the railroad and hold us there as witnesses."

"It certainly will be serious not only for Paradis but for the North-West Trading Company," agreed Jim with a stiff smile, while wrinkles of amused satisfaction furrowed Omar's square face as he watched the apprehension in the eyes of LeBlond. "But I don't intend to have Indians bribed to fire on me by your people," he went on. "If he'd hit one of us, it would have put you out of business and you'd stand trial to boot."

"You don't believe I had any knowledge of this?" protested LeBlond, the blood leaping to his dark features.

"No, of course not."

"What d'yuh want us to do, Mr. Stuart?" asked MacLauren. "We regret this thing deeply. But there's only this Indian's word against that of Paradis."

"Paradis had a motive for injuring me; this Indian had none. I'm satisfied the story is straight. Now if you'll get rid of Paradis—send him out of this country and keep him out. I won't report this shooting."

"That's a bargain," quickly agreed MacLauren.

The ash-grey face of Paradis worked convulsively as he heard his sentence of banishment. Then he found his voice "You writer of love lettair."

he stormed. "You t'ink you get her now Paul Paradis ees gone, eh? Ha! ha! You are de beeg fool—de beeg—"

From the side, unnoticed by his head man, the exasperated LeBlond struck Paradis full in the face with his open hand—then the trade-room door swung wide and Aurore LeBlond stood in the doorway.

"WHY, what's happening? What's the matter?" Eyes wide with surprise, Aurore glanced from the dazed Paradis and the furious face of LeBlond to the men from Sunset House.

"Mr. Stuart!" she gasped, her dark skin deepening with color. "You—came here, and they didn't tell me. Father, what has happened?"

As she stood in her white frock, silk stockings and low shoes—an amazing costume for the forests—Jim stared, inarticulate, at her fresh beauty. Black brows contracted, she glanced inquiringly from her father's annoyed look to the enchanted eyes of Stuart.

"This is no place for you; we are talking business," objected LeBlond.

As he watched her, Jim wondered if Paradis had kept secret their meeting at the split rock—if she had made a rendezvous in the stolen note, to have him fail her. Then slowly over her expressive face broke the girl's infectious smile.

"It may be none of my business, mon père, but as Mr. Stuart happened not long ago, to have fished your daughter out of the lake, your wayward child as the female head of your house insists on welcoming Mr. Stuart to Bonne Chance." The room was hushed with tension as she walked to Jim, and gave him her hand.

"Welcome to our city, Mr. Stuart," she said, her dusky eyes alight with challenge. "Of course, after this momentous business, you'll have lunch with us." Then she dropped a low: "Paradis told me—about the split rock."

He saw the pulse beating in her throat, the color deepen under her olive skin, while her hand for an instant pressed his. And the touch of her sent his heart off at a gallop.

"Thank you, but we're starting at once," he answered, and, poignant as a knife thrust, came the realization that this amazing girl, to whose nearness every nerve in his body was alive, would soon be but a memory.

"But why?" she demanded. Her candid gaze sought the impatient look of her father. "Why do you stand there as if you had no manners? Have you lost your voice? I am asking Mr. Stuart to lunch with us before he goes."

With a resigned shrug of the shoulders LeBlond answered his indomitable daughter. "You do not understand—we are talking business—very important. Will you wait for us outside?"

She glanced doubtfully at Stuart and the men standing beside him. "Looks more like war than business, to me; and who hurt Paul's eye? Why, it's black and blue," she flung lightly over her shoulder as she left the room.

"It's agreed then," said LeBlond eagerly, "that you make no report to the authorities if Paradis goes?"

"Yes, if you ship Paradis to your Nipigon posts—out of this country."

"We'll shake hands on that Mr. Stuart," said MacLauren, and the three men bound their compact. "Now will you take a meal with us before you start?" [Continued on page 60]

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Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 59

"Yes," urged the relieved LeBlond, "my daughter expects you."

An hour with her, even in the presence of her father and his partner would have been unalloyed delight to the captivated Stuart, but the fierce protest in the stormy face of Omar and the responsibility for the safety of Pierre forced him to refuse.

Outside, in the clearing, Aurore was waiting. "You will allow us to make a small return of the hospitality you offered us? You will stay?"

"I'm sorry. I can't."

"You mean you don't care to?" She was walking alone with him now ahead of the others.

"Care to?" He looked boldly into her pleading eyes. "Don't you know that I want to see you—talk to you? Can't you feel it?"

She turned to the lake and he saw the slow pulse of color sweep to the raven hair that rippled from her temple as she asked: "Then I'm something more than an empty-headed, spoiled child to you, Mr. Jeem Stuart?"

Intoxicated by her nearness—he even caught the faint scent of the perfume she wore—Jim's voice thickened as he replied, almost inaudibly: "You're something more than a glorious creature who is going out of my life forever, Aurore LeBlond."

Her dusky eyes half closed as he watched her profile, with its quivering lips; but she did not turn her face. "You mean that?"

"I mean much more."

"Then why am I going out of your life? I stay here until September."

"I am going into the bush with Omar."

"When?"

"In two days."

"Then meet me at the white sand-beach on the large island," she said hurriedly, for voices sounded close behind them, "tomorrow morning as early as you can. I go berrying with an Indian girl I can trust."

"I will be at the white sand-beach," he whispered, and his heart shook him with its pounding.

"We're sorry you won't allow us to return your hospitality, Mr. Stuart," said LeBlond as they stood on the beach where Omar and Pierre waited at the canoe.

"And we admire your sporting blood in not pushing this matter," added MacLauren. "You could make us sweat, there's no doubt about that, even if you have nothing but the Indian's story. Innocent or guilty, Paradis is going to pay for this mess."

"He's going to pay me if ever Omar, here, or I run into him again. You keep your agreement and I'll keep mine."

"Thanks, Mr. Stuart," returned MacLauren, flushing, "I'm glad we've got such a square rival on this lake."

With a wave of his hat to the white figure of Aurore who stood on the higher shore, Stuart stepped into the canoe, while two humiliated and exasperated fur men watched him until his canoe passed from sight behind the islands.

Before sunrise two canoes were landed widely apart on the large island, drawn up, and hidden from sight in the "bush." Then, eating the cold breakfast they had brought, Omar took his rifle and the binoculars and crossed the island to watch the post. If Paradis followed her canoe that morning, the half-breed promised himself, LeBlond would be relieved of his promise—unless he wanted to send a dead man to the Nipigon.

To avoid the chance of being seen crossing the lake and reported by a canoe from LeBlond's, visiting the

gill nets set between the islands, Jim had started under the stars. But now the impatient trader had hours to wait until he could hope for the coming of Aurore LeBlond's canoe. So he dropped his clothes on the sand beach and cooled his impatience with a long swim. Beyond the shallows the water was cold, but he hardly felt the temperature as his powerful arms and legs thrashed the still surface. She was coming to meet him—this glorious dark creature who had so valiantly fought death over miles of wind-driven sea, only to laugh at it. In her pride, she had turned her flushed face and clouded eyes from him that he might not see; but he had seen. Miracle though it was, those hours at Sunset House with this girl of the cities had wrought their mutual spell. The humble fur-trader, Jim Stuart, had reached her—if not her heart, her senses. And she was coming to him here on this lonely island to say good-bye.

A half-mile from shore he turned. Farther out, a loon called. Overhead, a family of grey mallards winged their quacking way to morning feeding grounds. On the shore of a neighboring island a young bull moose, his spike horns still in the velvet, stood knee deep, with uplifted nose, testing the air for the scent of the strange swimmer.

Jim landed and leisurely put on his clothes. She had asked him to be at the sand-beach as early as he could reach it, but had named no hour.

He looked at his watch. Seven o'clock! Too early yet! It would take her an hour to paddle from the post. Then he saw a canoe in the distance.

When the boat had approached to within a half-mile Jim knew, from the stroking, that the craft was paddled by women. It was she.

Presently the bow paddler waved her hand to the man who restlessly walked the shore. The canoe drifted nearer. For a space, he watched the blade of Aurore, driven by her round arms, flash in the sun; then shortly, her laugh reached him.

"Good morning! You are early, Monsieur Stuart," she called.

"I have been here for hours," he said, "waiting for the dawn, and now, she has come."

"Very pretty!" With a flash of white teeth she smiled into his eager face as he drew the boat in to the beach and gave her his hand, while the eyes of the Indian girl in the stern snapped with excitement at this secret tryst of LeBlond's daughter and the trader from across the lake.

Then, as she stepped to the sand, Jim's eyes which had not left the radiant dark face, noted the tan linen knickers beneath the white blouse.

"Gibodiegwason!" he grinned. "You wore them in memory?"

Her dusky eyes lit with raillery. "Yes, in memory of our meeting—and because they wash."

They stood on the beach looking at each other like runaway children, as the Indian girl paddled the canoe discreetly up the shore.

"Do they shock you, mon ami?" she asked, noting the amused smile as his approving eyes swept her graceful legs encased in silk stockings.

"No, they are most becoming. I was thinking of Sarah's horror last night, when I told her you wore silk stockings. She almost choked with

surprise. 'Nia! n'go!' she gasped. 'She put seek on her foot?'"

"The poor old soul!" The girl rocked with laughter. "So she was horrified at the thought of silk stockings? I'm just going to send her a pair for Christmas. What's her size?"

Jim's face sobered as he gravely considered the matter. "Good lord, I should say the largest they make."

"Did any one ever tell you," said the girl, her eyes suddenly serious, "that you have a most dangerous smile?"

The blood leaped to his bronzed face. "I hope—you find it so," he stammered, confused at the suddenness of the attack.

"I might," she said, with a curl of a red lip, "if you were more polite."

"Polite?"

"Yes. You haven't asked me to sit down, and I'm tired from hard paddling."

He glanced around the strip of sand beach, fringed with alder, then shook his head ruefully. "I'm afraid there's only the beach."

"What's the matter with that?" And she sat down, took a cigarette from a small case and started to smoke, her dark brows contracted, her eyes turned from him where he sat. At last she spoke.

"When a man tells a girl she means something to him—that he wants to see her," she began, "and in the same breath says he's going away so he can't see her, what is the poor girl to infer?"

"That the man is a victim of circumstances," Jim answered.

She shook her dark head. "No, that he can't want to see her very much or he'd stay."

"Do you believe that?" he demanded, leaning impulsively toward her.

She met his look squarely, quizzically; then asked: "Can't you wait until September? I might not go out of your life—if you'd wait—I'd be sure then."

"Sure of what?" He was very near her now. The arm on which he leaned visibly trembled with his effort at control. But her dark eyes were now cryptic and he fought down his emotion. Could it be that she had come out here to play with him—amuse herself? At the thought his bronzed face filled with blood.

"Sure of what?" he repeated roughly.

As she watched the tenseness of his corded neck, the set jaw, the passion in the grey eyes, slowly her mouth curled with the mocking smile he knew. "Why, I'd be sure you wanted to see me again," she said, and clasping her knees in her hands, rocked gently back and forth, as the face of Jim Stuart darkened with anger.

So it had been acting, after all, he thought, her face, her eyes, her voice, yesterday at the post?

He got to his feet and walked to the water's edge with his bitterness. Fool, he had been, to allow this girl to draw him on—play with him, to lighten the dullness of her visit to the forests. She had wanted to make him lose his control—make love to her; she had seen him tremble with his desire to take her in his arms. He had thought her sincere, under the armor of her raillery—her daring manner. But now that he was wrong, he would not whimper. He would play

out the game. He turned to the girl watching him curiously from the sand.

"I wanted to ask you," he began as she looked up at him, the trace of a smile at the corners of her mobile mouth, "what Paradis told you about our meeting at the split rock. He followed you there and found your note; then ambushed me with a gun, and started to take me to your father's place, when I upset the canoe and gave him a lesson."

Aurore's laughter echoed from the forest behind her. "He said that he had beaten you with a stick and you had promised never to look at me again."

"You believed him?"

"What, believe Paul Paradis?" she protested. "I happened to know that Mr. Jeem Stuart, having looked at me once, would desire to look again, and our Paul would not stop him. Beat you with a stick—our pretty Paul? Absurd!"

"Thank you. I did want to look again." And he again sat beside her, now steeled against the wiles of her sorcery.

"Now will you tell me why you go away?" she asked quietly. Her dusky eyes were serious.

"Because my duty to my employers demands it. Have you ever heard of that word—duty, Miss Aurore LeBlond?"

"Yes, I have heard of it, Mr. Jeem Stuart, but I am wondering if its demands are greater than those of love."

He turned on her in amazement to find her troubled eyes seeking the distant ridges. Here was a new mood.

"My place, as you've doubtless heard your father say, has not been successful. This is my last year here—unless I can make it pay. There's no room for failures in the fur trade." With mouth set stiffly, Jim gazed away across the rippled surface of the lake. Stuart, he mused, the man who had made two failures at Sunset House. One, all the trade would know; the other—only Aurore LeBlond and his heart.

He filled his deep chest with the spruce-sweet air; then expelled it as something warm touched his hand. He looked down. It was the hand of the girl beside him and the dark eyes which met his shone, but not with mockery.

"I understand," she said. "It was just to pass the time—until your duty called you away."

Wide eyed with surprise he met her dark gaze as she withdrew her hand. But in the depths of her unwavering eyes lurked no trace of guile. Confused, electrified by her touch but suspicious, he passionately rejoined: "You accuse me of that—you, who are going so soon—who amused yourself with a poor devil of a fur man?"

Her face flamed as he choked out the words. With a little cry she faltered: "Ah, you do—you do love me—Jeem Stuart!"

As the sun destroys mist, her clouded eyes—her voice, banished the suspicions of the bewildered Stuart. With a quick movement he had her in his arms.

"And you love me—Aurore!" he murmured, breathing in the fragrance of her hair as he crushed her fiercely to him.

With a deep sigh she turned in his arms and flung back her head. Taking his bronzed face between her hands, the glowing eyes of the girl lifted to his.

"Look, you doubter! Are you satis—" His hungry lips crushed back her words.

(To be continued next month)



By Bobby Burke

Gold Button goes to Mary Sherstobetoff of Benito, Man., who sends in the verse on "Fairies" by Thomas Westwood—

Fairies

By Thomas Westwood

Do you wonder where the fairies are
That folks declare have vanish'd;
They're very near, yet very far
But neither dead nor banish'd.

They live in the same green world today
As in by-gone ages olden,
And you enter by the ancient way,
Through the ivory gate or golden.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

And so here we are once again, at a Happy New Year. Isn't New Year's a nice time, a 'beginning' time, so that all the things that were wrong last year can be made right this year. If you were a bit lazy about getting up on the cold morn-

ings, or 'forgot' to do the small things around the house that are expected of you, or got snappy and cranky sometimes, or shirked a bit at school here's a fine chance to begin all over again and make 1931 a year with no 'lazy or cranky or forgetting' spots. When Bobby Burke was going to school, ages and ages ago, we used to make out lists before New Year's that went something like this, "I resolve Not to be lazy, or cranky or picky about my food" or whatever we felt our worst faults were; and another list that was headed, "I resolve To get up early; get my practicing done; get to school on time; stop fighting," or whatever thing we felt rather wobbly about. If we kept this list where we could see it, (not where anyone else could see it) we could sort of check up on it at night and see if this year was getting any better than last year. Do you think it's an old fogey idea? I think it's rather a good one. Try it and see.

A Travelling We Will Go

All on this bright and frosty morning we are starting out on a journey, it's a long journey too, for we shall hop around all over the world as if we had the seven league boots or better still a moth plane that never ran out of gas, had accidents, or did any of the things that planes do sometimes. Because it is a "cold and frosty morning", we are going to take you to a lovely warm place, a land of pineapples, of bannaa trees, of grass hut

perch. All kinds of palm trees wave their feathery plumes above us, and against the sky are the cones of great volcanoes. In a huge pit in the volcano Kilauea fire burns always, and yet above it not so far away is a snow capped mountain peak. Do you by any chance know how pine-apples grow? Down in the very heart of a spikey cactus looking plant, and in Honolulu they cut these beauties by the thousands and can them. You can eat



Hawaiian villagers

and surf boards. Can any of you guess where that is? It's the lovely island of Hawaii. To get there we journey first to Vancouver, and from there we board an Empress ship, and off we sail. What a day!

Let us suppose we have arrived there in April when the Shower Trees are in bloom. There are three kinds of Shower trees, The Golden, the Pink and the Flame Tree. Can you close your eyes and imagine streets lined with these wonderful trees that shower down blossoms? And then imagine fences that bloom! For in this land many of the fences are really hedges of flowering cactus, some of which bloom only at night and fill the darkness with their mystic perfume and the ghostly beauty of their waxy thick white petals. The Hibiscus, which grows on small trees looks like a lovely single rose only it comes in a thousand varieties and colors, and there are magnolias and every lovely blooming plant and tree. Every house has a garden, and not such a garden as we know, but one that riots in bloom and color and perfume all the year round. In your back garden in Hawaii you may have a banana tree, and you don't know what a banana is until you have tasted its sweet mellow ripeness. Coconut trees have a playful habit of dropping coconuts in your pathway as you travel down the street, or perhaps a monkey takes a shie at you from his leafy

them there like we eat pears, for after the prickly outside is taken off you have a juicy, delicious cone of golden fruit, with the world's best flavor in it.

Along the streets in Honolulu (which I forgot to explain is the capital city of the Island of Hawaii) you will see people of all nations, Chinese, Japanese, Americans, English, and the Hawaiians themselves. Most of the Hawaiians are dark with creamy or pale tan skin, beautiful eyes and hair, and soft voices. They sing wonderfully, and there are many notes in their voices which Northerners don't have. At night when the moon shines in Hawaii you may hear the notes of many guitars and the sweet singing of the men and boys as they wander along the shore or loaf on the sand. Out in the warm, lovely water of the Pacific brown boys dive and swim like fish, mounting surf boards as we climb into cars, riding the waves and diving for coins in the clear water. Can you imagine any more lovely place for our plane to take us than this? When we know that we have to leave we hear the song of Farewell, "Aloha," and around our necks we feel the wreaths of flowers that are called leis, and we leave all this perfume and beauty and warmth knowing that some day we must come back again.

Our next little Journey will take us to a quite different land, so be ready to hop into the plane again in February.

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Headaches can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach or to partial constipation—a complaint many indoor workers suffer from without ever suspecting it.

Kruschen Salts go right down to the root of the trouble and remove the cause by gently persuading the organs of elimination to function exactly as Nature intended they should.

RENEWALS!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The
Western Home Monthly





As the Years Come and Go

ON THE stroke of December's last midnight we say goodby to the Old Year, and with the next breath we greet the New Year, which we shall call the Old Year when the passing of twelve months brings us once more to December's last midnight. We say New Year and Old Year because we read times and events and the universe through our own personality and in human terms. We change, but the flowing river of Time moves on unchanging, as the years with their changing seasons come and go. The seasons in their round bring year after year the same succession of springtime's renewal and summer's flowers and bees and the harvests of the fields and autumn's falling leaves and winter's snows. But ageless Nature, which brings us the winter's snows, is even now preparing to bring us the budding leaves and blossoms of spring. Can we not, then, say of this old world that it is a new world, with as much justice as there is in our saying just before the clock strikes twelve on the last night of December that it is an old year and then saying in the next moment that it is a new year? Why not feel that every day is a new day and the beginning of a new year, bringing to every one of us opportunities for better living? And what are the best things that the years can bring us, in maturing and mellowing our personalities? They are dependableness, loyalty, courage, cheerfulness, unselfishness and the spirit of companionship.

The Mystery of Life

AN OLD darkey who died long ago but lives still in The Philosopher's memories of his boyhood used to smile when he was asked how old he was. He would say he didn't know. He didn't care. Why should he care? Wasn't there a good deal of enviable philosophy in his not caring? He used to say he felt as young as ever he was. It is one thing for a young person to hear an old person say that, and another thing for the young person to grow old and hear himself, or some other old person, say it. Young people cannot imagine what it is like to be old. More than that, they are unable, not having yet entered into the mysteriousness of life, to understand that old people can be capable of feeling young. That is to say, old people can feel as young people would feel if the spell of some Arabian Nights sorcery could make them for a few moments young and old at once. Young people cannot understand that. They cannot realize that for a person who is old the years that have made him, or her, old can at times roll away like a mist raised by a wizard in an old tale of enchantment and then dispelled by a wave of his wand. At such moments the question whether life can be measured by mere years seems a real one. It has this reality, that we truly live only when we are at our best and happiest, and the best and happiest living is not based on the calendar or any other external thing. The aids to such living come from within.

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Youth and Years

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," says Hamlet, with a good deal of truth. A case in point is the idea which prevailed a few generations ago (and the fact no less than the idea, for the prevalence of the idea made it a fact) that a man was old at fifty and a woman at forty. Now the fact is that at these ages men and women, having acquired the experience of living which can come only from living, are mature human individuals who have arrived at what is best in life. If they have lived wisely and well, they are not old. A soul can live forty, fifty or sixty or more years in this world and still be young. It is true that the bodies in which the souls are housed do not always preserve their youth as well as the souls do. But the improvement in this respect, too, is becoming more and more remarkable. A young soul that in a body that has been used properly in its youth is the finest thing in the world.

Every Effect Has a Cause

ONE thing we can be sure of about this world. It is a world of cause and effects. Times of hard transition such as the whole world has been passing through, when the individual finds it difficult not to feel deeply his helplessness in the face of it all, furnish to the thoughtful observer manifestations on the largest scale of the workings of cause and effect. It is true at all times that things being what they are, their consequences will be what they will be, but that does not mean at all that the individual is powerless to shape his life in the midst of these mighty workings or that he is without power in the general process of affairs. History is being made every day now, just as much as ever it was. It is always changing, never finished. Its immense rounded volume is constantly being moulded by innumerable hands. It is like a gigantic snowball, rolled along by millions of tiny beings, who are ourselves. It may be that we do not understand fully what we are doing. But we struggle along, and somehow, slowly—with pauses and some backward movements—the thing moves, on the whole, forward.

Religion and Progress

EVERYBODY, it is fair to say, would like to see human sympathy and understanding go on increasing. Everybody believes when he is at his best (however much his actions when he is not at his best may seem to fall short of giving proof of his belief) that a kindlier and juster world is not merely an idealistic dream but the ultimate purpose of creation, which is mirrored in our hearts from something greater than ourselves. Does not this fact prove that religion is essential to progress? Anyone who chooses to do so may, of course, say of Religion and Progress that, like some other fundamentally important things, it is not easy to define them. But, for all that, it is surely true that every man and woman knows what Religion and Progress mean, and knows also that the two are inseparable.

Chicago Beacon Guides Airmen's Course

ON FEBRUARY 27 the Lindbergh Beacon at Chicago, the most powerful in the world, will have completed six months of service, having been installed August 27, 1930, during the Tenth National Air Races while hundreds of airplane motors hummed a welcoming refrain.

Before proceeding with some description of this remarkable aid to air navigation, it seems appropriate to set forth the particular interest of Canadian flying men therein. The pre-Cambrian rock shield which stretches east to the Atlantic Ocean from Lake Winnipeg presents not only beautiful scenery but constant hazards to the jaunty members of the air fraternity. A forced landing due to motor-stall or other mishap brings the flyer down to trees, rocky ledge or lake. More than 1,000 miles of this forbidding terrain must be passed before the aviator feels safe; this is some ten hours, whereas the Rockies can be crossed in four hours and the Alleghenies in the States in two.

The Hon. J. A. Wilson, director of Civil Aviation for the Canadian Government, is confident the dangers will soon be minimized; he foresees the Prairie Air Mail Service extended shortly across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast from Edmonton and Calgary, with a string of beacons which will facilitate service. The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways blasted a way for steel through natural barriers from coast to coast, and a solution of air difficulties is merely a matter of time. Meanwhile, many Canadian flyers prefer to detour southward via Chicago, where they find perhaps two-thirds of east-west traffic in that sector constantly converging. Such of them as have recently followed the Lakes Trail have been guided at night by Chicago's Lindbergh Light. At the Twin Cities, proceeding north, they revert to field illumination, while 450 miles farther, at Winnipeg, they settle in the warm red glow of the more diffused light from the beacon atop the local store of the Hudson's Bay Company, which was dedicated on the opening of the Prairie Air Mail Service March 3, 1930.

On a tower in Broadway, New York City, the Byrd Beacon directs flyers to the Long Island landing fields, and far to the south in Panama a great flashing light stretches its white fingers into the Pacific and over the Caribbean Sea. Only the salty mariner who has safely slipped into rocky coves in the face of storms and the aviator lost in snow, haze or rain can appreciate the tremendous value of such transportation aids. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" speaks of the "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," who, "seeing, shall take heart again." Similarly, the wandering

knight of the air, whether lost from natural causes or the intoxication of a sweetheart's presence in an air romance, is immediately brought to attention on looking down the long barrel of a beacon's piercing beam. The dawdling, rambling plane churns beautiful syllabub out of stately cumulus clouds and garlands itself in the things dreams are made of; but once the driver sees the cold, white light clearly ahead, he speeds up on a crow-line course, blows such filmy creations into the backwash from his prop, and comes down in a happy landing on the friendly field.

There is also something of a military nature about the beacon which says to a fast-passing type of aviator, "Take your mind off your hip pocket and put it on your instrument board!"

Let an expert who writes for the Encyclopedia Britannica, Dr. Frank E. Hartman, tell of Chicago's effort to illuminate the birdman's bumpy way with a beacon which evolved over 47 years:

"Irrespective of the light in which Chicago may appear to the rest of the world, this great city has sent into the heavens a light of an entirely different character and of a magnitude

never before attained by mortal man. . . .

"The Lindbergh Beacon is a tribute of inventive genius to the pioneer spirit that dares its life to vindicate man's mastership of Nature. It was presented to the city of Chicago by its inventor and developer, the late Dr. Elmer A. Sperry, founder of the Sperry Gyroscope Co., and commemorates the solitary pioneer flight of Chas. A. Lindbergh across the Atlantic. . . .

"The cost of erection and maintenance of this beacon is borne by the owners of the Palmolive Building, above whose magnificent structure a silvery filagree of structural steel encased in aluminum rises an additional 65 feet to give the light a total elevation of 600 feet. . . .

"The beacon consists of two lights, one mounted above the other. The lower light has an output of 1,000,000,000 candle-power which is brought by a parabolic reflector into a beam of 36 inches in diameter, and is fixed so as to direct visiting airmen to the Municipal Airport. The upper light, the beacon proper, has an output of 2,000,000,000 candle-power brought into a beam five feet in diameter and revolved at the rate of two revolutions a minute. . . .

"If the beam of the Lindbergh Beacon was thrown on a house or people 15 miles away, photographs could be taken at that point. The beam of light permits reading a newspaper 50 miles away. . . ."



The Lindbergh Beacon, Palmolive Building, Chicago.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer

—FOR ONE YEAR—

and

The Western Home Monthly

—FOR ONE YEAR—

and



A Stamped Apron

ALL FOR \$1.50

So many requests for a repetition of last year's popular clubbing offer, that we comply very readily. This time, however, the apron is stamped on plain unbleached material and the new design, we think, is even daintier than the other one.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Apron.

Name.

Address.

What the World is Saying

For The Locomotive Drivers, Maybe

One wonders sometimes who it is that some automobile drivers think the warning signs at road crossings are for—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Try To Laugh This Off!

In a hospital for the insane in New Jersey an indoor miniature golf course has been installed for the use of the patients.—Ottawa Citizen.

Before It Is Ready For Ye Olde Shoppe

There is an awful period in the life of a piece of furniture, when, after being middle-aged, it becomes old, but not old enough to be an antique.—Victoria Colonist.

That Would Be About Her Age, Wouldn't It?

A despatch from Athens brings the information that a woman born there in 1806 and who has never in all her life been outside Greece has just died at Patras, at the age of a hundred and twenty-four.—London Daily Mail.

the Business Men's League, that there have been to many bad judges.—New York Tribune-Herald

Or Ashes That Will Match Its Color

Scientists have achieved some wonderful results, and may be in time one of them will succeed in producing a cigarette that will not drop any ashes on the rug—Regina Leader.

Goldfish That Brush Their Teeth?

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday a beautiful glass globe containing two goldfish given free with every purchase of toothbrush and tube of tooth paste. All for 50 cents.—Adv. in Hamilton Spectator

Use Also To Cover Up The Bunk

It has happened more than once, says the Globe, that election results have been a veritable crazy quilt. Well, a quilt is what is put over those who have been put to sleep.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

Grief In Sunny Florida

Notice to Venice land investors. All who have lost investments in Venice are invited to meet at Farm 149, Venice, to consider means of recovering their losses.—Adv. in Tampa Daily Times.

Sez You!

Canada may have the best of the mountain scenery, perhaps, but on the whole the best of all the natural beauty of the continent is in these United States.—Mayor James Walker, of New York.

Idea For The League Of Nations To Try!

Men and women laugh heartily at a stage quarrel between man and wife. If they were to laugh off their own home quarrels, there would be more domestic peace and happiness in the world.—Toronto Globe.

About Friend Husband's Clumsiness

There was a national hook-up in the old days, too, but all the information it furnished was in the form of more or less impatient remarks from Friend Wife, over her shoulder.—Lethbridge Herald.

Dreams Of Progress

The writer of a magazine article on City Noises says that he dreams of a day when automobile horns can only be sounded when cars are moving. We dream of a time when a horn will sound automatically if an automobile comes upon a person round a corner from the rear.—Kansas City Star.



"Pst! Hey Ma—Buddy wants t' try him on a peanut."

Stiffer Backbones Will Help Some, Too

Fashion decrees broader shoulders for men this year.—Vogue.

Another Case Of "What Every Woman Knows"

It is not enough that women should know only what men know.—Lady Astor.

Interesting, If True

A fashion item says that skirts are still slightly higher west of the Rockies.—New York World.

You Wear Your Parachute on Your Feet

A German inventor has perfected an aeroplane that flies backward.—Vancouver Province.

Regal Ford-Wheel Revolutions In Spain

"Best of all," said King Alfonso recently, "I like to drive my little two-seater Ford."—Paris Le Rire.

How About Getting Them Educated?

There is a court decision that a college can compel its students to get vaccinated.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nor, "When Will He Quit Descending?"

The question is not at all rightly stated in this form: "Has man descended from the monkey?"—London Saturday Review.

But Not All Are What They Promised To Be

Almost all possible kinds of governments are to be found functioning in the world at the present time.—London Spectator.

What Would He do With The Present Wives?

A United States professor advises business men to pick secretaries with a view to marrying them.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Some People Still Try To Drive Them

According to a technical writer, the great problem of today is what to do with old automobiles.—Calgary Herald.

Isn't The Dean A Bit Late With This?

Dean Inge Doubts the Paternity of Queen Elizabeth—Says Her Features Were Unlike Those of the Tudors.—London Daily Express.

Domestic Note

Another way of boosting the dry cleaning industry is to open a milk bottle with your thumb.—Niagara Falls Review.

A Bandit Not Without Kindheartedness

A man in Chicago was held up and robbed on his way to the dentist, so that he was unable to keep his appointment.—Duluth Herald.



"I wisht I had th' Park Avenue run, Frank—this place lacks atmosphere."

When An Open Face Isn't Cheerful

"I always prefer a man with a cheerful, open face," says a writer. But when paying a visit to one's dentist, it is very difficult to keep one's face cheerful.—Edmonton Journal.

One Of Those Helpful Household Hints

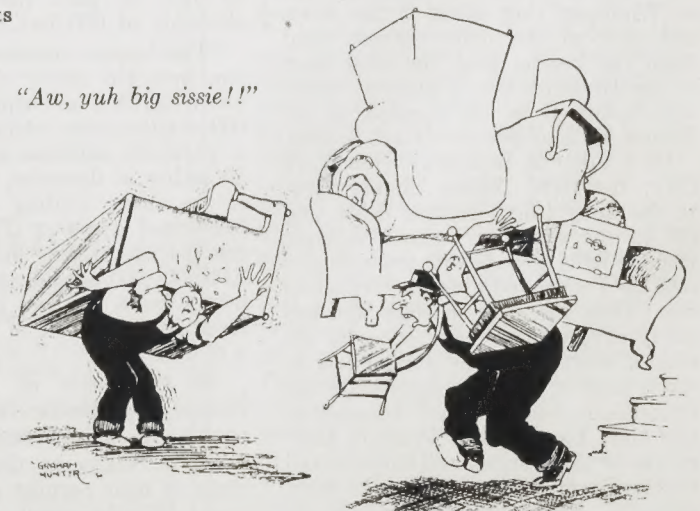
If women could whistle, a lot more household smash-ups could be averted, if they would remember to whistle before carrying dishes through a swinging door.—The Pas Herald.

Is He Using The Right Kind Of Mustard?

Rather odd about that man in California who advertises that he is open to offers of marriage, because he cannot make a living out of two trades and a hot-dog stand.—New Westminster British-Columbian.

But How Many Would Be Just Enough?

The trouble has been, as Charles H. Tuttle said in his address yesterday to





How these old English recipes blossom out with this new flavor-secret!

I'd been playing badminton with a friend at the Granite Club the other day. And when we realized how late we'd stayed, she insisted upon my going home with her for dinner.

"It'll just be a family dinner with a stout old English dish," she promised with a twinkle in her eye. And she wouldn't say more. So I had to wait until we all sat in her oak-panelled dining room around a table of gleaming old mahogany. In came a maid, as English as a Cheshire Cheese—bearing a steaming *meat pie*!

Oh, but it was *good*! Under the flaky layers of golden brown crust were succulent pieces of roast pork snuggled in with juicy amber wedges of apple. My hostess said that this unusual combination owed thanks to an *old* Leicestershire recipe. But the crust contained a *modern* good-tasting secret. Frankly I wasn't surprised. When the first crispy flake melted in my mouth, I knew its success was due to good-tasting Crisco.

A quick trick on an old favorite!

Well, after that delightful experience, I began rummaging through "old country" cook books, and achieving delightful things in my kitchen with the help of a can of Crisco.

Nothing brought out *more* clearly the aid of a modern light shortening than the version of Carrot Pudding that I'm giving you. Delicate-tasting Crisco brings out all the sweetness of the grated carrots and fruits and lemon peel. And as I've worked out this recipe, you'll notice the time that you'll save over the old-fashioned way—yes, whether you *steam* it or *bake* it. For Crisco is a modern light shortening that doesn't need hours and hours of steaming!



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

But I haven't said a word about lemon cheese tarts—one of the most delightful paradoxes of English cookery. They contain the creaminess of custard with a tang of lemon and a body of cheese. And yet, they're as delicate as a dream. Of course, such a dainty filling deserves a perfect tart shell. This delicate filling is safe *if* you use my recipe for Crisco flaky crust. Its sweet delicacy will bring out the *true* flavor of the filling as no strong-tasting shortening could. Anything made with Crisco has a rich creamery flavor because Crisco itself tastes as fresh as new-churned, unsalted butter.

Did you know that good bakers use this same flavor-secret? They know that their results depend upon good-tasting ingredients. You can always depend on good bakers' cakes to contain butter or pure, rich Crisco.

I've written a book called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Won't you send for it? Simply address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-11, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

PORK PIE

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 2 1/2 cups cold roast pork (cut in cubes) | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 medium sized tart apples (cored and sliced) | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| | 1 cup left-over gravy |
| | Pastry |

Crisco a shallow baking dish and put in alternate layers of pork and apples. Season each layer with a little salt and pepper. Pour over one cup of left-over gravy. Cover with the following pie-crust—

Sift together 1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Cut in 1/4 cup Crisco. Add enough water to make a stiff dough (about 6 tablespoons). Roll 1/4 inch thick on floured board. Spread 2 tablespoons Crisco to within an inch of edge. Fold over, press edges together and roll out to 1/4 inch. Spread with 2 more tablespoons Crisco, fold over and roll again. The additional Crisco rolled into the pastry gives it the much-prized flakiness.

Prick or slash crust to allow steam to escape during baking. Put in a hot oven (400° F.) until browning starts. Reduce temperature and continue baking for about 25-30 minutes. This pie serves 6.



LEMON CHEESE TART

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1 cup cottage cheese | Grated rind of 1/2 lemon |
| 2 eggs | 1/4 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons cream |
| 1/4 cup currants | | 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg |
- Press cheese through a fine strainer. Add salt, cream and seasonings. Beat sugar and eggs together. Combine the two mixtures. Add currants, washed and dredged with flour. Pour into unbaked shells, filling them about 3/4 full. Put into a hot oven (450° F.) for about 5 minutes. Reduce heat to 325° F. and bake until delicately brown.
- TART SHELLS: Sift 1 1/2 cups flour with 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cut in 1/2 cup Crisco with two knives. Add from 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water—enough to hold the dry mixture together. Roll pastry 1/4 inch thick on floured board. Cut in small rounds, then line muffin pans with the rounds, being careful to fit the dough in carefully.



CARROT PUDDING

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1/2 cup Crisco | 1 1/4 cups flour |
| 1/2 cup brown sugar | 1/2 teaspoon soda |
| 1 egg | 1 tablespoon water |
| 1 cup grated raw carrots | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1/2 cup seedless raisins | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 cup currants | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 2 teaspoons thinly cut lemon peel | 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg |
- Blend Crisco, sugar and egg. Add grated carrots, raisins, currants and lemon peel. Add the sifted flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Mix thoroughly. Then add the soda dissolved in water. You can cook this pudding in two ways: (1) pour the mixture into custard cups, cover with waxed paper, steam for one hour—then bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for ten minutes. (2) pour mixture into a tube mould or a pudding dish, that is rubbed with Crisco and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for 1 hour. Serve with pudding sauce or whipped cream. Serves 8.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

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Rooms that glow.. with the freshness of Spring!

Here is a bedroom finished in the ultra-modern style. Its vigorous contrasting colours influence an atmosphere of cheer to greet you night and morning!

Stephens'

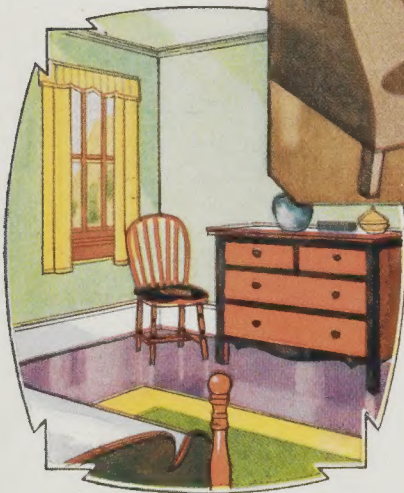
QUICK-DRYING ENAMEL, alone, effected the transformation. Apple Green on the Walls—Tangerine and Black on the Furniture—White on the Woodwork.



You, too, can have a kitchen as cheery as spring itself! And you'll enjoy the pleasure of bringing spring into yours in quick time with

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QUICK-DRYING ENAMEL. The colour composition of this beautiful light kitchen consists of Buttercup on the Walls—Nile Green on the Furniture and White on the Trim.



Taupes and Greens are very popular colours for well-appointed living-rooms. There is a feeling of quietude and of comfort inspired by the happy tone value relation between the Walls, Floor, Hangings and Furniture of this artistically decorated living room. SILKSTONE Flat Wall Colours made this possible. SILKSTONE No. 6 on the Ceiling, No. 9 on the Walls, and GRANITE FLOOR VARNISH.



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tive shades, SILKSTONE finishes permit a different decorative scheme for each room... all equally appealing. And SILKSTONE combines beauty with cleanliness, because soap and water keeps it fresh and clean.

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